

FOCUS on the NORTH

QUEEN'S *Quarterly*

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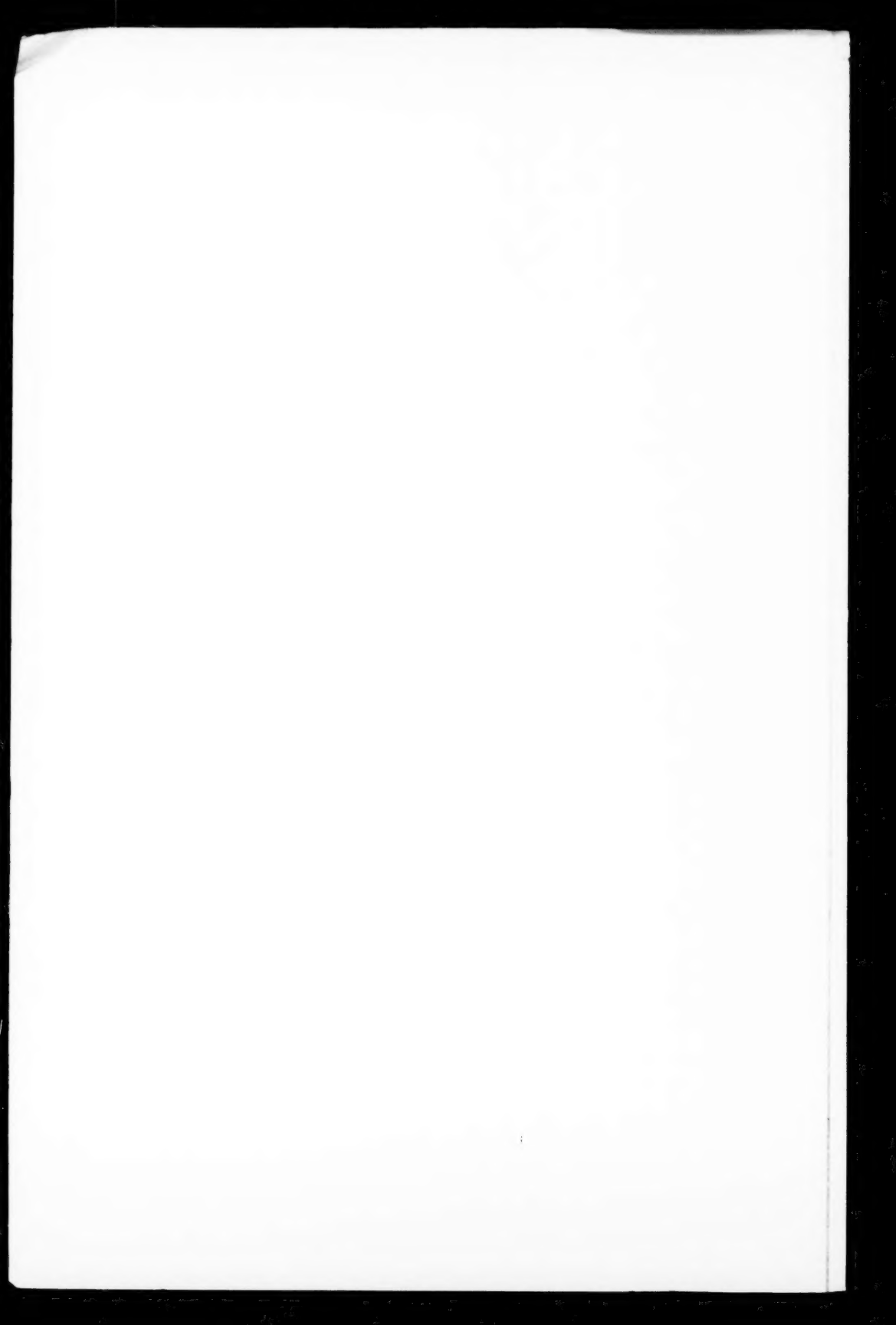
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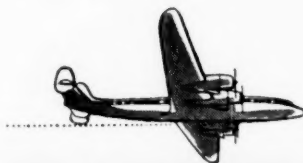


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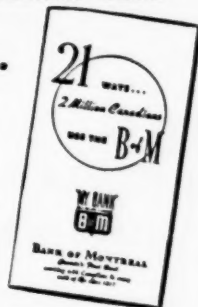
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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Contributors to our special section on the North include R. G. ROBERTSON who has been Deputy Minister, Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources, since 1953, and R. A. J. PHILLIPS, Assistant Director, Plans and Policy, in the recently re-organized Northern Administration Branch of the Department. G. C. MONTURE, a member of the Six Nations Tribe at Brantford and a Chief of the Mohawk Tribe (Chief Ohs-tho-sera-gowah — Big Feathers), is a former head of the Mineral Resources Division of the Mines Branch.

S. V. SLAVIN is Head of the Northern Sector of the Council for Studying the Productive Forces under the Presidium of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences.

J. TUZO WILSON, Professor of Geophysics, University of Toronto, is President of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, and the author of *One Chinese Moon* and (with J. H. Jacobs and R. D. Russell) *Physics and Geology*. He is a former chairman of the Arctic Institute of North America. TREVOR LLOYD, a founder, Fellow and Governor of the Arctic Institute, and formerly Consul for Canada in Greenland, is at present professor of Geography at McGill University. J. H. RICHARDS is Associate Professor of Geography at the Royal Military College, Kingston. He has published numerous articles on land use and settlement and has carried out field research in many northern regions.

Although a specialist in Roman History and, since 1951, Professor and Head of the Department of Classics at Acadia University, L. H. NEATBY has long been interested in the North. In 1958 he published a book on the subject, entitled *In Quest of the North West Passage*. GEORGE WHALLEY, Professor of English at Queen's University and no stranger to the Quarterly, is at present at work on a biography of the John Hornby who makes a brief appearance in his article. Many of our readers will remember, in either its radio or television form, Professor Whalley's dramatic account of the death by starvation of Hornby and his two companions. After four years as priest-in-charge at Temiskaming, Quebec, REV. E. L. H. TAYLOR was appointed rector of the combined parish of Fenelon Falls - Coboconk in September, 1959.

The author of our two Yukon poems, RALPH GUSTAFSON, has a new book of poems, *Rivers among Rocks*, due to be published early in 1960 by McClelland & Stewart. He recently edited the *Penguin Book of Canadian Verse*. Our other poet, J. A. MacNEILL, teaches English at the Saskatoon Technical Collegiate. *Tamarack Review* and *Canadian Forum* plan to publish some of his poetry soon.

Short stories in this issue are by DANIEL DE PAOLA who makes his home in Newark and who has previously appeared in *Colorado Quarterly*, *Four Quarters*, and *University of Kansas City Review*, among others, and L. A. A. HARDING who teaches English at Collège Militaire Royal, St. Jean, P.Q.

ROY KIYOOKA, who contributed the frontispiece, is a native of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, and teaches at the Regina College School of Art. In 1958 he won the Centre Arts Council Award in the Walker Biennial held in Minneapolis and first prize in that year's Winnipeg Show.

D. M. SHAW, who writes on the role of the scientist, is chairman of the Geology Department, McMaster University.

The little spoof on television commercials was written by JAMES L. SMITH, a business man who lives in Charlotte, North Carolina.

JEAN McALLISTER lived in Japan for three years before going to New York, where her husband is Deputy Representative of Canada to the United Nations. Apart from making pottery professionally and performing diplomatic duties, she tries to keep up with two lively sons, both under five years.

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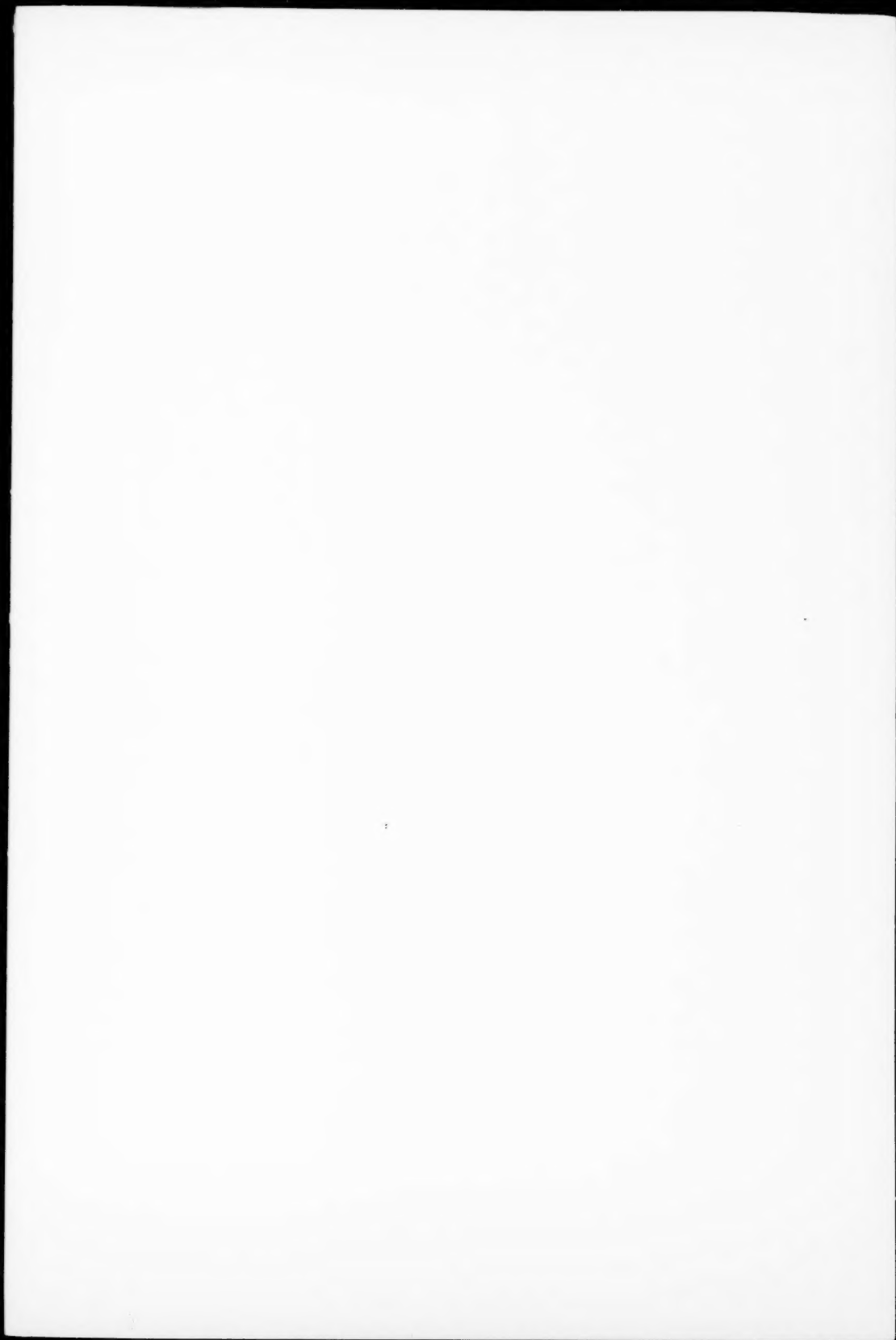
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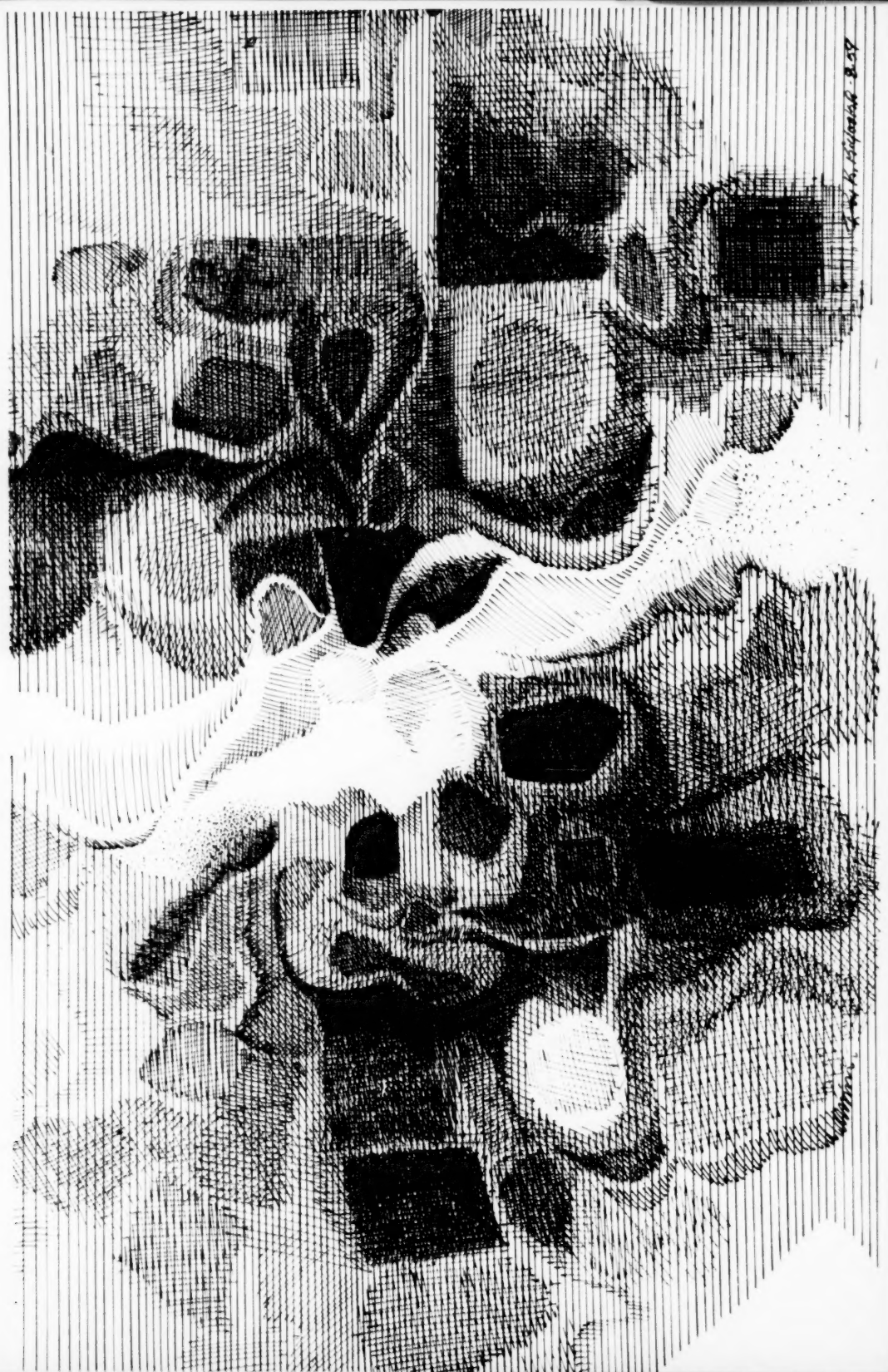
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THE NORTH

PROSPECTS AND POLICIES

In the spring and summer of 1895 there appeared in these pages a short series of two articles devoted to that "Canadian Northwest" now incorporated in the Prairie Provinces. Then as now native Canadian caution inhibited over-enthusiasm, and no one today, viewing these judgments from the vantage point of sixty-five years of extraordinary development, would hold them to have been over-sanguine. For example the late Adam Shortt, in the midst of an otherwise most prescient appreciation of the area's potentialities, considered it "pretty certain, in the light of present knowledge, that the country cannot be built up on wheat for export"!

Today the accelerated impact of the physical sciences upon material conditions of life renders "the light of present knowledge" more than ever subject to abrupt eclipse, and it is not surprising that the contemporary expert tends to eschew the clouded crystal ball, stepping charily over prediction onto the safer ground of current expectation.

But reasonable expectation must repose upon hard analysis, and this is the task our distinguished roster of informed contributors has set itself: R. G. Robertson views present material prospects, while long-range geographical considerations are treated by Trevor Lloyd and J. H. Richards. Native populations are discussed by R. A. J. Phillips and G. C. Monture. J. Tuzo Wilson assesses the rôle of scientific research in the development of the area while Samuel V. Slavin brings to this brief symposium a challenging account of the developments undertaken by his own country in the northern U S S R. Finally George Whalley and L. H. Neatby recall with poignancy some of the devotion and sacrifice that are woven into the fabric of our northern history.

The Material Prospects Of The North

by

R. G. ROBERTSON

"Fortune-telling has never been held in high repute in the community; and it is as hazardous when carried out under the most respectable auspices as when practised in a back street in a manner liable to attract the attention of the police."*

About fifty thousand years ago the glaciers of the fourth ice age crept southward and obliterated virtually all of Canada, grinding much of the surface down to bare rock and pushing the soil before them. For thirty thousand years the frozen death of the crushing ice endured — as it had during far longer periods of earlier glacial epochs. During the last twenty-five thousand years or so the glaciers have been in retreat. Through the ages, man — along with other animals of warmer preference — has followed the glaciers, but always at a respectful distance. To-day little of Canada is covered by ice, but the marks of the glaciers remain. Much of our country is still as bare as the glaciers left it. The rock formations of the Canadian Shield, comprising one-half of our entire area, lie naked or scantily covered by thin and poor deposits. The gouges and scars of the glaciers still present themselves to the eye of the air-borne traveller, and the vast heaps of gravel from waters that once flowed beneath the glaciers strew the northern landscape in countless eskers. In the flickering moment of three hundred and fifty years that we have occupied our country, even the most sensitive glacier could not accuse us of any lack of respect. We have kept a safe distance. Only now are we beginning even to be interested in the eighty per cent of Canada from which the glaciers most recently departed.

* Final Report, Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects, 1957, p. 1.

Any attempt at assessment of the material prospects of the North for the future has to be subject to many cautions and qualifications. Development will require a resource base. Are the resources there in quantity and character to provide the foundation for future growth? Energy must be available, in flowing rivers or fossil fuels in the area or through power sources brought in from outside. There must be a demand for the resources available — and for the foreseeable future that means a world demand, since domestic markets are not likely to be adequate in most cases. Finally, the prices at which the market is prepared to buy must exceed the costs at which the products of the North can be produced. All these stars must stand in happy relationship if the North is to grow and develop. In respect of none of them do we know as much as we require to plot with confidence the movements or the orbits. In different fields our knowledge stands at different levels; in all great effort must be made to learn more. This much, however, we do know: many of the omens look favourable and the task of exploration is not fruitless or academic.

It is common, and in very many respects extremely useful, to deal with "the North" as comprising two regions: the Arctic and the Subarctic. In practical terms, the Arctic Circle is irrelevant to either. For geographical purposes as well as for administration, the Arctic is normally regarded as being the area that lies beyond the tree-line — a line that straggles diagonally across the country from the mouth of the Mackenzie River south and east to Churchill, skirts Hudson Bay and strikes across northern Ungava to the Labrador coast. The line is the southern limit of the region where summer climate is too cool for the normal development of plants of commercial value. It thus has one relevance in any consideration of development: there need be no thought of agriculture or forest products now or at any time in the true Arctic.

The Subarctic, whether we like the idea or not, is most of the rest of Canada and includes the northern portions of all the provinces except the Maritimes — indeed, virtually all of those provinces except the areas settled at the present time. It is a vast area, and the specks of human occupation and activity are very few and very far between.

It stands where the west stood about 1870, although we know a good deal more than our forefathers then knew of the character or potential of the prairies.

While the Arctic differs from the Subarctic in climate and vegetation, and while the surface of the North can be as different as the flat plains of the Mackenzie Valley are from the bare rock of the Shield or from the towering mountains of Ellesmere and Baffin Islands, there are a few characteristics of our northern areas that are common to the whole — and that are relevant to its material prospects. It is a cold country and the growing season, while warm in places, is short. The soils are generally poor, since the retreat of the glaciers was so recent and the process of soil formation in a cold region is slow. For these reasons agriculture, while possible for limited and local purposes within many parts of the Subarctic region, will not loom large in the economy of the future. It will be an adjunct to settlement that develops for the exploitation of other resources, rather than a base for growth in itself.

With the generally poor soils and the short growing season, the vegetative process is slow throughout. This means that the northern forests present the possibility of economic exploitation only in favoured areas and through using a vast extent of forest at infrequent intervals. Wood for pulp is already economic in the northern parts of Quebec, Ontario and portions of the Prairie Provinces. In some of the river valleys of the far north — the lower Peace, the Slave, the Liard, and others — better soil and freedom from fire over long periods have provided trees that are now beginning to provide lumber for northern and Canadian markets generally.

Fisheries are capable of further development, but can never be large in scale. From Great Slave Lake seven million pounds of lake trout and whitefish each year find their way to American markets. From the eastern Arctic the char, as a delicacy commanding a premium price, will move by air in somewhat greater quantity. However, as with plants and trees, the biological process is slow and exploitation on a large scale for a wide market does not appear to be likely.

It would be a mistake to take an extreme position and assume that the renewable resources of the North will have no value and can be dismissed. There was a time when it was agreed by most experts that crops could not be grown in the short productive season of the western plains. The general idea of the North as a place limited in its future by almost permanent ice and snow is equally wrong. Agriculture for local markets will undoubtedly grow in parts of the Yukon and the Mackenzie Valley; cattle ranching will probably develop along the Slave River; and the Peace River area of Alberta and the Clay Belt of Ontario will probably ship more products than they now do. More of the northern forests will be used for pulp or for lumber and plywood. Possibly the fisheries will develop beyond what seems likely at present. Further developments in technique, and the application of genetics to northern problems, especially in the realm of agriculture, may create possibilities that are not apparent to-day. However, the physical factors and the inexorable demands of cost are unfavourable to the prospects of biological resources in general. A realistic assessment must conclude that they do not provide large prospects for the growth of the North or for the economy of Canada.

It seems apparent that, in the major terms that can affect the overall wealth of this country, the future of the North lies underground. It is the metals and the fossil fuels that will be the resource base on which the northern economy of the future will depend. How great is that base? How large are the prospects for its development? What can it mean for the North and for Canada as a whole? Fortune telling is not very hazardous — and not much fun — if there is no future in prospect, but that is not the case here. The possibilities are well worth more than a casual glance in the crystal ball.

Our knowledge of the mineral resources of the North is woefully inadequate. We have only a reconnaissance knowledge of the geology of much of the land, and are at the very beginning of our study of the continental shelf. At the present, any estimate of future potential has to depend largely on deductions that can be made from the general geological characteristics of the region, together with the supplemen-

tary evidence of the very small amount of prospecting, drilling and other detailed work that has been done thus far.

The geology of the Yukon Territory, with the confirmation of prospecting and of the few mines thus far in operation, gives good ground to expect a wide range of metals over a wide area. In a large part of the Territory underground structures are favourable for oil and gas. The second well ever drilled in the Yukon struck both in July, 1959, giving strong support to the deductions to be drawn from the basic rock formations.

The Mackenzie Valley is an extension of the sedimentary areas of Alberta. So far, the only producing oil field is at Norman Wells, but the likelihood that it is a unique occurrence is small, for the underlying character of the area is largely the same from the oil and gas fields of Alberta to the Arctic Ocean.

The Canadian Shield has provided Canada with by far the largest part of its deposits of metallic minerals — from the uranium of northern Saskatchewan through the nickel of Thompson and Sudbury, the gold of Kirkland Lake and the copper of Chibougamou to the enormous iron deposits of Knob Lake. About three quarters of the North-west Territories mainland, and parts of the Arctic islands, are made up of precisely the same structure. It has been prospected in any detail only along the existing lines of communication — the merest touch in the vast area involved. With such a scant amount of work, and with the limitation to very rich deposits because of the high cost of transportation, it is encouraging that there are already economic mines for uranium on Great Bear Lake, gold on Great Slave Lake, and nickel on the west coast of Hudson Bay, together with new and large iron deposits coming into production in northern Quebec and Labrador. It is difficult to accept the proposition that such occurrences are unique or even unusual. The more reasonable assumption is that they confirm the expectation that, throughout the whole area of the Shield, and thus throughout a very large part of the North-west Territories and of Ungava, we may expect to find many deposits of a very wide range of metallic minerals.

In the extreme North, about half of the Arctic Islands are of a character highly favourable for oil and gas. No well has yet been drilled

in them — and not an acre was applied for with a view to exploration until January, 1959. By September 30, 1959, over 97 million acres had been applied for, ten companies had begun preliminary surface geological work despite the difficulties of access, and in 1960 the first well is expected to be drilled.

For the North as a whole, Arctic as well as Subarctic, it does not seem hazardous to predict that the metal, oil and gas resources will be found to be extensive in variety, quantity and location. We may thus reasonably expect throughout the northern parts of the provinces as well as the Yukon and the North-west Territories to have the basis for a very substantial economic development.

In certain areas — most probably the Yukon and the Mackenzie District, as well as northern British Columbia and Alberta — the fossil fuels will undoubtedly provide a local energy source to assist in the development and processing of other minerals. In the same areas hydro-electric power will be plentiful — in the Yukon and northern British Columbia very plentiful indeed. Over the rest of the Arctic and Subarctic area, economic development will have to depend largely on energy from outside sources — oil in areas close to ocean transport, and probably atomic energy elsewhere.

The critical questions in the guessing game of our northern future do not appear to be the availability of resources or of adequate and not-too-costly energy. Mineral ore is not, however, simply a body of rock with a certain content of iron, nickel, uranium or copper. It includes as well an invisible but essential economic ingredient. If a deposit cannot be turned into metal at a cost that someone will pay for it, it is not an ore body, but just a mass of rock. In the same way, the oil and gas of the North could stay unused for years, for decades or forever if they could not be brought to market at prices less than the same or other fuels from different sources. Demand, price and cost are the real problems.

As to demand, it is possible to feel a reasonable confidence. The report on "Resources for Freedom", more commonly known as the Paley Report, indicates that "the quantity of most metals and mineral fuels used in the United States since the first world war (to 1950)

exceeds the totals used throughout the entire world in all of history preceding 1914".¹ For the quarter-century ending in 1975, the Commission predicted that United States requirements for minerals would increase by a further 90%, and that demands for liquid fuels and natural gas would double and triple, respectively.² If all the nations of the world should achieve the same standard of living as the United States, the resulting world need for materials would increase to six times present consumption.³ With the population of the world increasing at a rate of approximately forty million persons each year — and the rate of increase itself increasing — the growth of demand for a wide range of resources is apparent. Moreover, the steadily increasing requirement for metals and energy to feed our machine age is a multiplier of the demands of our growing numbers. There seems little doubt of the future need for the type of resources our North seems certain to provide.

A prediction of future prices would be hazardous but it does not seem risky to suggest that costs in the North will continue to fall steadily closer to the magic limits of "what the market will bear". New and better techniques in construction and mining in the North, the improvement of marine transport and navigational aids in Arctic waters, the great increase in facilities for air transportation, the roads now creeping further into the North, and the hoped-for railway to the Great Slave Lake — all these are forces to bring costs down. Meanwhile, the exhaustion of closer sources of supply, the risks that discourage capital investment in many areas of the world that could compete with our metals and fuels, and the pressure of demand itself are upward forces — over the long term — on price. It is obvious to even the most casual observer that we have, during the past twenty years, pushed steadily into more remote areas — steadily north in most cases — in opening new mines and pursuing oil and gas. Lynn Lake, Schefferville, Uranium City, Fort St. John and Fort Nelson are only the most obvious of many instances. Changes in demand, costs and

1 "Resources for Freedom" — United States Government Printing Office, 1952, p. 7.

2 Ibid, p. 11.

3 Ibid, p. 3.

prices are the factors that have made this northward push possible and profitable. There is no reason to assume any change in this movement into the more remote areas of our country. Indeed, the effects of positive government policy in the provision of facilities and the adoption of measures to assist the opening of the North will accelerate and extend it.

The Soviet Union probably has some five million people living north of sixty degrees. We in Canada have about thirty-two thousand. Geography has been a good deal kinder to the Russians, and economic forces undoubtedly have to yield further to considerations of national policy than they do with us, although the constancy of our devotion to the unfettered dictates of the market should not be exaggerated. Whatever the differences in condition between our own case and that of the USSR, basic similarities in the problems and the possibilities of our northern empires remain. They have already shown in large degree what can be done. We are only beginning a similar task. We may not ever have five million people north of sixty degrees but we shall certainly have many times the number that we do to-day.

Questions of pace and of method in fostering northern development will arise, but it is difficult to accept serious debate on the proposition that it will occur. The material possibilities are specialized in character, scattered in occurrence, and difficult of exploitation. They will not produce a new North of dense population, large cities and crowded factories. What we have rather to look ahead to is a North with steadily increasing numbers of mines; almost certainly large outputs of oil and gas; and probably, over the longer term, limited but valuable processing industries. The wilderness will continue over wide areas as it has from the beginning, but in the midst of it will be new towns and small cities — probably quite different in character from our towns of the south to-day. The improved techniques of transportation, construction and engineering that will have to be developed and applied to achieve maximum results in the northern economy of the future must have their counterpart in new techniques to add to the comfort of life. This will be especially necessary for the communities that arise in the true Arctic with its cold winters, high winds, and long

dark period. We are to-day in the investment phase in the North and not every dollar we put in will yield a sure result and profit. Not every dollar put into every enterprise to open the Canadian West brought the return that was hoped for. No one, however, doubts now the wisdom and value of the national effort of that day. There is little reason to believe that, in the perspective of time, there will be any more doubt as to the national advantage in opening the Canadian North.

Possibilities For Physical Research In The Canadian Arctic

by

J. TUZO WILSON

There are several quite different reasons for wishing to do research in the polar regions. These include the desire to study special conditions there; the need to round out our knowledge of all parts of the earth; unique opportunities to observe objects in outer space; the hope of finding something of value; or as an excuse to maintain sovereignty.

Let us consider these in order, starting with the special conditions arising because of the unique geometrical position of the polar regions on the earth's axis. The importance of this position largely arises because the sun is the chief physical influence on the earth's surface. If this were not so, if for example the earth's heat came from within, or if starlight were brighter, the effects of rotation would be less important. As it is, the earth's internal heat and the influences of outer space are small in comparison with solar radiation. It is the sun which warms the earth, drives the winds and ocean currents, and succours life. Its radiation, modulated by the earth's rotation and orbital revolution, creates the days and seasons which regulate our life.

We shall, therefore, begin our outline with an account of the radiation coming from the sun, noticing that it is important that the axis of the earth's magnetic field also passes through the polar regions. This is because the geomagnetic field influences a control over some parts of the sun's radiation, producing special effects of which the aurora is the most conspicuous.

The sun is a vast nuclear furnace of unimaginably great power emitting vast energy in the form of a whole spectrum of electromagnetic waves and also in the form of atomic particles. According to their wave lengths we call the electromagnetic waves by the names radio waves, heat, light, ultra-violet light, and x-rays. All these waves travel

in straight lines at the speed of 186,000 miles a second and take only 8 minutes to reach the earth. The particles travel less fast, but still very quickly, with speeds down to a mere hundred miles a second. Many particles take about a day to reach the earth. Most of the particles, because of the high speed collisions they have suffered, are only fragments of atoms and carry an electric charge. Unlike the waves, they are deflected by the earth's magnetic field, and do not travel in straight lines, but are deflected to reach the earth in zones around the poles where they cause aurora. Fortunately for our health, most of these particles and rays, except for some light, heat, and radio waves, do not reach the surface of the earth, but are absorbed in the upper atmosphere.

Until recently our view of what is happening was a limited one, based upon indirect evidence. We were like a man in a greenhouse able to see outside, but unable to do more than guess at the temperature outside or the direction of the wind. The launching of rockets and satellites has given us a method of putting instruments above the atmosphere to measure what is happening there. The picture which is being revealed is a very fascinating and complex one. It is so complicated that information is needed from all parts of the earth from equator to poles to understand it.

One must realize that the process of absorbing radiation, whether this is done by the air or by the sea or by the land, imparts energy. This changes conditions, as a person basking in the sun and absorbing its radiation realizes when he feels its warming effect, but that effect is transient, as a passing cloud at once shows. In the absorption of solar energy some effects are transient, like the change that occurs in radio reception at night, but other effects last longer, such as the heat which is absorbed by the Gulf Stream and persists until carried across the Atlantic. These persisting effects are further complicated by the drag occurring in air or ocean currents moving towards or away from the poles. Thus the effects on earth of radiation from the sun and space, some travelling in straight lines, and some in paths bent by the earth's magnetism, some absorbed high in the atmosphere, and some deep in the ground, some transient and some long-lived, are profoundly

influenced by the rotation of the earth, and the orientation of its magnetic field. This complex picture has been only partly understood and we need more information from the regions of the true and magnetic poles, and from that special ring around each magnetic pole in which the aurora is most frequent.

To understand the special polar effects in more detail, we must consider the different parts of the earth separately. Roughly speaking, we can consider the earth to be made up of concentric shells like the rings of an onion, except that in the earth each layer is different from the others. For each ring we wish to know its thickness and composition, the topography of its bounding surfaces, and how the nature of each layer changes with time and from one part to another.

The outermost layers, which may be considered together as the upper atmosphere or ionosphere, are only beginning to be understood. In the highest levels at distances of hundreds to tens of thousands of miles about the earth are the two Van Allen belts. Their existence was unproved and scarcely suspected until the Explorer family of artificial satellites and the American and Soviet lunar probes radioed back measurements. These showed that intense radiation is trapped in the belts and is built up so that it would be lethal to humans in a few hours. Since both belts lie one above the other like concentric barrels or rings about the equatorial regions, and reach down towards earth only along the northern and southern zones of auroral maxima, they present an obvious example of a special polar condition. However, since they are very high, they have so far been investigated only by satellites.

Below them at heights of fifty to a few hundred miles are other ionized layers which reflect radio waves around the earth. Like the Van Allen belts they are strongly influenced by the earth's magnetic field and show special features in the maximum auroral zones. Because Canada is perhaps the country from which aurora can most easily be studied, and because the behaviour of these ionized layers is of great importance in communications, they have been extensively studied by geophysicists of the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon, and by Defence Research Board scientists at Churchill. Because satellites

become overheated and cannot orbit below about 100 miles height, the base built to fire United States rockets at Churchill during the International Geophysical Year will remain an important facility from which to continue to study this key segment of the ionosphere. The zone of most frequent aurora also passes Alaska, the north coast of Siberia, North Cape, and Labrador. The southern zone which lies over Antarctica and the southern ocean is even more remote. Here is a chance for Canada to use its special position to advantage.

During the International Geophysical Year, the earth's magnetic field was found to be more distorted than had been suspected. Other observations emphasized how deficient is our knowledge of the ionosphere and related phenomena. The maximum auroral belt in the south was found to be distorted and not symmetrical with that in the north. The two Van Allen belts were discovered. All these important discoveries, coupled with the lack of any adequate theory to explain the behaviour of ionosphere and aurora, suggest the need for more information. In the opinion of Dr. A. H. Shapley, chief of that division of the National Bureau of Standards which studies these matters, the greatest need is for a denser network of observing stations in the regions within the auroral belts. The stations need not be permanent but many should be located in the Canadian Arctic. A few sets of instruments and buildings could serve if they could be moved every year or so until the necessary information had been obtained. The light ionospheric sounding equipment developed in Canada is in Dr. Shapley's opinion more suitable for this purpose than its larger American counterpart. At each station simultaneous observations are required of the magnetic field, of auroral displays, of the height of the reflecting layers in the ionosphere and of radio noise.

We have seen that the earth's magnetic field has a great influence on the upper atmosphere and on particles arriving from outer space. The north dip pole, where a magnetic needle points vertically downwards is now on Melville Island in the Canadian Arctic Archipelago and is moving slowly north-westward at a rate of a few miles a year. The axis of the magnetic field averaged over the whole earth meets the surface of the earth near Thule in northwest Greenland. Canada

is thus in a better position than any other country to observe geomagnetic effects close to the north magnetic poles. Three of the six magnetic observatories maintained by the Dominion Observatory are in the northern part of the country at Churchill, Baker Lake, and Resolute. These are of special interest because the fluctuations and disturbances in the earth's magnetic field are greatest near the poles. Also the observations made at these stations enable the movements of the magnetic poles to be followed.

These studies are of world-wide interest because a knowledge of the earth's magnetic field is of growing importance in navigation, in communications, and in prospecting. Much of the importance of the International Geophysical Year was that, being a combined effort by many nations, it enabled simultaneous observations to be made in many places. For some purposes this is sufficient, but for others, observations are required for long periods. Some of the disturbances which most affect the ionosphere, the aurora, and communications, are of the latter type. The sun's radiation fluctuates in an eleven-year cycle. When it is strongest sun-spots are numerous and many solar flares occur. These latter are outbursts or atomic explosions of vast size on the surface of the sun. The more violent of these eject jets of very fast atoms into space. If the earth lies in the path of one of these major bursts of atomic particles, the upper atmosphere is profoundly affected and it may glow with aurora as far south as the tropics, while the ionosphere is led to absorb radio waves which it normally reflects, communications are disrupted both by radio and cable and navigational devices are rendered inaccurate. This can be serious for aircraft and business, and the effects would probably be fatal for space travelers. By no means all flares are accompanied by these serious effects which reach the earth about a day after a flare is observed. Continuous study is needed so that we can understand and perhaps predict these important outbursts and take precautions.

Turning now to the lower atmosphere, polar meteorological stations are important because of the gaps which they fill in the picture of the world's weather. During the International Geophysical Year, relatively complete weather maps were made for all the world except for the southern Pacific Ocean.

The trend in modern meteorology is to treat the weather of the world, or at least of each hemisphere, as a whole and increasingly to use high speed computers to digest and interpret the vast numbers of observations involved. This approach, even more than standard procedures for plotting weather maps of limited regions, demands that there be no large areas from which data are lacking. Because there are necessarily few stations on the drifting ice of the Arctic Sea, the Canadian Arctic stations established after World War II by the Meteorological Service (some jointly with the United States Weather Bureau) are of great value. Some of the analysis of upper air data from them has been carried out in co-operation with McGill University with important results. Special measurements have shown that an abrupt increase in ozone in the upper air is associated with a sudden increase in temperature at high altitudes. This is a sure mark of the end of winter in the Arctic stratosphere. The broader understanding now being achieved of the world's weather will lead to improved forecasting.

The study of the Arctic Sea has been exercising the Soviets for many years because the northern sea route is important to their economy. This year the voyage of the U.S. submarine "Nautilus" under the ice across it drew attention to its importance to North America. The shape of this basin is much less well known than that of the face of the moon and only in 1948 the Soviets discovered a submarine mountain range extending right across it with an average relief of 9,000 feet. This Lomonosov Range which extends from North Ellesmere Island to the mouth of the Lena River is one of the last great geographical discoveries, and is missing from all but the latest atlases. Enthusiasm at its discovery has led some Soviet scientists to suggest that the Arctic Sea has a different structure from other ocean basins. At least one prominent American geologist agrees, but the velocity of earthquake waves across the basin and the topography revealed by echo sounders in the submarine "Nautilus" both suggest that the Arctic basin has a normal oceanic structure. Until arguments such as these about the most fundamental matters can be resolved, we cannot claim to understand the crust of the earth well, and incidentally our

theories of prospecting are purely empirical. It is a good thing, therefore, that Canadian geologists are taking the initiative in holding a symposium in 1960 to discuss Arctic geology and are inviting American, Scandinavian and Soviet geologists to participate.

Nowhere else in the world is there an archipelago of so many large islands separated by shallow seas as in the Canadian Arctic. The reasons for its existence are not clear. Another matter which has recently begun to be investigated is the rapid rise of the land. At the rate of several feet a century this could materially influence shipping. The archipelago has potential value too. Its geology has recently been mapped by the Geological Survey of Canada in a splendid series of reconnaissances using helicopters. It is probably rich in oil, coal, and other minerals.

The circulation of cold waters from the Arctic basin has a great effect upon neighbouring oceans and lands, as illustrated by the Labrador Current. Since the first investigations were made of its central parts less than a century ago, the ice cover appears to have decreased in thickness and area to half its former volume. W. M. Ewing and W. L. Donn have pointed out that if this continues the Arctic Sea may be ice free within a century, and the Arctic will change from a cold desert to a region of abundant snowfall. In time this would cause the ice age to return. Such changes would cause a very large change in the Canadian climate within a lifetime. It is important to know better what is happening.

The ice on land is important to Canada too. During the International Geophysical Year measurements made at the University of Toronto showed that 70,000 square miles, or more than two per cent of Canada, and indeed an area larger than all England and Wales, is permanently covered by glaciers. There are more glaciers in Canada than in any other country except of course Antarctica and Greenland. By storing water in the mountains, glaciers are an important asset in western Canada, but they deserve study in the North too, if only because they are a sensitive measure of climatic changes and because they are by far the least known parts of Canada's surface.

Until recently few investigations of the Arctic Sea had been made by Canadians. HMCS "Labrador" was designed and briefly assigned to that work. T. H. Manning and J. M. Dunbar have made shorter oceanographic voyages. Now the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys has started a large project to study the Arctic continental shelf. This is again a welcome and unusual opportunity.

To complete our knowledge of the earth's interior investigations must be made by seismic methods. The Arctic, although the site of a few moderate-sized earthquakes, is not a seismically active region, but the earthquake observatory at Resolute is one of the most important in the world. This is because the distribution of the world's 600 seismograph stations is so irregular that it is the only station in a vast northern area, and its records fill a great gap that had previously existed.

Turning now from the earth to polar observation — there is first the possibility of monitoring the sun for six months each year from either pole. During the International Geophysical Year, over a hundred solar observatories were established all over the world so that the sun might be kept under continuous observation regardless of day and night and weather. Ideally two observatories, one at each pole, could do the same job so long as the weather was fine. As a matter of fact, very good observation could be made for about five months each year at Alert, Hazen Lake, or some nearby place in the northern part of Ellesmere Island in the Canadian Arctic. There the weather is very dry and fine, and continuous watch on the visible light and perhaps particularly on the radio emission of the sun every summer would have some advantages over the observations now made and compiled from many stations.

The same place could be used all year round as a tracking station for polar satellites. This is one reason why American scientists are interested in maintaining their base at the South Pole. Northern Ellesmere Island and northern Greenland are the lands closest to the North Pole and quite close enough to track polar satellites whose orbits must be at least 100 miles high. Northern Ellesmere Island is more accessible than Greenland.

The poles have unique advantages as satellite observing stations, as the following discussion will show. Consider first a satellite launched due east or west along the equator. It will pass round and round the earth, always by the same path. As a consequence, its instruments only scan a narrow belt of the earth, but it can be observed on each revolution from any station on the equator. Consider next a satellite launched at an angle to the equator. It wobbles around the earth on a wavy path sweeping out a wider belt about the tropics but only occasionally passing over any particular station. It does not scan the whole earth, and many tracking stations are required to monitor and interrogate it. Finally, consider a satellite launched due north or south. As the earth spins its path traces out a track like a cage about the earth, each path lying nearly along a meridian of longitude and passing through both poles on every circuit. Only satellites on such orbits can scan the whole earth and be monitored and interrogated by a single station at one of the poles. Their orbits continue to lie on a plane through the sun, as the earth rotates below them. Thus the time of day at which they pass places on the earth remains almost constant and only changes with the seasons.

Thus in the case of the satellite Discoverer II which was launched at mid-day on April 11, 1959, half of each circuit which it made around the earth was always at midday local time as the earth turned beneath it, while the return journey on the other side of the earth was at midnight. To observe a satellite, twilight is necessary and the only place on earth where this occurred during its brief life was the South Pole, where the sun had set for the winter three weeks before. As a result, whenever the weather was fine the American party there observed the satellite pass overhead every ninety minutes. The Canadian North is a far more accessible and pleasant place from which to track satellites than Antarctica.

These then are some of the important types of observations which can be made in the Canadian Arctic. But it is well to point out some of the requirements for any good scientific work which must be met in the Arctic as elsewhere. There must be a plan, men, observations, compilations of results, and publication. In the past polar exploration has been notoriously deficient in most of these requirements, both by reason of its difficulties and of the character of the men attracted to it.

Due to the expense and difficulties of Arctic work it is more important there than elsewhere that work be carefully planned. The participants cannot readily turn to others for help and should therefore be well trained. Suitable instruments may have to be developed. Experience in most countries suggests that these requirements can be well met in research institutes which command greater resources than university departments and seem better able to develop and train men than are many government departments. In the Soviet Union such institutes are established as branches of government, with the power to award graduate degrees. Elsewhere they are often established in conjunction with universities but with strong government support. The National Research Council, besides having a strong staff of its own physicists active in Arctic work, has shown interest in fostering such research work in Canadian universities. A great advantage of institutes lies in their ability to attract young men. Since the Arctic appeals to few except Eskimos as a permanent home, it is necessary to keep recruiting and training young men to work there. The Arctic Institute of North America at McGill, and the Upper Atmosphere Physics Institute at Saskatoon are examples of such institutes.

In the past the reduction of results has been a weak part of polar research. After long and expensive expeditions funds have often been lacking to prepare the results for publication and work has thus been lost. Special expedition reports and annual reports tend to receive less circulation than regular scientific journals.

The Canadian people are anxious to support some of the world's scientific research. In most subjects this is a highly competitive field. Enough has perhaps been said to indicate that Canada enjoys unique advantages for carrying out some kinds of research in the Arctic. Indeed some matters cannot be investigated elsewhere. The Government has recently been very active in carrying out work in the Arctic, in supporting university parties and in assisting in founding geophysical institutes at several Canadian universities. There is no lack of enthusiastic students. The need now is for more young leaders who are able to take parties north and willing to devote a few seasons or years to research in a unique part of Canada.

Canada's Northland

by

TREVOR LLOYD

Northern Canada still appears remote when viewed from the settled areas of the south, the railway belt that clings closely to the forty-fifth and forty-ninth parallel of latitude. Yet looked at in broader perspective it turns out to be surprisingly central. So much depends on the map one uses to view the world. By tradition we have become accustomed to equator-centred maps, the heirs and successors of the sailors' charts published four centuries ago by Mercator. They show Canada, and particularly its northern territories as lying in a remote corner, or fringing the upper margin, if indeed they do not omit it altogether. This cartographic tradition is rapidly being outdated by wider use of maps so arranged that the world's land masses are grouped together, often centred about the Pole. The United Nations emblem is speeding this process of popular re-education. Better still we are turning as was the custom a century ago to use of the globe for discovering the earth as it really is.

In spite of the map on the schoolroom wall the "Arctic Ocean" is not a strip of ice-filled water along the upper edge of the world, but a comparatively small, almost enclosed sea, in reality a gulf of the North Atlantic. From its shores the world's land masses radiate toward the south. It is in a literal sense a "mediterranean" lying in the middle of the continents. In current international circumstances this location is reminiscent of an older Mediterranean that once separated Rome and Carthage — on one side of it lie the "Western" lands, Alaska, Canada, Greenland and the North Atlantic islands, while on the other stretches the long Soviet coastline extending from Norway to the Bering Sea. On the drifting ice between the opposing shores scientists of both groups are at work, for the most part as indifferent to the military events around them as was Michael Faraday wandering through France during the Napoleonic wars.

Actual dimensions suggest that Siberia is closer to Canada than we think. From Ottawa northward to the most distant shore of Canada, the coast of Ellesmere Island, is about 2500 miles. From Moscow to the northern coast of the Soviet Union is about 900 miles. From Alert, the scientific station on the Ellesmere Island coast to Dikson, a Soviet seaport in Siberia, is about 1600 miles. The polar sea itself is about 2000 miles by 1500 miles. In more familiar terms this is equivalent to an area extending from New York to Salt Lake City and from St. Louis to Churchill, not extensive in terms of the jet aeroplane and the atomic submarine.

The northern "mediterranean" has few outlets to the world's oceans. The most significant, historically as today, links it with the North Atlantic through the gap between North Norway and East Greenland. On the opposite side of the polar sea is the narrow and shallow entrance at Bering Strait, separating Siberia from Alaska. This is difficult to pass except in mid-summer and hazardous even to submarines because all too little room is left for manoeuvre between the downward jutting pack-ice and rises in the sea floor. A third gateway of greater direct significance to Canadians runs north-westward from the Atlantic Ocean between the coast of Labrador and West Greenland. Beyond Davis Strait this route divides, one channel continuing still farther north past Thule to reach the polar sea by Peary's "highway to the Pole" of fifty years ago. A westward running branch goes through Lancaster Sound, from which a maze of channels continues northward to the sea through the Queen Elizabeth Islands. This route has not yet been penetrated by ship, so special interest is aroused by the recent launching of the powerful new ice-breaker *John A. Macdonald* which may serve in these waters. The seaways to the polar basin are no doubt usable by submarines, but those north of Canada are as yet imperfectly explored.

What of the air? The long search for North-east and North-west passages to link the Atlantic Ocean with the Pacific before the days of Suez and Panama was of course soundly conceived. There lay the shortest routes so urgently demanded for commerce, running so to speak over the top of the world. But to surface vessels the routes remained of limited commercial use, even when they were finally

discovered. The passages were filled with ice, and the ships available at the time lacked the strength and power to batter a way through. This deadlock could not be broken before the advent of long-distance aircraft, for only the aeroplane uses a medium that is universal and independent alike of land surfaces and ice-crowded seas. In the past twenty years, technical developments in aviation have demonstrated beyond further doubt the truly central location of the polar basin as a crossroads lying between the continents. Yet position alone does not tell the whole story. Not only are the world's mainland masses arranged radially about the polar sea, but the most densely populated areas, the foci of trade, commerce and defence potential lie well to the north, roughly between latitudes 30°N. and 60°N., and so form an irregular ring about the polar sea. Direct air links between them by the so-called "great circle" routes inevitably cross the polar basin or pass close to its margins. Greenland, the northern islands of Canada and parts of the Siberian coast of the USSR lie in the direct track of intercontinental airways. Apart entirely from the nature of northern Canada itself, this is clearly a strategic region. At the moment its significance appears in military guise, but this is in the long run incidental, as will appear once political relations between the Soviet Union and the West improve.

The growing importance of the North has raised questions about the soundness of Canada's territorial claims there. The boundaries of northern Canada as shown on maps have remained unchanged during the past half century or so. The original basis for a claim to such an enormous and remote region was derived from Great Britain as long ago as 1880 and there have been no serious challenges to it since. Dr. Knud Rasmussen the Danish scientist, founder of the trading settlement of Thule in Greenland, questioned in the early 1920's the authority of Canada to deny the right of Greenland Eskimos to hunt in Ellesmere Island. He suggested that the area was in fact a "no-man's land", Canadian maps notwithstanding. Following this challenge Mounted Police patrols were initiated to provide a modicum of administration over the unpopulated arctic islands. Their travels were made possible by use of Eskimo sledge drivers recruited from Dr. Rasmussen's settlement, an indication that the disagreement was

not serious. Some years later the Canadian government reached an arrangement with Norway extinguishing any possible later claims by that country to arctic lands discovered by the Sverdrup expedition at the turn of the century. While some American explorers, notably Donald B. MacMillan at one time questioned the authority of Canada in some areas, the United States government long ago accepted Canada's complete sovereignty.

The precise meaning of international boundary lines following the 141st and 60th meridians across the sea to the Pole which are shown on official Canadian maps has never been clear. While they may be hallowed by time, having been retained for at least fifty years, and have the distinction of being imitated by the Soviet Union, they cannot mean that a formal claim is made to the sea, the floating ice or even the sea floor far beneath. If they mean anything, which seems doubtful, it is that lands which may in future be discovered within them are pre-empted by Canada. As it is now improbable that such lands exist, the lines presumably remain on official maps because nothing is to be gained by removing them. Fortunately a tradition of friendly exchange of scientific courtesies has developed between drifting scientific stations in the polar seas and no attempt has been made to stake out maritime bailiwicks there. The recognized limit of Canadian sovereignty in the far north extends as it does elsewhere three miles offshore, except that claims may now be made to mineral rights in the continental shelf. Since 1958 scientists have been engaged in a long-term study of the offshore waters lying north of the Queen Elizabeth Islands in an effort to determine precisely where the shelf ends and to chart its configuration.

More important than mere lines drawn on maps is the activity actually carried on within the lands they represent. Canada has since 1946 shown commendable zeal in the far north, in striking contrast to the remarkable neglect that characterized most of the previous sixty years. Aerial photography of the whole northland has now been completed — in itself an astonishing accomplishment — and good maps on a scale of about 8 miles to the inch are being published. The necessary "ground control" provided by surveyors is approaching completion, in part through the use of helicopters,

light aircraft and a battery of electronic devices. Geological reconnaissance is also well advanced, one indication being the appearance on maps of a new "physiographic province" within the arctic islands, named "Innuitian" as a tribute to the Eskimos. For the first time it is now possible to show accurately, as has recently been done in the monumental *Atlas of Canada*, the outline of the lands and waters of northern Canada, the first approximate identification of its rock structure, and the generalized topography of the whole area. However, the tremendous amount of field study still uncompleted will provide ample scope for generations of young geographers, geologists, geophysicists, prospectors and others. Northern Canada remains one of the few very large areas of the world where major surprises may yet be expected in the search for minerals. Every effort should therefore be made to push ahead with the detailed mapping and cataloguing of its resources, since only in this way can intelligent plans be laid down for their wise utilization.

What general geographical picture of northern Canada emerges seventy-five years after it first became a responsibility of the Dominion? Are the one and a half million square miles of this vast region characterized by an uninteresting uniformity of climate and land-forms, or may it be as varied in topography, resources and weather as the land farther south? The heart of northern Canada as of the south is the Precambrian Shield, an old worn-down platform of ancient rocks swept clear by ice and now studded with lakes of every description which drain down to the sea through complicated water courses. Minerals are known to occur in some areas and are presumed elsewhere; the waterways which long provided routes for canoes and sledges and later also for the bush flyer include many potential water power sites. To the west and north of the Shield there are younger rocks with different scenery and other mineral occurrences. The contrast is particularly striking where the high mountain ranges bordering the Yukon give way to the rolling plains of the Mackenzie Valley and still farther east to the low but rugged Shield. Other striking contrasts are apparent between the high glaciated ranges of the eastern Arctic, extending from Labrador to the polar sea, and the low rolling terrain of the westernmost arctic islands.

Northern Canada includes within itself landscapes as varied as are the Rockies and the prairies, the Appalachians, the Laurentians and the St. Lawrence lowlands. Does climate provide the factor that might unify the northland? This is partly a matter of definition and degree. "The northland" is a loose term and to some might include both northern Alberta with its warm summers and cultivated lands, and the bleak coast of northern Ellesmere Island which is lacking in both. There are in fact several different northlands, each with its own distinct character and each likely to develop along different lines. Thanks to systematic observations at new weather stations in the past decade it has become possible to lay down a few broad climatic boundaries which emphasize the important differences between west and east, south and north, inland and coastal areas.

One rough scale of values for judging climatic differences is provided by a map of "degree days" which records in effect the amount of artificial heating needed to maintain a building at a uniform temperature of 65° F. throughout the year. Ottawa with a requirement of 9000 units will serve as a datum, in comparison with which Windsor, Ont. is better blessed with but 7000. Southern Labrador requires 12,000 units as does the southern Yukon and incidentally Kapuskasing in Ontario. Churchill is shown to be rated at 17,000 along with Port Radium on Great Bear Lake, while Aklavik needs 24,000 units, approximately three times the requirement of Toronto. Such a map also shows that inland areas in the far north have in general more severe climates than those on the coast, while the east is colder than the west on a year round basis. In "summer" these distinctions are even more apparent. Temperature maps show that the Mackenzie Valley is clearly an extension of the northern prairies, with comparatively warm and occasionally hot, long summer days, but very severe winters, whereas in comparable latitudes in the east, July is everywhere considerably cooler. A line may be drawn on the map to emphasize this contrast. The isotherm showing an average temperature of 50° F. for July extends obliquely from southern Labrador to the mouth of the Mackenzie River. As this line depicts approximately the northern limit of trees it emphasizes that the whole Mackenzie Valley is wooded, whereas to the east and north

there is everywhere treeless tundra. The economic and administrative consequences of this distinction are considerable.

Northern Canada may be divided on the basis of climatic conditions and surface features into four large regions. Between the western edge of the Precambrian Shield and the northward extension of the Rockies lies the Mackenzie Valley — where winters are extremely cold, summers are warm, the countryside is wooded and the rocks yield in places petroleum and coal and more rarely metallic minerals. This is an area with excellent transportation possibilities, access to minerals, and potentialities for small-scale farming. Extending from Churchill northward and westward is a truly arctic region, devoid of trees, with very severe winters and shorter cooler summers than the subarctic Mackenzie region. It is underlain by mineral-bearing Precambrian rocks, where mining has already brought about some scattered settlement. From New Quebec northward to the far shores of Lancaster Sound is the Eastern Arctic, much of it with rugged topography based on Precambrian rocks, having cold winters, short cool summers and with mineral possibilities for the most part unknown, except in the south where iron ore has been found in large quantities in Ungava. The lack of trees, difficult terrain and the very short period when the sea is open to navigation have delayed development and make the future still uncertain except in the south. Beyond the islands that can be reached readily from Lancaster Sound lie remoter arctic islands still being explored and in some ways the most promising areas in the north. The climate is of course severe, winters being long and very cold, but with temperatures not necessarily lower than in the Mackenzie Valley and with very brief cool summers leaving a very short season for outdoor construction work. In some areas the rocks show promise of providing petroleum which might eventually justify production and shipment by way of the North Atlantic.

One physical factor which has had to be contended with seriously only in recent years is perennially frozen ground ("permafrost"). This raises problems for two reasons. As the ground is frozen, possibly to a great depth, difficulties are encountered in making excavations for engineering works and for open pit mining, such as is carried out at

Schefferville, Quebec. When buildings, roads or airstrips are constructed so that the frozen ground is permitted to thaw, other problems arise, such as collapse of foundations, tilting of buildings, heaving of roads and runways and other calamities that may make the expensive structures worthless. Further research is still needed into the technology of building and mining in the permafrost areas, which extend from Labrador to the Yukon.

The four regions of northern Canada have been shown to possess distinct physical characteristics, but they are also set apart in other ways. The natives of the Mackenzie Valley are Indians who as yet play little part in the considerable development that has occurred there. This is mainly an area of white penetration with settlements scattered from the northern Alberta border to the Arctic coast. The Mackenzie Delta itself is predominantly an Eskimo area as is that extending eastward to Hudson Bay and southward to the treeline. This region is the home of some Eskimos advanced enough to be mine workers and others still sufficiently isolated and primitive to suffer gravely when the caribou fail. The Eastern Arctic is also Eskimo territory but there contact with the outside world — through explorers, whalers, traders and missionaries — has gone on for many generations, although truly white settlement hardly as yet exists. The far arctic islands are contrasted with the other three regions in being without any permanent population, although small groups of Eskimos lived there from time to time during the eastward drift from Alaska toward their present home in Greenland. The future of the Eskimos seems best assured in parts of the eastern and western Arctic. The Mackenzie Valley seems certain to become a region where the native Indians will play only a minor and possibly servile part, unless there is a drastic change in present policies. In the Arctic Islands the future seems less certain. Mineral development may lead to a significant white influx or the Eskimos may develop into an industrialized group willing and qualified to provide much of the manpower needed.

Nothing has been said about the vast, widespread and costly military undertakings scattered throughout the North. Believing them regrettable is indeed necessary, the writer hopes that demilitarization of the whole area may be found practicable before too long, so that

government expenditures may be more constructively employed for scientific research and technological development. In this way industry may find a more attractive economic environment in which to expand. Whether future activities there are predominantly military or peaceful, both government and industry would be well advised to formulate their plans so that they accommodate themselves to the physical environment now known to exist in the North, rather than attempting wastefully to combat it. Little of the Arctic is "friendly" in the sense that has often been suggested; at best it is neutral. The part of wisdom would seem to be to lay the lines of new development accordingly, for the North can be a harsh adversary when aroused.

Northland Or Promised Land?

by

J. HOWARD RICHARDS

The title *Northland or Promised Land* may suggest an appreciation of the great northern territories of Canada which is slightly jaundiced. The prejudice is admitted, but it is shared by others. Indeed, the title is intended to suggest the division in thought concerning the future role of the Canadian North and is symbolic of the cleavage in approach to northern development.

Strangely enough, in all our mouthings and generalization concerning the Canadian North, we have yet to find a commonly accepted definition of this elusive and sometimes mystical region. One view sees the North as nearly coincident with the political entities of the Yukon and North-west Territories. In contrast, others recognize it as the whole region lying north of the fairly densely settled region of Canada. As such, the North covers four-fifths of the nation; of this area more than sixty per cent is in the subarctic* forested zone and the rest lies in the treeless region, the tundra.

Any definition of the Canadian North which is based upon political boundaries is unrealistic and any programme of development specifically dealing with the Yukon and North-west Territories without reference to adjacent areas would be difficult. Tacitly, the "North" has been accepted as that part of Canada somewhere beyond the strip of fairly densely settled lands; in it the resources are of special kinds and settlement itself has been necessarily of a special type. Yet there still remains a definite cleavage in the appreciation of its context within the framework of Canadian geography and economy. Is it merely the physical extension northward of the settled parts of Canada, in which the difficulties presented by the physical environments are greater than

* The southern boundary of the Subarctic occurs when the mean temperature is not above 50°F for more than 4 months of the year. Its northern boundary, a zone of contact with the tundra, is the northward limit of tree growth, which is roughly the line north of which no month has a mean temperature of more than 50°.

in the south? Or is it something different and somewhat unreal? Certainly there is a tendency, not merely on the part of laymen, to place it in the latter category.

The strangeness of many of its parts and of some of its facets must be acknowledged. The discovery of some of these parts has occurred in the last dozen years and mapping is still proceeding; large areas have yet to be actually traversed; and detailed topographic and resource studies are relatively new. Three factors are particularly representative of conditions in the North. Permafrost produces special difficulties in construction, water supply and overland transportation both in the Arctic and in adjacent parts of the Subarctic. The seasonal rhythm of long periods of daylight and of darkness is a characteristic of the more northerly areas. The isolation of settlements and their complete dependence upon outside sources for all their requirements are typical. Yet it would be a travesty to suggest that the North is all strange and rich. The bulk of it, the Subarctic, is the physical extension northward, westward and eastward (even southward in some cases) of areas that have long been used by the extractive industries and have been thinly but permanently settled for more than half a century.

But for many, the North, wherever and whatever that may be, is a vast treasure chest, the opening of which will be the natural fulfilment of the manifest destiny of their nation. To others northern undertakings are, and will be, ancillary to fuller developments in the already established regions; to these, "crash programmes" are unnecessary for the logical and inevitable opening of northern lands.

Yet it is not so long ago — twenty years at most — that the Canadian North presented no great problem to Canadians and certainly produced no great dichotomy in thought as to its role. Its status was clear: it was a huge, remote area of lands, either marginally possible or impossible for agriculture, some forested, some beyond the northern limits of forest; in it limited mining had taken place and further mining was likely to follow. As such it brought into relief and, by contrast, defined a Canada which was far smaller than the territorial area. The role of this remote region was rarely questioned; it would remain a land of localized and special forms of production, the amounts and

types of which depended very definitely upon the economic climate of either the southern fringe of Canada or its southern neighbour. Such a viewpoint, relegating the North, not to limbo, but to a continuing status of sporadic and specialized settlement, appears valid. Certainly it is far too reasonable to have engendered a national enthusiasm for "northern development" or to have produced a general belief in a great northern storehouse. Enthusiasm and belief alike are based upon other considerations.

The extensive use of the airplane during the second world war led to the common forecast that northern areas would hold an advantageous position in postwar commercial flying. This advantage was to result from their location along the great circle routes connecting the main centres of Eurasia and North America. Over-the-pole routes were given prominence in newspaper and other maps and there was some popular acceptance of the probability of numerous major airfields and attendant large populations burgeoning in the Canadian North. There was a willingness to forget that air routes served mainly their terminals and that intermediate way stations would be few; in other words, that routes would pass over rather than serve.

By the end of the second world war, another concept gained prominence and acceptance. It was that the Arctic Ocean was of considerable strategic importance, forming a polar Mediterranean around whose rim were ranged North America and Eurasia. Up to 1940 no concern had ever been expressed for the protection of the Arctic coasts of North America. Now, with new types of weapons and a new arrangement of great powers — which sighted each other along lines of longitude rather than faced each other along zones of latitude — the northern lands became militarily significant. This concept led to the occupation by the United States of bases in northern Canada as part of a system of North American defence. The types of bases range from observation and weather posts to radar stations, air bases and other facilities. Similar bases are occupied by Canadian personnel. Here, once more, is a subject concerning the Canadian North which has received considerable publicity of one kind or another. Its main impact has been to provide Canadians with the impression that the North "is being opened up."

Within the past ten years American, Canadian and other mining concerns have demonstrated considerable interest in the recovery of economic minerals, mainly in the subarctic, or forested, areas of the Canadian North. Part of this interest may be due to decreasing American supplies of raw materials, iron ore in particular, but what looms significant is the continuing high rate of mineral exploration and discovery. Oil discoveries in the northwest, the mining centre of Schefferville, the Ungava Bay plans of the Krupp-Eaton group — doubtful now — for iron ore exports to Europe, the Lynn Lake and Thompson nickel deposits, the rush for oil leases in the Arctic — all substantiate the ideas of northern treasure trove.

One must add to these the most recent claims upon public attention. The clarion call has gone out; Canada is far behind, is twenty-five years behind the Soviet Union in her development of the North. The comparisons of the two countries made by politicians and administrators are generally odious to Canada; the Russians have succeeded in integrating the indigenous populations; the Russians have hundreds of research stations; the Russians have huge cities in their northern areas. Let us gird for battle, not for economic satisfaction, but in order to emulate the Russians. No one bothers very much to compare either the physical or the political bases for the differences in the form or magnitude of the developments in the two countries.

All these considerations have coloured our thinking about northern Canada. But neither singly nor in combination have they produced an overwhelming belief that Canada's future lies in the rapid and total opening of the North. A "national" belief in the achievement of Canadian manifest destiny through the opening of the northern lands waited on a different set of circumstances. These were provided by a new political leader and a new government. There is no doubt that this leadership portrayed to the public a view of Canadian national development which never before had been presented. It provided Canadian nationalism with a unifying symbol.

The appeal for the integration of the North with the rest of Canada was so successful with the electorate that it evoked numerous comments, mostly unkind, from the unbelievers. The most celebrated

of the latter described the programme for opening up the North as "building roads from igloo to igloo"; some ridiculed the conversion of remote space into productive land; others used the appellation "vision" with not the kindest connotation. In other words, views concerning this programme were often extreme. Yet a large number of ministerial statements with a somewhat peculiar emphasis gave these views some credibility. These public statements, in the House of Commons and on television, were characterized by faith and a sense of Canadian destiny.

Up to this time the two basic causes for northern exploration, occupation and exploitation, had been related either to the hope of economic gain or to the necessity of policing, defending and servicing Canadian territory. Now, to the factors of hope and necessity, there was added, for the first time, a "national" declaration of faith in the North. These three, faith, hope and necessity, became the pennants of our northern task force. I doubt greatly that they will ever become the symbols of a large settled population in the Canadian North.

Faith, in the sense used here, is an expression by the present government of militant optimism in the future of this nation and particularly in the role of the North. Speaking in the House of Commons on July 7th, 1958, Mr. Alvin Hamilton emphasized this faith. After a glowing account of the resources of the North, he turned to "manifest destiny". He spoke "... of giving this country dominion . . . from the southern boundary to the Arctic Ocean . . . we feel that it is our destiny manifest by geography [to do so]. If we lose this vision the nation will perish". Commenting on northern sovereignty, he said: "(it) is not painting a colour on a map . . . [but] is the effective occupation of an area by a country which has command over it." Without discussing these items it is apparent that the appeal is based on "faith and the flag", or faith and nationalism.

Not infrequently the expression of faith is somewhat naïve. Mr. Diefenbaker has stated categorically that lack of transportation more than any other factor has retarded northern development. Surely this factor cannot be removed as a separate item from a context comprised of the natural environment of the North and the economic environment

of Canada. The statement, therefore, needs considerable modification. Mr. Hamilton, in a CBC television programme, evinced complete faith that great developments would inevitably follow the construction of transportation, i.e., road, rail and port facilities, even when the latter were not planned to lead to known resources. When challenged, he called upon historical precedent, pointing out that the discovery of ore bodies in northern Ontario coincided with railroad construction. He failed to point out that the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway was built as a colonization road to bring together two known quantities, colonists and agricultural land.

Such observations, in or out of context, leave one unconvinced, not of the status of the belief, but of the validity of the approach. Fortunately the programmes which are concerned with northern transportation do not appear to be energized simply by the vapours of faith. These programmes, known as the "Development Roads" and "Roads to Resources" programmes, are not an innovation of the present government, but they have received from it augmented funds and considerable other encouragement.

The Development Roads programme is applicable only to the Yukon and North-west Territories and "is designed to facilitate the exploration and development of promising resources". Similarly, federal assistance "for the construction of roads which would be of value in the development of resources in new areas" is available to all provinces planning roads to resources. In every case, so far, road building has been directed either to proven reserves or known resources, or represents new routes to improve freight movements already in operation. There appears to be little tendency to strike off into the wild grey yonder; indeed the programme seems to be geared to the general aims of our society — building where there is reasonable hope of returns upon investment.

Hope, with great expectations, has been a prime factor in northern exploration and exploitation. Private enterprise operating under the motivation of financial profit has been the principal agent in opening the North and in making available its resources. It was the merchant adventurer, the entrepreneur, who showed the way into the polar

seas and led the movement into the forest and tundra lands. Martin Frobisher's voyages were based on the anticipation of discovering a north-west passage to the riches of the Orient and upon the hope of rich mineral finds. Neither the failure to discover the North-west Passage nor his mistaken identification of pyrites as gold changes the essential character of the undertaking. The fur traders expanded their territories and facilities in the northern areas, taking out more furs and exploring and mapping as they did so.

During the nineteenth century the lumbermen slashed their way from the forested lands of the south into the subarctic forests; they continually adapted the types of forestry operations to changes in the markets; they modified their operations, in time, from the square timber trade down to modern wood-using industries, never relating them, it is true, to the conservation of resources. During the same period mining, backed by private enterprise, was penetrating the same area and, like the forest industries, was strongly entrenched in the Subarctic of eastern Ontario and western Quebec by the twenties of this century. Both industries, despite the ephemeral nature of many of the camps, pulled behind them some transient and some permanent population; only incidentally did these industries provide the basis upon which the limited agriculture in the Clay Belt and elsewhere could be supported. It was gold that attracted miners to the Cariboo district of British Columbia and caused the Klondike fever of 1896, initiating some permanent settlement in the latter. Since the beginning of this century prospecting in the Subarctic and Arctic areas of the north-west and central sections has achieved considerable success; occasionally, as at Norman Wells, some of the finds could not be worked because of lack of market.

Wherever resources in the North have been economically available and where there exists a market for them, development by private capital has occurred. This, however, does not constitute a plea for private enterprise or for *laissez-faire*; it is a summation of the history of exploitation of natural resources in northern lands. It is recognized that in many developments the private interests involved have called for, and received, help from provincial and federal governments, par-

ticularly in providing transportation facilities. They may be called Colonization Roads, Roads to Resources or other names, but most represent government aid to the entrepreneur.

The range of interests involved in northern exploitation by private enterprise is not very wide. It includes little more than the mining of various minerals and, within the zone of "commercial forests", forestry operations. These operations in turn require the development of other resources, including power. Hydro-electric power may, in some cases, be provided and sold by government controlled power commissions. All these enterprises necessitate huge expenditures since they are directed to the reconnaissance, proving, development and transportation of resources in remote and difficult areas. It is understandable that every operation must be based on high quality resources of adequate reserves and that the size of operation must be large enough to help overcome some of the inherent costs of isolation. Consequently, it is the very large organizations which participate here: Hudson's Bay Company, International Nickel, Imperial Oil, Rio Tinto are names that indicate the type and size.

Legislation concerning forest resources and, lately, recognition by industry of the necessity for conservation of forests are bringing about reasonable programmes of forest use in parts of the North. Apart from this, little attention has been paid to renewable resources of any kind. They are not great in quantity: for the vast area of the Yukon and North-west Territories it is estimated that there is less than one and one half million acres of potential agricultural soils, all in the subarctic area. Other potential resources include fish and wild life. Because of the dispersed nature of their occurrence and the mode of their exploitation, renewable resources are neither attractive nor susceptible to the type of organization characteristic of the mining industries. Only occasionally is hope for the renewable resources other than forests expressed by such dreamers as Stefansson.

Necessity has embroiled us, willy-nilly, in the North. Formerly policing by the RCMP was a major aspect of our participation in things "northern". The entry of the Department of Transport into northern areas was also born of necessity and its types of service

reflect this — radio communications, weather stations and supply. The second world war made necessary an extension of government services; it forced upon the country the creation of airfields and of staging routes for aircraft; it led to the construction of the war-time Alaska Highway; it initiated the first large production of oil in the North-west Territories (at Norman Wells) and produced the first long distance transmission of oil by pipeline in north-west Canada. Some of these were of temporary nature; many of the airfields later fell into disuse; and Norman Wells reverted to a small summer-time producer.

In the period following the war a change in the approach to North American defence became apparent and, with the change, a new emphasis was placed on the Canadian North. American military and other installations were permitted in Canadian territory; Churchill was developed as a military "research station" and arctic training of various kinds became commonplace. The needs of North American defence were also made apparent in the erection of the DEW line and other warning systems. The creation of these generally remote stations has necessitated further services — maintenance, shipping and airfields. A few of these stations have gained stature as international airports or in other ways. But despite new roles, despite new installations, and despite added "permanent" population in a few cases, they cannot be considered as effective instruments of settlement. However, their presence has necessitated new supply lines and introduced new techniques in supply; as bases capable of storing men and materials they have often become the centres out of which survey, research and other teams operate. As such, they have also helped to encourage and underwrite the operations of private enterprise.

The three pennants are still flying in the North. That of faith in the national development of the region has recently become somewhat tattered. It represents less and less of the imaginative and, as time goes on, appears to be continually conditioned both by changes in concepts of North American defence and by the actual needs of private concerns as they reach the development stage in their exploitation of specific resources. For example, hydrographic surveys are prompted by economic and other needs, while the setting-up of navi-

gational aids in the eastern Arctic is a response to established routes. Moreover, as the result of publicity given to the role of American enterprises in the North, the ideal of national development has become rather difficult to maintain.

The government is unlikely to be embroiled in any northern fantasies. It will return to its conventional role (if it has ever really deviated from it), continuing to provide essential services. But these will be services supporting proven needs.

Northern Canada, land of forests and tundra, covers about four-fifths of this country. It is a remote area, it is a difficult area and, occasionally, it is a rich area. But it would be stupid to think of it mystically as "something rich and strange". The one group which has had a long history of association with the North — the entrepreneurs — has at no time experienced any confusion as to its real character. The North has always been, and will remain, the physical extension of southern Canada in which climatic, topographic and other difficulties are considerably greater than in the south. The schism in thought concerning the Canadian North cannot exist much longer; it is not the Canadian wonderland.

The Soviet North

Industrial Development of the Natural Resources of the North-Eastern Area
of the U.S.S.R.

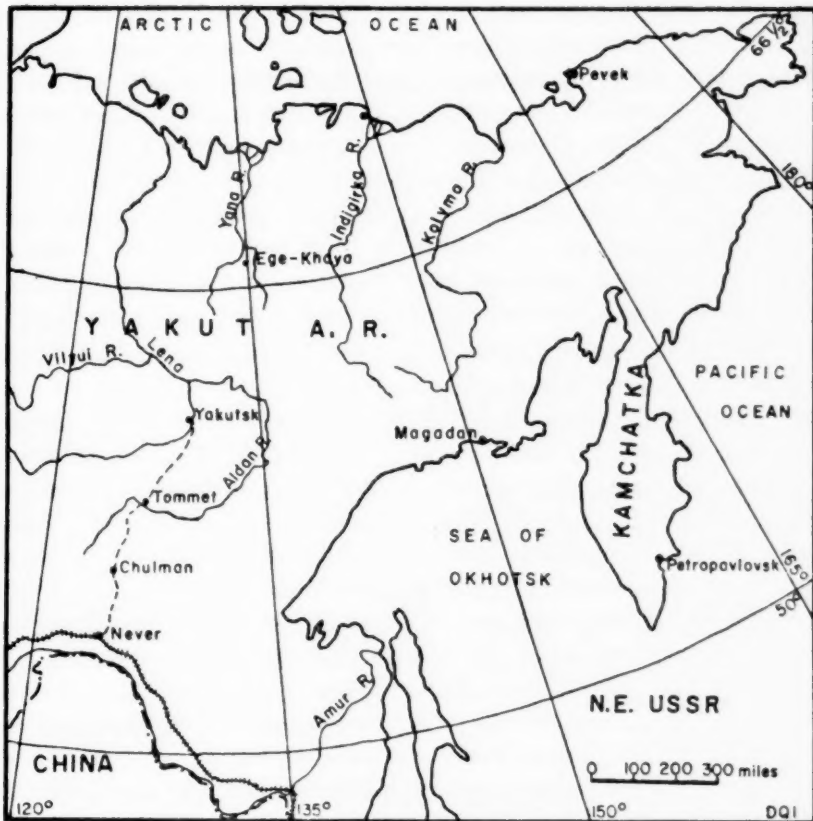
by

SAMUEL V. SLAVIN

The North-eastern area of the USSR, which includes the Yakut Autonomous Republic, the Magadan and Kamchatka Regions, is greatly similar to the northern part of Canada and Alaska both in natural conditions and mineral wealth. Characteristic of this area are a severe climate with vast expanses of perennially frozen ground, large resources of valuable minerals, a sparse population, a comparatively weakly developed transportation network. Also characteristic of the Soviet North-east is the great distance separating this area from the country's main industrial districts.

The development of the natural wealth of the North-east of the USSR, like that of the northern areas of America, requires large additional investments to overcome the difficulties arising from the specific natural and economic conditions. In order to carry out a project in the North two or three times greater effort and expenditure are required than in settled and economically developed districts. A heavy initial outlay is also required for studying natural resources and for developing the transportation required for working deposits.

The general economic law according to which man strives to receive the maximum effect with the least expenditure also operates in the Soviet economy. This law restricts the development of natural resources in the North to mining only those minerals which, owing to their specific features (for instance, a high metal content of ores, favourable conditions for mining, etc.), are economically profitable, as well as those deficit minerals the lack of which would otherwise hamper the development of the country's entire national economy.



The natural resources which are to be found in the settled and economically developed parts of the country are not being worked in the North. For instance, the gigantic coal resources and enormous forests in the Yakut ASSR are used only for local requirements since districts where coal is in great demand (the central districts of Siberia, the Urals, etc.) have sufficient resources of both on the spot or in districts closer than Yakutia. Thus the industrial development of natural resources in the North is restricted to individual deposits which represent peculiar "oases" among the vast, almost uninhabited expanses. At present many deposits of diamonds, gold, tin, mica

and other valuable minerals are being used in the North-east of the USSR. Many industrial centres have been set up here in the past thirty years. Some of these are gradually developing into industrial districts as a result of the growth of the complex of industries which are required for the normal production process and for ensuring the proper living conditions for people invited here from other parts of the country. In the industrial centres repair bases are being set up, local fuel used, power stations built, the local production of building materials organized, and dairy farming, vegetable and potato growing, meat production and the manufacture of consumer goods developed.

Let us look briefly at the characteristics of the main industrial districts of the North-east.

The Aldan mining and industrial district is situated in the southern part of Yakutia. Gold mining has been developed here since 1923, and new deposits of rich gold ores as well as new placers were recently discovered. The Amur-Yakut highway which was built in 1931 from Bolshoi Never to Tommot, facilitated not only the development of the gold industry but also the prospecting and working of large deposits of mica-phlogopite for the mining of which Aldan today ranks first in the USSR. The rich Chulman coal basin with deposits of over 25,000 million tons of coking coal was prospected here in 1950. The two proven deposits, the Chulmakan and Nyurengin, have sufficient resources of coking coal for fully meeting the requirements of a large modern iron and steel mill. A number of large high quality iron-ore deposits (Tayezhnoye, Sivagli, Pionerskoye, etc.) are to be found in direct proximity to the coal-field, from 60 to 100 kilometers away. Thus, the Aldan mining and industrial district has promising prerequisites for its transformation into a major coal and metallurgical base within the next ten to fifteen years.

A large diamond province has been discovered in the western part of the Yakut Autonomous Republic in the basin of the Vilyui River. In a number of places rich resources have been found. One kimberlite pipe alone, called "the peace pipe", will meet the requirements of the entire Soviet Union in diamonds for a number of years

to come. The town of Mirny which is now being built there will become the centre of a new industrial district. A 250 kilometer highway is being completed from Mukhtuya on the Lena River to Mirny.

Deposits of natural gas have in recent years been discovered in the estuary of the Vilyui River. These deposits are very rich but up till now have been used very little. A 300 kilometer gas pipeline is being built from the deposits to the town of Yakutsk. In the Lena depression following the discovery of a gas deposit, the opening up of an oil-bearing province is expected. Geological oil-prospecting on a large scale is envisaged here during the current Seven-Year Plan (1959-1965). If the favourable oil forecast is confirmed, a big oil industry will be developed in this district along with a diverse complex of kindred plants.

Of great interest is the utilization of natural resources of the Yana River basin, where a number of major tin deposits have been discovered. An ore mining mill as well as a number of auxiliary plants have been built since 1943 in Ege-Khaya, the central part of this basin. During the past ten years the "Deputatskoye" deposit, situated on the Poluosny ridge between the Yana and Indigirka rivers, has been developed. A highway is being built to this place from Kuiga village on the Yana River. All the freight for this industrial centre is being shipped via the estuary of this river.

The gold placers in the district of Ust-Nera in the upper reaches of the Indigirka, the south-eastern part of Yakutia, are being used, with a number of gold fields in operation. The industrial development of the gold deposits in the upper reaches of the Kolyma River, on the territory of the present Magadan Region, has been conducted at a rapid pace. The expedition under the Soviet scientist Y. A. Bilibin first discovered a gold-bearing province in the upper reaches of the Kolyma River in 1930. Since then geological prospecting, the construction of highways and the sinking of mines have been conducted here on a large scale. The development of this district proceeded from east to west. The Kolyma highway was literally speaking built on the heels of geologists. A large gold-bearing prov-

ince was established and the placers proved to be exceedingly rich both in metal content and in resources. In the upper reaches of the Kolyma and Indigirka rivers the placers for a long time supplied the country with its cheapest gold. The capital invested in the construction of highways (over 4,000 kilometers), sea ports, the development of aviation lines, the setting up of numerous auxiliary enterprises for industry and agriculture, the construction of Magadan, a modern city and of numerous workers' townlets—investments running into many thousands of millions of roubles—has been fully repaid. The metal content of the placers has in recent years decreased, but the prospected resources far from diminishing have increased as compared with the first years of their development. This part of the Magadan Region, close to the Kolyma highway, continues to remain one of the main gold-mining districts in the Soviet Union. Besides the placers, many major bedrock deposits have been found. However, the content of gold in the ores is insignificant and its utilisation requires large initial capital investments.

A new gold-bearing province has been found in recent years in the north-western part of the Magadan Region. Several mines have already been set up and production started. This is an important gold-bearing district with a good future. Besides placer deposits, bedrock deposits with a higher metal content of ores than in the district of the upper reaches of the Kolyma have been found in the northern part of the region.

On the whole, the north-eastern area of the USSR will be the country's major gold mining district for a long time to come. It is unique for its deposits of placer gold. Tin and tungsten deposits are also being developed in the Magadan Region. At present several small mines are in operation near Omsukchan. The development of tin deposits in the north, on the Chaun inlet, is being conducted on a large scale. Pevek, a deep-water port, has been built here and a highway laid from the port to the industrial establishments.

A large mining and processing mill was set in operation in 1959 in Iultin, the north-eastern part of the Magadan Region. It was built for the industrial utilisation of the Iultin deposits of tungsten and tin ores. Next to the mill a modern workers' town has been built.

It is linked with the port of Egvekinot in Krest Bay by a highway over 200 kilometers long.

A large repair and machine-building centre has been set up in the Magadan Region. Here several metal-working plants as well as a number of shops servicing the mining and processing enterprises and a number of motor depots are functioning. Washers, the designs of which were elaborated in the local scientific-research institute in Magadan, are manufactured by plants in the Magadan Region. A large power base has been built. The Arkagalin power station, which is fuelled by local coal, supplies electricity to a large number of plants and workers' settlements within an area of up to 600 kilometers.

The further geological study of the Magadan Region will make it possible to open up new numerous mineral deposits. This promises great prospects for its industrial development.

The fishing industry has been developed in the Kamchatka Region. This region accounts for up to 10 per cent of the total fish catch and up to 15 per cent of the manufacture of tinned fish in the USSR. It is the main salmon and crab fishing district. Until recently, offshore salmon fishing predominated here as the seas around the Kamchatka peninsula are rich with salmon. In recent years intensive fishing for other types of deep-sea fish is acquiring ever-growing importance. The fishing industry is being supplied with a large trawler fleet, floating factories and other modern fishing ships and tackle.

A rather large complex of industries is being developed on Kamchatka to meet the interests of the fishing industry, as well as the merchant marine which serves the entire coast and links Kamchatka with the mainland. A number of ports have been built and the large ice-free port of Petropavlovsk-on-Kamchatka is being developed. This large port is situated in the Avacha inlet which is exceedingly suitable for navigation and is sheltered from winds by the mountains. However, the bulk of cargo-loading on the western and eastern coasts of Kamchatka is conducted on roadsteads as the sea along the Kamchatka coast is shallow and does not allow large ships to anchor at the piers. Owing to this, large-scale port construction is envisaged in the next few years in the main centres handling cargoes.

The construction of highways connecting Petropavlovsk with a number of fishery centres in the southern part of Kamchatka was started in recent years. The building materials industry is being developed and many enterprises connected with the fishing industry are being built.

In the north-eastern part of the USSR, the most remote part of the country, a fairly high level of industrial development has been attained although only a small part of the natural wealth prospected is at present being used. The conditions for developing new sections of the vast territory of the North-east will be improved with the development of local centres of industrialisation and the transportation network. The European part of the USSR was initially the main base for developing the North and freight was transported over a distance of more than 10,000 kilometers. It is today possible to transport equipment to the North from Siberia and from districts in the Far East where new iron and steel and machine-building plants have been built. Thus, transportation routes are being reduced to 3,000-7,000 kilometers.

The Soviet North-east today represents a vast "island" equal to approximately one-fifth of the entire territory of the USSR. Its situation as an island is determined by the fact that it can be reached only by seasonal waterways: from the north along the northern sea route which is in operation for only slightly over three months a year, from the east via the seas of the Far East six to eight months a year (only the Petropavlovsk-on-Kamchatka port is ice-free the year around); from the west along the Lena River. The Aldan mining and industrial district alone is connected the year round with the railway network by the Amur-Yakutsk highway. Further development of industry in the North-east will require the building of railways to connect the territory of the Yakut republic and Magadan Region, as well as the whole of the North-east, with the country's railway network. This is not a matter of the near future, of the next ten to twenty years, but it is an economic necessity and will be realized. This will result in speeding up the rate of industrial development of the natural resources of the North-east which is demanded by the requirements of the rapidly growing economy of the Soviet country.

The industrial development of natural resources in the specific conditions of the North requires complex research and prospecting. Geological prospecting has been conducted on a large scale in the districts of the North-east of the USSR, starting with the thirties of this century. Its scope is increasing with every passing year. Scientific research on eternal congelation and the elaboration of economic methods of constructing roads, highways, and industrial enterprises, apartment houses and other buildings, under conditions of permafrost are conducted on a wide scale. The laboratory, which was set up twenty years ago in the town of Yakutsk, has developed into the North-eastern branch of the Institute of Frozen Soil under the USSR Academy of Sciences with research branches in various parts of the North-east.

A special scientific-research institute of the Magadan Economic Council is engaged in studying and elaborating technical means and methods for developing and working placers and ore deposits under the specific conditions of the North-east. A department of the Siberian branch of the USSR Academy of Sciences has been established in Yakutsk. It directs the work of research organisations, among them the Geological Institute. There are also a number of higher educational establishments in the North-east. Offices for the design of machinery adapted to conditions prevailing in the North have been set up in the area. There are organisations for surveying and for planning industrial establishments and highways. The local scientific research and design organisations maintain close contact with those in the European part of the USSR, in the Urals and Siberia, and receive all-round assistance from them.

The Indians Of The North

by

G. C. MONTURE

The settlement and industrialization of Canada has largely been determined by the agricultural potential of the soil. Elsewhere lumbering and mining have influenced the trend of settlement, although some economists question the part played by these two activities in maintaining permanent settlement. Be that as it may, none will dispute their role in pushing back the northern frontiers of settlement and their effect upon the way of life of the native peoples encountered.

Consequently this discussion is not confined entirely to the Indians of the Northwest Territories and Yukon but includes the much larger number who by choice or force of circumstances live outside the agricultural areas of Canada. Geographic environment is predominant in determining their economic and social status and their future development into self-reliant citizens.

The peculiarities of the Canadian geographic pattern do not allow an arbitrary line of latitude to be drawn between agricultural areas. However, for the purpose of this study, the non-agricultural areas in general comprise the interior of British Columbia, north of the Caribou; Yukon territory, and the Precambrian Shield with the exception of those parts lying south of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In this vast region live approximately one third of Canada's Indians. Their environment is characterized by a forest cover, lack of suitable soil for agriculture, long and severe winters, and with few exceptions remoteness from centres of population and the normal amenities of comfortable living.

Deprived of the means of supplementing his food supply by agriculture, the Indian depends almost entirely upon hunting, fishing and trapping for his livelihood. In the vicinity of mining, lumbering and defence projects he may supplement his meagre income by casual

and temporary employment. But because he is unskilled, uneducated, and halting in his command of English and because of his white employer's prejudiced belief that all Indians are "dirty, lazy, shiftless and unreliable", his employment is usually restricted to menial and laborious tasks, frequently at lower pay than white employees get for the same work. At worst the unconscious attitude of the white resident is one of contempt of the Indian and his family; at best it is one of amused patronage that can be summed up as "Joe Smith is a good Indian whereas John Jones is utterly worthless".

The last department census (1954) shows that there are 4023 Indians in the Northwest Territories all of whom live in the region along the Mackenzie River drainage basin. The 2000 Indians in the Yukon live principally in the south and southwest part of the Territory.

The following figures are suggested for the provinces: British Columbia 5,500; Alberta 4,300; Manitoba 10,500; Saskatchewan 2,900; Ontario 13,500; Quebec 9,000. The combined population for the Territories and the provinces is therefore of the general order of 52,000. This figure does not include the large number of Metis or so-called "half-breed". Although their way of life and social status closely approach the Indian's, the Metis do not enjoy the protection and benefits granted by the federal administration under the provisions of the Indian Act. In some areas their condition presents a more serious problem than that of the Indian.

To understand the present condition of these people it is necessary to examine their condition prior to the coming of the white man. At no time did they comprise a united race either linguistically or politically. The family was the social and political unit. Closely related families would form bands for greater security. Each group had a leader, one whose courage, skill and force of character had won respect. The bands or tribes, usually consisting of a number of families, appear to have occupied, either by tacit agreement or by conquest, certain areas as their hunting grounds. The result was that over the ages many dialects and other racial characteristics developed.

The pursuit of hunting and trapping demands a nomadic way of life. Game must be followed and found, moreover it is subject to

cycles of abundance. Except in unusual circumstances, only a small number can engage in hunting in the same area at the same time. Most fur bearers, with the exception of the beaver, are also nomadic. Hence most of the Indians were widely dispersed, coming together only in the summer at some lake or river for fishing or to exchange their simple articles of commerce.

A nomadic way of life implies portability of possessions. Transportation was confined to back-packing, canoe and toboggan. Hence housing was of necessity confined to tents or tepees of skins or even branch and brush shelters. Ideas of food preparation, sanitation and cleanliness were most primitive. If the campsite became too fouled, they moved to another. Should we be startled that these ideas have been carried over to their present contact with white settlements?

Equipped as they were only with the most primitive weapons and tools of wood, bone, horn, or antler, life for them was full of hardship, periodic privation and hunger. Death must have stalked them at every turn, particularly the very young and the old. Small wonder that their philosophy of life was fatalistic.

The coming of the fur trader changed much of their economic thinking. In exchange for furs, hatchets and knives, as well as gaily coloured cloths and trinkets for adornment and perhaps even that prized possession, a gun, could be obtained. Hunting for furs assumed a new importance. No longer did they trap solely to provide clothing. The beaver and fox skin became currency. Better weapons and traps allowed greater takes; game and furbearers, none too plentiful in the beginning, became more and more scarce. Their means of livelihood became more and more precarious. This then was their condition prior to the close of the nineteenth century.

The widening wave of settlement made it necessary that the somewhat informal relations existing between government and the Indians of these areas be regulated. Under the terms of the British North America Act, jurisdiction over the Indians was a function of the federal government. Thus, following Confederation, a number of treaties were entered into with the Indians of certain areas, culminating in the Treaty of 1921 (Treaty No. 11) with the Indians of the Northwest Territories.

Basically these treaties followed much the same pattern. The Indians ceded "their rights, titles and privileges" to definite prescribed areas. In return they received cash and annual payments; certain annual gifts, usually ammunition, fishing twine and clothing; the allotment of other lands for reserves on which they alone might live. In addition, educational facilities were to be provided. The signing of such treaties automatically placed all Indians under the Indian Act and subject to the laws of the country.

Although the treaty with the Indians of the Northwest Territories was signed in 1921, allotment of reservations to these Indians has not yet been made. For this reason they are entitled to vote in federal elections since they are not disqualified by statute under the Canada Elections Act. In short these Indians may be said to have equal citizenship status even to the privilege of paying income tax. Elsewhere all Indians living on reservations, unless they have had, or are engaged in military service, or are the wives of such Indians, may not vote in federal elections, nor are they subject to income tax on income made on reserves. In many of the provinces Indians are entitled to vote in the provincial elections. Indians also share fully in Family Allowances, Old Age Security, Old Age Assistance Allowance and Disabled Persons Allowance.

At present the Indian Act governs all Indians. However, actual responsibilities are divided among several departments of Government. The Department of National Health and Welfare administers welfare and medical services; the Department of Citizenship and Immigration administers matters relating to the Indian Act, which covers reserve and trusts and education, save in the Northwest Territories, which is administered by the Department of Northern Affairs. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police under the Department of Justice enforces law and order. While this may make for efficient administration, it does not make it any easier for the Indian to understand when seeking for a solution to his personal problems. This then is the background and political status of some fifty-two thousand Canadian citizens.

by the expenditures of government as shown by estimates submitted

to Parliament by the various departments concerned with Indians throughout Canada, it should be happy indeed.

For the fiscal year 1959-60, the total estimate of the Indian Affairs Branch alone was approximately \$38,000,000, expenditures for Welfare and Economic Development being \$9,700,000, and for Education \$26,000,000. Assuming that one third of this is allocated to the northern Indians the bill is of considerable magnitude.

The estimates for Indian and Northern Health Services amount to \$20,700,000, excluding capital expenditures of \$3,000,000 for buildings and equipment. Here again the figures are misleading as they cover medical and welfare service to the white and Metis population of the Territories as well.

Educational services in the Northwest Territories are a function of the Department of Northern Affairs. The policy of the Department has been one of wholly integrated schools in which Indian, white and Metis attend side by side. Approximately 21% (900) of the pupils in attendance are Indian. Operational expenditures for 1959-60 will amount to \$5,000,000 including vocational and special training projects. Capital and equipment expenditures will add another \$5,000,000.

Since the children move with their parents when the latter are hunting or trapping, attendance is irregular. Attempts are made to influence the parents to leave their children behind either in hostels or in residential schools. Most children are further handicapped through lack of knowledge of the English language. Thus educational progress can only be slow.

For the most part the Indians of the Northern Territories congregate in the vicinity of the Hudson Bay posts or other settlements. Many of these posts were chosen as a matter of trade convenience and not with any idea of town planning or of permanent or semi-permanent settlement. For the most part the terrain is flat muskeg or rocky hills with little or no soil cover. Sanitation even of the most primitive sort is difficult. Utter lack of understanding of this basic principle of community living leads to situations that shock the sensibilities of even the least fastidious.

Although some of the more fortunate may have frame houses consisting of two or three rooms, the houses are for the most part one-roomed shacks of logs chinked with mud and moss. In the summer some occupy tents. Here families of two to five or more live. Privacy is entirely unknown and children learn the facts of life at a tender age. There is no proper care of the sick or the newborn infant, though the child may have been born in a modern hospital. In consequence the figures for infant mortality are shocking. There is a minimum of furniture, even bedsteads are rare, a few pots and pans; a tin or oil drum stove provides the heating. Facilities for bathing or laundry in the winter are virtually non-existent.

Cost of living, as would be expected, is inordinately high. A sack of flour may cost as much as \$12 to \$25, beans 35 cents a pound and rifle cartridges, so necessary for hunters, \$4 per box of 20, depending on the area.

Except for the fortunate few who can find employment with the white man, cash incomes are low. A lucky trapper may make as high as \$1,000 per year but the average is far below this since fur prices of late years have reached an all-time low. Game is relatively scarce. Caribou, which in the past provided a main source of food, has appreciably declined in numbers over the past five years. Many are in perpetual debt to the trading posts. Because of dependence upon the white man's way of life, their native skills in hunting and trapping tend to be forgotten.

By and large the northern Indian is law-abiding although those living in or near towns where there are liquor outlets invariably consume liquor excessively. Consequently they degenerate and become involved in crime and neglect their families.

Prior to the discovery of oil in 1920 and uranium ores at Great Bear Lake in 1930, little interest was shown in the North. Climate and difficulties of transport precluded almost any development. Only the fur trader, trapper, missionary and Royal Northwest Mounted Police were interested and such knowledge and information as were gathered made little impact on the minds of most people in other parts of Canada. The mode of living of the Indians had not materially changed since the days of Hearne and Thompson.

This rapidly changed in the years following the discovery of oil at Fort Norman, mineral discovery at Yellowknife and elsewhere. More important, World War II brought with it thousands of workers and soldiers from the outer world — men whose stay in the area was to be temporary and whose attitude toward the native population could at best be called indifferent and unsympathetic. To make economic matters worse, game became less abundant, prices of furs dropped to a point where trapping was regarded as hardly worth the effort. More and more the Indian came to rely on the bounty of the white man, grudgingly as it appeared to be given. At the same time the successful fight against disease and epidemic means that the Indians are increasing in numbers. Today their increase is one of the largest of any single ethnic group in Canada. As a result their former means of subsistence are inadequate.

Many Indians, realizing the futility of trying to make a living in their home areas, venture out into the cities, towns and mining communities hopefully seeking employment. Ill-educated, poorly skilled and ignorant of the white way of life, they tend to gravitate to the "skid-row" sections of these communities. Here, where neither municipal nor federal government is clearly responsible, their plight is often more unhappy than that of those who remained at home, for they are at least eligible to receive federal relief.

If the North is to be developed into an asset rather than a liability, who is better qualified by temperament and adjustment to environment than the northern Indian and Eskimo? The Economics Division of the Department of Transport reports: "A company currently paying the lowest salaries at Frobisher states that the minimum monthly cost of maintaining a person averages out at \$923.00", including transportation. Moreover it is necessary to bring out a white employee after one or two years in order to prevent his becoming "bushed". Experience of even the most casual attempts to employ Indians at the mines and elsewhere has shown encouraging results.

To the native, the Northland area is the land where he is most likely to feel at home. Regardless of what we as visitors or temporary sojourners consider it, to him it is beautiful and desirable. To understand this one must recall Saltatha's answer to the worthy priest who

was explaining to him the beauties of Heaven — "My father, you have spoken well, you have told me Heaven is very beautiful; tell me one thing more. Is it more beautiful than the country of the musk-ox in summer when sometimes the mist blows over the lakes and sometimes the water is blue, and the loons cry very often? That is beautiful; and if Heaven is still more beautiful, my heart will be glad and I shall be content to rest there till I am very old".

The Arctic: Its Human Resources

by

R. A. J. PHILLIPS

When the population of the world is increasing by thirty million people each year, a group of twelve thousand would not seem likely to make much mark on the maps of human ethnography. But the roughly twelve thousand people who call themselves Eskimos of Canada have etched an indelible place.

Rarely has so small a group attracted so wide an interest. Partly it is because of the people themselves who make up this tiny racial minority; partly, it is because they are a mark on our collective social conscience; partly because underlying the importance of the Eskimos is a new attitude towards their land and ours.

Many words of anger and emotion, many words in attack and defence have been expended by those who write about the Eskimos. On the one hand are the articulate authors who paint a picture of a past filled with brutality, indifference, selfishness and greed, which became obstacles too great for a rugged, simple people that had conquered nature in its toughest form. Others have held these accusations to be unfair, pointing out that the motives of most white men who worked amongst the Eskimos have been misunderstood, and that frequently they gave positive service where the rest of Canada was content to leave a vacuum.

Disinterment of the past seems pointless, except as it may give a clue to the future. Some parts of the story were relatively easy to chronicle, though one could not travel very far along the paths of investigation without straying into the byways of controversy. This paper will take only a brief look at the problems of the Eskimos as the main human resources of the Arctic. In the land which they inhabit there are no Indians. There are white men, but theirs are the problems of white men everywhere, and beyond the help of our assessing.

The first lasting contact between the Eskimos of Canada and Europeans occurred just under four hundred years ago, when Martin Frobisher met them in his quest for the Northwest Passage. His attitude towards these curious natives was little different from the behaviour of any navigator of this age upon discovering a strange land with strange peoples. It was certainly not the fashion then — and indeed, how long has it been? — to regard those of different skins and different tongues as equals. They were oddities to whom the greatest kindness could be the bringing of the white man's law, the white man's standards, the white man's outlook.

In the centuries that followed there were sporadic contacts with the explorers, and later with the whalers and the traders. One direct consequence was a good deal of racial intermixture, unsanctified by marriage and, indeed, unencumbered by support. The arts of seamanship and navigation for the most part were not native skills but accomplishments that the newcomers brought. Sometimes by determination, sometimes unconsciously, the newcomers also brought a sharply changing life. Thus began civilization as we, the white men, knew it, or as we reserved it for the frontier. The greatest mistake that can be made in assessing the problems of the Eskimos is to assume that this civilization is something new in the Arctic. If one thinks of civilization in terms of Christian traditions, of woollen clothing or of chewing-gum, it came a long time ago.

The fact is that the trader could not exist in the Arctic unless the Eskimo changed. The Eskimo had to be made into a trapper to provide the skins which the fur-trade needed. His natural economy had been hunting pure and simple, not fur trapping. Now he had to give up the old patterns, together with his nomadic existence. He became oriented to the trading-post, the focus of his life, of his work and even of his recreation. To the trading-post he took his furs; there he got the tea, the tobacco and the pieces of cloth or utensils that the white fox skins would buy. Even more important, at the trading-post he got the rifle which, in not too long a time, would utterly destroy the delicate balance of nature with which he had existed these many centuries. In the trading-post he also got a total dependence on the white man and the white man's goods. The food and clothing,

the equipment, the luxuries which had become necessities — all these could be obtained only from the white man, whose law in all things commanded universal obedience.

Next door to the trader might be the mission-house, and this became another focus. At its door the Eskimo left behind the legends and the folklore, the culture and the heritage of an earlier age. Inside, he received from selfless men new traditions to take their place. Few will quarrel with the moral values that the mission gave, but one essential fact is worth establishing. It is not today that the Eskimo culture is being changed. That culture was being changed generations ago just as surely as the economy and the social structure were altered. In fact, of all the changes that came into the Eskimo lives, few were more decisive than the abandonment of the traditional culture in favour of the European patterns.

If one can identify steps in a hill which slopes gradually (upwards or downwards, depending on your viewpoint), there were two major stages in the history of the Canadian Eskimo. The first came with the arrival of the semi-permanent or permanently established white man. This was when the former Eskimo changed to something else. This was when the idyllic picture of the happy care-free native living in immaculate igloos and running with the polar-bears began to crumble in the economic and social realities of our century. That was probably the biggest change in Eskimo history, for that was the one, for good or for evil, which threatened the traditional natural economy, the traditional culture, the traditional society. The new ways, which in some places began to come almost a hundred years ago but more commonly entered early in this century, did not bring all the trappings of our civilization. They did not bring the medical care required to fight the diseases which we introduced. They did not bring the need to understand our civilization or to permit the Eskimos to become full partners in it. They did not bring any sense of racial integration. There was a limited advance of white society which brought only a ration of our culture. The rest was denied to them, or they were protected from it. It depends upon your outlook.

This stage halfway between a primitive society and modern Canada could not have continued indefinitely for it carried the seeds of its own destruction: the rifle was bound eventually to make the game of the land inadequate to those who needed it for their food, their clothing, their shelter. The disappearance of the caribou provided one of the bitterest tragedies of our continent. It is but small comfort to our conscience to know that we attack a race, not with regiments and military campaign, but by the less dramatic method of introducing the rifle without a lesson in conservation. The rifle alone, of course, was not the sole cause of the shocking decline in the once great caribou herds. Bush fires set by man and depredation by animals were other causes. The principal cause, however, was hunting by human beings.

While the new economy was declining from within it was about to face real external pressures. Briefly, the Arctic was becoming part of Canada, part of a modern expanding industrial nation. That it would one day become so was almost inevitable from 1867, but there was a long delay while the Arctic was forgotten in our race to build a nation elsewhere. Ninety years is not a long period in the development of a continent. The wonder is not that the Arctic was forgotten so long, but rather that the people of the scattered colonies, bent on making a nation from sea unto sea, should have succeeded so quickly in the midst of wars abroad and depressions at home. The popular press notwithstanding, the turning of eyes northward in the years since the second world war did not come through emphasis on defence or the threat from across the pole. Such reasons do Canada less than justice. We look north because the west was linked, peopled and assimilated. Its frontiers had gone. Expanding social and economic forces were at last ready to move north.

The North could not be left fallow indefinitely. It contains the physical resources needed by Canada and by the world: resources which are attractive, and even attractively situated for the investment of private capital. The North has also become a link in a world newly shaped by intercontinental aircraft. It has with much justice been called the Mediterranean of the late twentieth century.

Into this relative economic vacuum, the new forces have begun to move. The forerunners of the new mines are the geologists and the prospectors. They have combed the tundra in their hundreds but they have examined only the smallest fraction of what lies north. They are beginning to write the blueprints of mines of later years but not all mines are in the blueprint stage. It is not the purpose of this paper to consider the future of physical resources but it is pertinent to mention the impact on human resources when one small mine came into production at Rankin Inlet nearly three years ago.

North Rankin Nickel Mine has been important to human resources not just because of the enlightened attitude of its management but because of the possible patterns it has set for the future life of men and women in the Arctic. Not unnaturally, a management such as this, with extensive experience elsewhere in the world, began by asking for Eskimo employees for unskilled and even menial tasks. It would not have been surprising to have its man-power development program stop there, for this mine is in the Keewatin District amongst a people with little education, little knowledge of the English language and little experience of white men and their ways. From the first employees the mine read the future potential. They had the patience and understanding to bring their employees along in co-operation with Government vocational training programs, developing the added skills which could lead to added responsibilities. Now Eskimos have taken almost every kind of job in the enterprise and have shown their individual and collective effectiveness.

This development has meant far more than added cash. It has meant that for the first time the Eskimo knows he can take his economic place beside, instead of below, the white man. It gives reality to the promise of Government policy that some day soon the Eskimos can be running their own affairs and take their full place in running the affairs of the country.

This kind of development has changed individual Eskimo lives. It has removed the uncertainties of the future, and it has eliminated the spectre of starvation next winter or next month. It has meant improved health standards for families who can live in comfortable homes. It has meant the hope of increasing the life-expectancy

beyond the present dismal Eskimo level of something like twenty-nine years. Experience in this first Arctic industrial venture of its kind has opened other possibilities to the families of its employees. Parents who never had a day of formal education now see their children going to an up-to-date Federal school. They are able to plan for their future rather than to leave it to drift, to accident, or to the whims of the white man.

There are the professional pessimists who says that it was wrong to let the Eskimos work in the mine, for a mine will not last forever. No mines last forever. But was it equally wrong to let men go to Knob Lake, Sudbury or Yellowknife? Over the decades, mines come and go but in the north there are always more to come. Even if every Eskimo male adult wanted to work in a mine, the whole Arctic population could be absorbed in one single enterprise now on the drawing-boards. The problem in the long run is not jobs for the Eskimos but Eskimos for the jobs.

There is another important assumption involved in the claim that Eskimos should not be allowed to work in the mines. It is that Eskimos should be told what to do and what not to do. This thinking is obsolete in mid-twentieth century Canada. We do not tell our citizens what jobs to take and what not to take; or how to spend their money and how to spend their lives. Whatever tribulations there may be in the process, these are lessons which they must learn for themselves in their personal development towards citizenship.

No one, of course, is pressing the Eskimos to go into the mines or to go anywhere else. This is a new opportunity for the use of human resources which the development of natural resources has brought. The real significance of mining is the introduction of the element of choice of career. But there are many other choices. In the long run, mining will be far the largest industrial employer, but at this stage the transportation industry is equally important. About two hundred Eskimos have jobs at or near the major civil airport at Frobisher Bay. Many Eskimos, like many southern people, will not wish to go into industry or into any blue-collar jobs. Now there is nothing to stop them. Eskimos have brains just as good as the rest of us, and if they are so inclined they can now take advantage of the

education programs to fit them for careers in the professions or in business. For years we have had to look abroad at the educational record in Greenland, or in the Soviet Union, with a despair not untouched by shame. This need no longer be so. The visitor to the new vocational training and high school at Yellowknife will see young men and women of all three races studying side by side and carving for themselves careers to which their ancestors could never have aspired. We are still far behind any other country in the world with any Eskimo administration, but the gap is being rapidly narrowed.

But some young citizens of Canada's Arctic may wish to stay on the land to live the life of their mothers and fathers. This also is open to them, though we hope it will be a more rewarding life than the Arctic formerly knew. There will be less pressure on available game resources, and modern technology can bring more efficient means of harvesting those resources. Already Eskimo co-operatives are encouraging the people themselves to run their own affairs to their own advantage—and there will be more of these. There will be new local industries to bring in the badly needed cash upon which higher living standards depend.

We speak of all these things in the future but many of them have already come, and come with remarkable speed. Eight or ten years ago, Eskimos received practically nothing for the remarkable art which they had themselves created in carvings of stone. Today people in half a dozen communities are earning more than \$150,000 a year. This change is a tribute to organization, particularly of marketing methods.

One year ago a group of Eskimos lived in semi-destitution on the shores of Ungava Bay, frequently a charge upon the tax-payers of Canada, who doled out relief to save them from starvation. Today these same people are the proud owners of one of the most successful fishing enterprises in Canada—small but very profitable. Again, the answer was merely organization and marketing; the rest was left to the Eskimos. From the waters where the old hands said there were no fish, Eskimos who had never seen a commercial fishery filled their new freezer with the finest quality Arctic char until it could not contain another pound. Today that char is the most sought after

(and indeed the most expensive) fish in Canada. It also happens to be Canada's *best* fish; yet in the days of indifference its potential was ignored.

For generations Eskimo men and women have shown a silent skill in many crafts, and particularly in sewing and garment-making. Now the required organization and marketing are under way and it is reasonable to expect that within another year or two a further group of Eskimos will be citizens who are independent, socially and economically, rather than part-time recipients of the dole. They will also be adding a good deal to the patterns of Canadian life: their fine arts, their crafts, and their foods are increasingly making an impact on Canadian tastes out of all proportion to their numerical strength of less than one-tenth of one per cent of the population. This impact will increase as communications improve and as the people of the Arctic get a chance to develop their talents. In ten years the percentage of Eskimo children going to school has jumped from close to zero to 40% and in that time the federal government has built twenty-two schools where none existed before.

This is real progress in catching up with the past, though unfortunately we must remember that we are still behind. The Soviet Union began its blitz on education for northern people in 1925. Its scattered population made its problem no less difficult than our own. In its first six years it built 131 schools which accommodated 60% of its northern people. Within a nine-year period it could claim that education was within the reach of all. Greenland started long before and it claims to have wiped out illiteracy one hundred years ago. Today many Eskimos in Greenland are taking the higher education which is still in the future for Canadians in the Arctic, and a considerable proportion of the teaching staff is made up of Eskimos. This is still only an ambition in Canada.

The impact of the Eskimos on the rest of Canada will also be bigger as people who once lived on the margins of existence come to have a real chance for life. The medical profession can cure an illness but what can it do for bodies too long racked with disease ever to face a northern life again? As recently as three or four years ago, all such people were left to drift in a zombie world, perhaps

occupying a hospital bed for years, for there was nothing else to do with them. A new welfare service, in rehabilitating such people, has achieved one of the great successes of the modern Arctic. Through the Rehabilitation Centre in Frobisher Bay, it has changed these ghosts of a twilight zone into productive citizens with a meaning in life. Even in the impersonal data of public accounts the change is impressive — from hospital bills of four to five thousand dollars a year per person to returns showing individual taxable income.

The Rehabilitation Centre at Frobisher Bay and the one to be opened in 1960 in Inuvik, are just a small part of the story, and even these two institutions between them can handle no more than forty or fifty people. Beyond these is the work with individuals across the Arctic and in hospitals across the south. "Adoption cases" may sound like just a social worker's phrase until you think of it in the human terms of youngsters, once allowed to drift, now placed with families who give them love and care and hope. Then there are the special problems like that of the woman who had long been languishing in a hospital dreaming of an elusive day when she could rejoin her family in the north. But the doctor said that she was not strong enough to live in the manner of her people, in a snowhouse that was cold and damp and killing. The answer was ingenious, but simple and indeed commonplace in modern administrative techniques. It was arranged that an igloo should be built for her out of foam plastic, which Northern Affairs officials had designed as one means of low-cost housing. Now this woman has her wish and the total cost of establishing her in her new home amongst her people was about the same as the tax-payers of Canada paid for two months of her stay in hospital.

It is apparent that most Canadians support the effort to develop the human resources of the Arctic or, to put it a little more simply, to help the Eskimos to help themselves. Many people will justify this effort as the discharge of a social obligation to fellow citizens too long ignored. Others justify it because in the long run it makes good economic sense to encourage people to contribute to our natural wealth rather than to live upon it. How much is this effort at social and economic development costing us? In the long run, of course,

it will cost us nothing, or nothing beyond the cost of services now provided for Canadians as a whole. In the short run, it is costing us more to make up for the centuries when nothing was done.

Since some of the wildest northern fiction has concerned itself with the government effort, it might be well to put one set of the facts in perspective. The administration includes administrators who really represent municipal or provincial organizations in areas of early development. It includes teachers, social-workers and engineers. Outside the administration, which is operated by the Department of Northern Affairs, there are nurses and doctors employed by the Department of National Health and Welfare and by the police.

In the whole of the Arctic, an area of nearly one million square miles, there are sixteen administrators. Most of these have Eskimo assistants who serve also as translators when need be. In only two communities in the Arctic are there even any permanently employed stenographers or other office staff, and here there are offices with three or four employees. This is the total size of the field administration itself.

Teachers are hired at the same ratio with respect to pupils as in southern Canada; that is, a second teacher is not hired until a classroom has more than twenty-five pupils: this despite the great additional complexities of teaching through language and cultural barriers.

In the whole of the Arctic there are nine permanently employed engineers. For given projects they hire local Eskimos as temporary labourers. In the whole of the Arctic, there are four doctors and twenty-four nurses. There are four social-workers and seventy police.

The administrative headquarters staff in Ottawa is not classified by regions, but the ratio of headquarters to field staff is just under one to two.

We have a picture then of a total "empire" in the field of fifty-six professional people, excluding teachers and police. They are administering the most scattered population in the world and doing so at a stage of acute transition. They are working rapidly towards the economic independence of the people of the north and they are doing so at a time of great social complexity. At the risk of sounding

defensive, one may wonder not at how large a staff is needed to do these things, but how few people have managed the job.

How long must the job be done? The job of developing Canada must always go on, but the day is being hastened when the people of the north can develop in the same framework as the people of the provinces. At all levels of government and activity, the local people themselves are being rapidly brought to the forefront. In the past ten years, the Council of the Northwest Territories has made great strides in territorial government. Even in the local communities and remote Arctic outposts, local people are now beginning to take their part and make their voices heard, whether in local councils, in the operation of co-operatives, or in other businesses and industry. In some areas, the role of special help has already ended, just two or three years after it began. For the rest, the development of human resources in the Arctic, as much as in the south, will continue until the people themselves achieve the rights and responsibilities which they deserve and seek—the heritage of Canadian citizenship.

Arctic Journals

by

L. H. NEATBY

Celebration of the Quebec bi-centenary and the glamorous royal opening of the Seaway have combined to make Canadians forget entirely the hundredth anniversary of an episode as heroic as the first and perhaps of as great economic significance as the second. It was in August, 1859 that the toil-worn Captain McClintock wrenched his little *Fox* from the ice of Regent's Inlet, and set a course for England, bearing with him the last sad relics of the Franklin expedition and the all but completed chart of the Canadian Arctic Islands.

Forty years before, in the year of the brave Irishman's birth, that chart was an utter blank. Between Repulse Bay and the west shore of Davis Strait at one end and the Icy Cape of Alaska at the other, two *points* only, the mouths of the Coppermine and the Mackenzie, had been inexactly fixed. Their discoverer had barely reached tidewater without laying down a mile of the ocean shore which fronted to the north. Except for disconnected stretches of the east Baffin Shore, the islands were totally unknown. In the short space of one generation the naval explorers, travelling the tundras on foot and battling monstrous ice-fields in frail canoes or unwieldy wind-jammers, surveyed the entire continental Arctic shore and the detached islands to the 77th degree of latitude, and rolled back the Canadian frontier a thousand miles to the north. It is an achievement worthy of commemoration not only for the quality of the effort and its practical importance, but in tribute to the character of those who accomplished it. To the courage, endurance, and enterprise which are the commonplaces of discovery, they added a singular humanity, purity of motive, and powers, both narrative and descriptive, worthy of Hakluyt or Purchas.

Though these men belong to Canada as much as Columbus belongs to the collective American tradition, circumstances have conspired to rob them of the recognition that is their due. They did their work as agents of the British Government or of British scientific associations; half a century elapsed before Canada laid formal claim to the legacy they bequeathed her, and another fifty years before that legacy acquired material importance. Few people now trouble themselves with the historical background of the Canadian North, and even they take little pains to inform themselves with accuracy. A few years ago a respectable journal printed this appalling solecism: "It (the North West Passage) existed undiscovered until 1906 when Roald Amundsen completed a three-year voyage through the seas which ring the top of America". (*Maclean's Magazine*, Dec. 10, 1955, p. 32). McClure, who led sixty men by ship or over the frozen sea through the Passage and clean around the American continents, died at a ripe old age when Amundsen was cutting his teeth.

Apart from this neglect the reputation of the British discoverers has been injured by ungenerous misrepresentation. Though not themselves guiltless of the envyings and bickerings which tarnish the noblest of human activities, they had an *esprit de corps* and a sense of decency which imposed a wholesome restraint on their rivalries. But decades later their work was taken up by a number of uninhibited and fiercely competitive individuals, who not only wrangled openly among themselves, but sought to enhance their own reputations by discrediting and belittling their predecessors. To the charge of unteachable stupidity fixed on the explorers of the early nineteenth century has been added the needless and wholly gratuitous slander that they were lazy, callous, and indifferent to the sufferings of their men. (See especially "Franklin's Folly", *Maclean's Magazine*, March 15, 1951.)

Sir John Franklin, perhaps the greatest, and certainly the best known of the British discoverers, has been the principal target of these unwarranted attacks. To his mismanagement have been charged the loss of ten men on his first Arctic journey and the overwhelming disaster which cost a hundred and twenty-nine lives on his third. Though the facts are indisputable, a comparison of his with later

journeys fails to justify the censure drawn from them. Franklin lost fewer men on his first journey than did Stefansson and Bartlett on the 1913-18 expedition; had he possessed the high-powered repeating rifles which later discoverers carried, he would almost certainly have brought his party home without a single casualty. His third expedition was not overtaken by disaster until he had been almost a twelve-month dead. True it was under his command that the *Erebus* and *Terror* became irretrievably ice-bound, but the same fate befell the *Karluk* with Stefansson and Bartlett aboard. The worst that can be alleged against Franklin is that he fared no better in the friendly Arctic than his twentieth century critics.

Against less vulnerable reputations a subtle method of disparagement has been employed. "The fear of the winter was upon them all", writes Stefansson (*The Friendly Arctic*, p. 3). "Even McClintock did not commence his great journey from Melville to Prince Patrick Island until April." Literally correct, this statement suggests a notion that was not true. McClintock was so far from fearing the winter that he made a winter journey of some hundreds of miles merely to visit and question the Eskimos of Boothia. No doubt he postponed other expeditions to the spring months on the reasonable hypothesis that he was more likely to find traces of Franklin in daylight than in darkness.

While conceding that the naval discoverers had their individual and collective shortcomings, one may doubt whether as fine a body of men is associated with any other field of geographical discovery. Besides being the pick of their profession they were, in most cases, distinguished by proficiency in one or other of the arts or sciences. Franklin was a surveyor, Parry and James Ross experts in magnetism; Richardson was a naturalist, and the destined teacher of Thomas Huxley; Back was a landscape artist. Though owing his first Arctic appointment to his personal and professional character, McClintock made haste to fit himself as a geologist. With these qualifications, and living as they did in an age when the art of communication was still the basis of every learned pursuit, it is not surprising that their published journals should be both informative and possess substantive merit as literature. A notice of these is best introduced by a short survey of the travels which they recorded.

In 1818 the British Admiralty resumed the work of northern discovery suspended since the voyage of Vancouver. Undeterred by John Ross's fruitless voyage around Baffin Bay that year, it appointed Lieutenant Parry to the task of finding an ocean passage from Baffin Bay to Alaska, and assigned to Lieutenant Franklin the duty of journeying overland to the mouth of Hearne's Coppermine and charting the north continental shore *by canoe*. Franklin was accompanied by Dr. John Richardson and two midshipmen, Hood and Back. They sailed in 1819 from England to York Factory, and travelled by inland waterway thence to Slave Lake where they were to muster crews and supplies. Though hampered by the inability of the fur traders to furnish in full the expected assistance, and by the grudging obedience of his *voyageurs*, the inexperienced but resolute Franklin surmounted all obstacles, canoed down the Coppermine, and mapped hundreds of miles of coast to the east of its mouth. On the return journey half the party died of cold and hunger, and the rest barely reached the headwaters of the Yellowknife, only to find their post at Fort Enterprise deserted by the native hunters and empty of provisions. Hood was dead; Franklin and Richardson, who could go no further, and the surviving *voyageurs* kept themselves alive on deer skin and pulverized bone until rescued by the Copper Indians whom the dauntless Back had followed up and sent to their rescue. The years 1819-22 were spent on this epic journey.

The ungrudging support obtainable after the amalgamation of the Fur Companies, coupled with the hard-won experience of his first journey, made Franklin's second expedition (1825-27) a complete success. Descending the Mackenzie with four boats, he sent Richardson east from the river's mouth, while he and the trusty Back sailed west. Their joint achievement was the extension of the chart west from the Coppermine, past the confines of British America and hundreds of miles along the shore of Russian Alaska. In the short space of two Polar summers a handful of men using in all two canoes and four open boats had laid down more than half the Arctic littoral of America. Seldom has so extensive a survey been made with such speed and economy.

In the meantime Parry had completed three voyages, on the first of which he made his sensational penetration of the High Arctic islands along the 74th parallel of latitude from Lancaster Sound to Melville Island. On his second journey (1821-23) he sailed up Frozen Strait in Hudson Bay to discover and roughly delineate Melville Peninsula. His third voyage was an abortive attempt to make the North West Passage by way of Regent's Inlet. In 1829-33 John and James Ross passed up Regent's Inlet, and were permanently ice-bound in the Gulf of Boothia. From there James Ross made land journeys on which he located the Magnetic Pole and mapped the northern part of King William Island. Back's attempt to bring aid to the beleaguered crew overland by way of the Great Fish (Back's) River failed; they finally made their way by boat to Barrow Strait and were rescued in dramatic fashion by a Greenland whaler. In 1836-39 the brilliant young fur trader, Thomas Simpson, completed the map of the North Alaskan shore and carried an eastward survey to the Boothia Isthmus.

In twenty years (1819-39) the discoverers had sunk two deep shafts into the Canadian Arctic, one east from Bering Strait along the continental shore to Boothia, the other west, and at a higher latitude, from Baffin Bay to Melville Island. An ocean traverse uniting these corridors was all that was needed to complete the North West Passage, and this Franklin was sent to discover in 1845. His ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, disappeared — for many years without a trace — and in the long-sustained search for their crews (1848-59) — a search in which the names of Rae, McClure and McClintock are outstanding — the map of the Canadian Arctic was filled out and expanded almost to the form in which we know it today.



Most of these discoverers had a gift for direct and artless narration; few episodes in the history of travel are better illuminated by primary documents that are thoroughly readable. Franklin's *Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea in the Years 1819-20-21-22* is the best of these, being rivalled only by McClintock's little classic, *The Voyage of the Fox*. The first part of the *Narrative*,

dealing with the boat journey from York Factory to Cumberland and with the winter tramp on to Chipewyan is a travelogue of exceptional interest; the second is an authentic and stirring tale of adventure. It deserves a modern dress that is more appealing than the severe format of "Everyman's Library".

Parry's journals have little appeal to the general reader. Their author is precise and lucid, but incapable of Franklin's lively response to all that was novel or dangerous. Luckily he carried with him on one of his voyages a very gifted reporter. This was the amiable George Francis Lyon, who, as commander of the *Hecla* accompanied Parry (in the *Fury*) by way of Hudson Strait into the unknown waters above Southampton Island. The two ships spent their first winter just north of Repulse Bay; their second at Igloolik, whence they discovered but failed to penetrate the Straits of Fury and Hecla. At both stations they encountered Eskimos encamped on the shore, and the *Hecla's* captain, a man of warm and active humanity, took the keenest interest in these new acquaintances. As a mere child Lyon had endured hardships on a man-of-war; he had seen dirt and squalour on his North African travels; in consequence, whatever rational objection he took to the native way of life, he felt no emotional revulsion. He visited their homes, received them as his guests, chatted with them and tried to reform their habits with the good-natured authoritarianism which he displayed to his own seamen. His "Journal" is a treasure house of character sketches, drawn kindly but with inflexible realism. Of these the best is the portrait of the rascally but lovable magician, Toolemak. This man was a good ventriloquist, and held a *séance* in Lyon's cabin, conjuring up a number of spirits to whom he gave speech in a manner most puzzling to his host. But on a later visit he was so incautious as to give away the secrets of his craft:

In the evening Toolemak rolled very jovially into my cabin, telling me that having drank (*sic*) four glasses of 'hot water' at the *Fury*, he was come to do the same with me. He was immediately accommodated, and together with what he obtained from the officers, as well as myself, in about ten minutes gulped down five glasses and a half more of raw rum, which he designated as above. Nine glasses and a half of spirits were however too much for him, and in a short time he became most noisily drunk. Mr. Fife, who had been a little unwell

in his stomach quite delighted the old fellow by asking his assistance as conjuror, and being shut up in a dark cabin, he made the ship echo with his bellowings and exorcisms. All his familiar spirits were summoned in a bunch, and I could not but observe that the sage immortals were as drunk as the potent *annatko*, who constrained them to answer for themselves. In fact, poor Toolemak was so overcome, and at the same time so little aware of it that he made some curious mistakes and betrayed all the secrets of his art which I had in vain tried to learn in his sober moments

" All these exertions made him so thirsty, that the most wonderful exhibition yet remained, which was, that as fast as he could be supplied, he drank eleven pints and one gill of water! At each tumbler, and they amounted to seventeen, he proudly patted his belly, exclaiming "*Annatko oonag*" ("I'm a conjuror") — which no one could now for a moment doubt. When absolutely filled to the throat, and unable to pour down any more, his countenance fell, and in a desponding tone he two or three times beat his breast, and acknowledged himself vanquished: "*I'm no conjuror, I can drink no more*" I sent to enquire after his health on the following morning and he was found well and merry, without the slightest headache or sickness.

The myth that these Arctic cruises were ruled with frigid unfeeling discipline receives no support from Lyon's journal. On Christmas Day, 1821, "a pretty compliment was paid to all the officers by a well-meaning but certainly not very sober crew, by absolutely forcing each in turn, beginning with myself, to go out on the lower deck, and have his health drank with three cheers". McClintock was to be honoured in the same way.

Back's attempt to bring aid to the missing Ross party by way of the legendary Great Fish River (1833-35) produced a first-class book of travel. Embarking with Dr. Richard King and two ship's carpenters for New York, he travelled thence to Montreal, where he procured *voyageurs* with whom he made the all but transcontinental journey to Great Slave Lake. This he crossed and by a mixture of luck and perseverance groped his way by river, lake and bush to the headwaters of the stream he sought. He then returned to spend the winter at Fort Resolution on the east end of Slave Lake, while his carpenters built a boat strong enough to navigate the Polar Sea. In the spring this was dragged with tons of supplies for more than

two hundred miles over the ice of river and lake to a navigable point in the Fish River, and the unknown stream traced to its mouth. Ice in the estuary halted further progress, and by a singular coincidence, Back, as did James Ross four years before, ended his journey close to the destined scene of the Franklin disaster.

Back, like Lyon, was a ready linguist, on terms of easy familiarity with every native, Eskimo or Indian, whom he met. He had a ready wit, a keen eye for a landscape, and a gift for terse accurate description which invests the most commonplace objects with life and interest. His *Narrative of the Arctic Land Journey to the Mouth of the Great Fish River* is the best in style, as Franklin's *First Journey* is the best in substance, of those early books on the North.

Back's descriptive powers are well illustrated in this picture of the shoreline of the Great Slave Lake:

The scenery to the right increased in grandeur and boldness; and never, either in Alp or Apennine, had I seen a picture of such rugged wildness. Rising to a perpendicular height of upwards of twelve hundred feet, the rocks were rent, as if by some violent convulsion into deep chasms and ragged fissures, inaccessible to the nimblest animal. A few withered pines, grey with age, juttied their shrivelled arms from the extreme edge of the abyss, on one side of which a majestic fishing eagle was seated, and there, unscared by our cries, reigned in solitary state, the monarch of the rocky wilderness.

Incidents on the march or by the camp-fire are recorded with both humour and charm: *bon vivants* will sympathize with the embarrassed officer's struggle to save his brandy:

The unhappy interpreter had been unable to take any share in the work, and was evidently suffering severe pain which he begged me to assuage. I had only a box of common pills and some brandy, neither of which could be prudently applied in a case which seemed to require the skill and attention of a professional man. The poor fellow, however, persisted in his belief that I could relieve him, not doubting that anything under the name of medicine would answer the purpose. I yielded, therefore, to his importunity, and indulged him, first with the contents of the box, which made him worse, and next with the contents of the bottle, which made him better.

The unhappy and ill-fated Thomas Simpson left behind him a worthy memorial in his own journal (edited after his death by Colonel Sabine) and in his biography by his brother Alexander. The latter is an excellent piece of biography despite its partisan tone, which is, for the rest, quite in keeping with the character it portrays.

The most moving of these contemporary records is a fragment, luckily preserved, relating to the last cruise of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. Commander Fitzjames, of the former ship, sent back the first instalment of his journal from Greenland by the supply ship; after he was given up for dead this was printed for private circulation, and enthusiastically praised by Charles Dickens in *All the Year Round*. (Vol. I, April 30—Oct. 22, 1859). Fitzjames' wit and good humour would be pleasing in any setting; our sense of the horrible fate overhanging him and the comrades on whose foibles he discourses so gaily makes them enthralling. He likes Sir John Franklin and defends him against the charge of obstinacy, observing that he seems accessible to reason unless *he has already made up his mind*. For all his English birth the diarist was doubtless Irish by descent. A notable character is the Scottish ice-master, Mr. Reid. Though very junior on the *Erebus*, this officer treads the deck with the assurance of an old whaling skipper, and bellows instructions to the captain's steward regarding the proper preparation of fish for Sir John Franklin's evening meal. The commander he hails familiarly as "Mr. Jems".

Ah now, Mr. Jems, we'll be having fine weather, fine, sir. No ice at all about it, sir, only the bergs, which I like to see. Let it come on to blow, look out for a big un. Get under his lee, and hold to him fast, sir. If he drifts to the land, why, he grounds afore you do.

Mr. Reid's fellow-Caledonian, Dr. Goodsir, Fitzjames does not like so well; he never seems to relax except when crooning over specimens of marine biology which he has swept up in a net. And there are others too, sketched by Fitzjames with good-nature and liveliness. "The dead and gone," says Dickens, "come back to us for a little while from the icy keeping of death."

An incident at Stromness gives us a pleasing insight into Fitzjames' own disposition. Four men overstayed shore leave, and were rounded up at 2 A.M. by the third lieutenant. "According to the

rules of the Service these men should have been severely punished"—but it occurred to the commander that the object of punishment was to make an example, not to obtain revenge, and that example was wasted in the frozen seas to which they were bound, so he passed the matter over, contenting himself with the boyish satisfaction that next day the offenders appeared very sheepish and could not look him in the face. "Nothing more was said, and the men have not behaved a bit the worse ever since."

A few evenings later, when the ships are becalmed and motionless, Fitzjames strays into the wardroom and there finds Reid with the good old purser, Osmer, seated, and drinking the toast to "wives and sweethearts". They invite the commander to join them. He replies that he has no sweetheart nor desires a wife (one wonders if he had been an unsuccessful suitor to the lady to whom his journal was dedicated), but he sits down with them like a good fellow, mixes a whisky and water and drinks to his own speedy promotion. Outside the sea was so still that the mastheads of the *Terror* were mirrored in the water near the *Erebus'* rail, though she lay full half a mile away.

And so in the deepening twilight the ships fade from sight and the voice of the kindly narrator dies away forever:

For never back from out that waste of snow
Came the footsteps of the weary brave;
The drifting sleet, the bitter west winds blow,
To hide their grave.

Though the personal records of the toilsome years of the Franklin search lack something of the range and variety of their predecessors, the tragic mystery with which they are concerned lends them a heightened interest. A notable diary is that of the brilliant but unfortunate Lieutenant Bellot of the French Navy, in which he tells of his wanderings on and around Somerset Island in company with the stubborn, ultra-Calvinistic Captain Kennedy. "M. Kennedy was educated by a minister, to which circumstance, doubtless, he owes his excessive piety," says his first lieutenant with weary tolerance. It is a pity that Bellot did not live to prune and polish his daily jottings. Unrevised as they are, they tell a fine tale of hardship, adventure, and inextinguishable gaiety.

The fantastic cruise of the *Investigator* produced two excellent journals, one by her surgeon, Alexander Armstrong, the other by Johann August Miertsching, a Moravian brother and Labrador missionary, employed as Eskimo interpreter. (His journal exists only in the German original and a French abridgement, *Le journal de M. Miertsching, interprète de Capitaine McClure dans son voyage au Pole Nord* [sic].) From these we learn how Commander McClure took his unwieldy cargo boat along the shoal-infested Alaskan shore, into the islands and to the top of Prince of Wales Strait; and how, finding that course blocked, he put about and ran the gauntlet of the grinding pack around Banks Land to its northern shore. There, like Franklin, he discovered a North West Passage, and, like Franklin, was ice-bound and remained a prisoner for many months, until Kellett and McClintock anchored their ships on the other side of the ice barrier of Melville Sound to afford his starving crew a welcome but humiliating escape on foot.

The rank of naval officer sat very lightly on the young German. He excelled as musician, hunter, and ship's armourer, as well as evangelist. In the latter character he made it a rule to give counsel to those only who sought his ministry, but he made an exception for the dangerously ill. Less dedicated persons will feel amusement as well as sympathy in his distress at the dying marine, who rejected his Moravian gospel, but gave his attention to the surgeon reading prayers from the Liturgy, because "he knew that that was according to regulations." But Miertsching had humour, as the following demonstrates:

We are restricted to a narrow channel [between the shore ice and the floating pack] – so narrow that whenever the ship rolls a little more heavily than usual the masts strike on the walls of ice which serve as parapets to the right and left. I think of the Children of Israel passing through the Red Sea.

This evening in conversation a bearded old sailor began to talk: "My mother used to read a great book and tell us marvellous tales of times gone by, of men changed into stone, or ramparts crumbling at the sound of the trumpet. They had no ships in those days. Thousands of people crossed the English channel on foot, the waters having parted to give them passage. It was then that England was peopled. My poor

mother said that since the time of Richard the Lionheart such miracles have not occurred, and will never occur again. What is she going to say when I tell her what I have seen with my own eyes?"

Simple but moving is his account of the return of the wanderers after five years of toil and suffering:

The newspapers had announced the arrival of the *North Star*, and the next morning found the dock crowded with the wives of officers and men with their children. In the midst of their pure family joys, of their hugging, embracing, and rapturous outcries, there were the bitterest tears. Poor women had come full of hope with children clinging to them to whom during the long years of separation they had always talked of their father. Alas! that father, that husband, lies far away in his lonely and icy tomb. And the heart-broken widow goes away clasping her bereaved orphans to her. May God comfort and sustain them.

Deservedly the best known and most popular of all these chronicles is the last. In it Sir Leopold McClintock, the pioneer of planned, systematic Arctic sledging, tells how, when Rae had ascertained that the lost crews had perished on the shores of King William Island and in the estuary of Back's Fish River, he took command of Lady Franklin's little *Fox* and set out to obtain exact information of the catastrophe which had overtaken them. He tells how in his first season (1857) he was trapped in the ice and drifted back thirteen hundred miles from Baffin Bay out on to the broad Atlantic where his ship was almost wrecked when the ice broke up in an April gale. Yet he returned to the attack. Twice halted by ice in Peel Sound and Bellot Strait, he quitted the ship with three detachments which, after travelling hundreds of miles in different directions, fulfilled their mission, by gathering Eskimo reports and finding one scanty record, the last lines ever penned by the brave Fitzjames.

McClintock wrote, one suspects, exactly as he talked. He has the rare gift of being matter-of-fact and, at the same time, vivid: "Our own little vessel had a most providential escape from being crushed against the cliffs; and this day week was spent in contending with a furious gale, during which the ship had nearly been driven to leeward and dashed to pieces by the sea-beaten pack. Yet these

are only preliminaries," he concludes with a tranquil acceptance of the hazards of his trade. When Lieutenant Hobson and a party of men were blown off shore on a cake of ice barely twenty yards across he notes: "The gale was quickly followed by an intense frost, which in a single night formed ice sufficiently strong to bear them in safety to the land, although it bent fearfully beneath their weight." So curtly did he dismiss the danger of the thinly frozen "lead" which has furnished later travellers with such an abundance of copy.

His unadorned vigour of expression is best shown in the description of the *Fox's* escape from the pack in the spring of 1858, when the frozen sea which had held her prisoner for the best part of a year broke up and erupted into a welter of flying spray and heaving ice-boulders:

By eight o'clock we had advanced considerably to the eastward, and the swell had become dangerously high, the waves rising ten feet above the trough of the sea. The shocks of ice against the ship were becoming alarmingly heavy; it became necessary to steer exactly head-on to the swell. We slowly passed a small iceberg 60 or 70 feet high; the swell forced it crashing through the pack, leaving a small space in its wake, but sufficient to allow the seas to break against its cliffs and throw the spray in showers quite over its summit.

. . . . Gradually the swell increased, and rolled along more swiftly, becoming in fact a very heavy regular sea rather than a swell. . . . Much heavy hummocky ice and large berg-pieces lay dispersed through the pack; a single thump from any of them would have been instant destruction. By five o'clock the ice became more loose, and clear spaces of water could be seen ahead. We went faster, received fewer though still more severe shocks, until at length we had room to steer clear of the heaviest pieces, and at eight o'clock we emerged from the villainous 'pack' and were running fast through straggling pieces into a clear sea.

The cruel slander that Crozier was guilty of incompetence in not supporting his hundred men on game derives no support from the terse observations of McClintock:

[The coast of King William Island] was extremely low — a mere ridge of limestone shingle, almost destitute of fossils. The only tracks of animals seen were those of a bear and a few foxes — the only living creatures a few willow grouse . . . The prospect seaward was not less

forbidding — a rugged surface of crushed-up pack, including much heavy ice. In these shallow ice-covered seas seals are but seldom found; and it is highly probable that all animal life in them is as scarce as upon land.

Not even the triumphant end of his mission or the comparative safety of the Greenland shore could ruffle McClintock's composure, nor taint his modesty. "Calm, warm, lovely weather," he writes, "and we are enjoying it thoroughly in the quiet security of Lively harbour, or Godhaven. Although Friday night was dark, we managed to find out the harbour's mouth, and slowly steamed into it. The inhabitants were awake by Petersen demanding our letters . . ." On opening his mail and learning that Lady Franklin had been on an extensive tour of Mediterranean countries, he casually observes that his owner has travelled more miles than he. So ends his own narrative and the history of the campaign opened forty years before by Franklin and Back.

TWO POEMS OF THE NORTH

by

RALPH GUSTAFSON

ON THE YUKON RUN

We were suddenly smooth, airborne,
Details slipped away,
The Pacific banked in our window,
We climbed.
Hoodooed Baker floated; we had seen
Her grounded the crown all glow.
But this was different, she hung,
A golden empire, nothing base.
This strut is noble
But false:
We were above peaks
The range incredible,
Col on col
Strode easily,
The Fraser a silly access
Obvious, smashed gold.
All was gold, the sun our companion,
Quickgold the mountain lake we couldn't get to,
A goat's looking-glass somewhere,
Beauty not to be got to, unnamed,
We saw a dozen,
Glaciers gold, peaks, systems, confrontations, climbs,
All gold.
That was the sun, of course; loud sun,
Broad ruckus; cruising
That height, 13,000,
It was easy — given a godnod,
Luck; driven
Nowadays machinery is good.

We rode empirically
On many great men,
Minds, Da Vinci,
Cayley, Santos, Wright,
Goodmen with details.
We missed melting,
Near sun;
Icarus, Mallory,
Lacked luck and were legend.
We generalized, swiftly got there,
What was to work against,
Not needed.
We rode roundly,
Where we were, borne golden;
Beat bother.

IN THE YUKON

In Europe, you can't move without going down into history.
Here, all is wilderness. I saw a salmon jump,
Again and again, against the current,
The timbered hills a background, wooded green
Unpushed through; the salmon jumped, silver.
This was news, was commerce, at the end of the summer
The leap for dying. Moose came down to the water edge
To drink and the salmon turned silver arcs.
At night, the northern lights played, great over country
Without tapestry and coronations, kings crowned
With weights of gold. They were green,
Green hangings and great grandeur, over the north
Going to what no man can hold hard in mind,
The dredge of that gravity, being without experience.

Coppermine Martyrdom

by

GEORGE WHALLEY

Two Oblate Fathers were killed in October 1913 on the Coppermine River while trying to establish a mission to the Coronation Gulf Eskimo. The events leading to their death over a period of more than two years are reconstructed from a series of letters written by Fr Rouvière to his superiors and from other documentary records.

An Oblate Father already old and mortally ill but gay, graciously and in defiance of medical command transcribed at Fort Smith a little while ago a series of ten letters because they were written by a member of his Order, and he remembered passing a summer holiday with him before they left France, and because I had asked him to. And now Father Michel has been dead these several months; and Father Rouvière (who wrote the letters) has been dead these several years being one of the first to be killed by the Eskimo.*

There were two of them (not counting Father Michel, of course). One was felled with a snow-knife, the other with a rifle. Both had to be finished off: one with a knife, the other with an axe—the dismemberment being improvised rather than intended. And then if you kill somebody and don't want to be haunted by his spirit it is

* I wish to acknowledge my gratitude to the Rev. Fr J. L. Michel OMI who traced for me the Rouvière letters from Fort Norman to Fort Smith, and there copied them for me although (as he bashfully told me later) he was much too ill to be doing anything and had been specifically forbidden to do this. The few letters he wrote me disclosed through their quaint formality a merry and affectionate nature. I therefore regret very much that, dying in March of last year, he did not read the public expression of the thanks that I had made to him in private. I am grateful also to the Rev. Fr Emilien Lamirande OMI, Archivist to the Scholasticat Saint-Joseph, Ottawa, for helping me to trace the Rouvière letters; and to his successor the Rev. Fr Paul Labrie OMI who gave me advice and information, and permission to use the letters. I also wish to thank Mr George Douglas, for his book *Lands Forlorn*, for the use of documents in his possession, and particularly for the many hospitable occasions when he has told me out of a memory lively and exact much about all the people in these transactions.

well to eat a little of his liver: so there was evisceration as well, though (as I say) out of panic terror rather than malice. And this all happened in the late autumn of 1913 no distance from the place (approx. $67^{\circ} 45' N$ and $115^{\circ} 20' 15'' W$) where Samuel Hearne in 1771 watched in impotent fascination and horror while the Indians who with suspicious eagerness had led him all those hundreds of miles from Hudson Bay methodically butchered a village of Eskimo; so that that place on the Coppermine River where the two Oblate Fathers were killed, long before the knifing and chopping and other things, was well-known as the Bloody Falls.

Even though Fr Petitot, years before, had become obsessed with a fear that the Eskimo would kill him, it does not appear that Fr Rouvière thought of his mission to the Eskimo as dangerous. George Douglas thought it might be when he first met him at Fort Norman in the spring of 1911. In the photograph Douglas took of Rouvière a few months later at the little cabin on Lake Imaerinik now named for the priest himself, Jean-Baptiste Rouvière looks, despite the black beard, not a day older than his 30 years; and the eyes are guileless, the mouth sensitive, as though his home had been in some slow soil, stubborn to yield. He came from Mende (Lozère); he worked methodically, with simple enthusiasm, his attention undistracted. He died in a matter-of-fact way: running away as any prudent man would when he heard his companion cry out and saw him lying wounded and the threat of the levelled rifle, himself unarmed; and when the bullet caught him in the back he dropped into a sitting position and waited patiently for Uluksuk with his knife and Sinnisiak approaching after a brief interval through the snow carrying the axe he had just picked up from the sleigh. Knowing the outcome, we watch fascinated the path of quotidian trifles and simple but unfathomable occurrence along which Fr Rouvière came to that end; knowing that if LeRoux had been more even-tempered or less weary or less hungry; if he had been also a better linguist, a more sensitive observer; it might have been Fr Rouvière himself who could have typed for me the copies of his letters in the archives of the Bishop's House at Fort Smith NWT instead of Fr Michel who once shared a summer holiday with him and is now dead.

All three — the two who were killed and the one who died — were priests of the Order of Mary the Immaculate, which Order had first encountered Eskimo in the Mackenzie Delta in 1860. Intermittent missions thereafter — by Fr Petitot in 1865, by Fr Lefebvre in 1871 — made some headway. But in 1898, when the Klondike made heavier demands on the Order than their numbers could stand, even Fr Lefebvre was withdrawn from the Eskimo to go to the Yukon. When in April 1902 Fr Gabriel Breynat at 32 was consecrated Bishop of Adrumetum, Vicar Apostolic of Mackenzie and Yukon (nearly a million square miles of inhospitable country), even that redoubtable zealot was at first persuaded that there was no hope of converting the corrupted Eskimo of the Mackenzie Delta. But as he thought of the country north-east of Great Bear Lake and the probability that there were Eskimo there though no certain word, he wrote in the Oblate Chapter General of 1904: "No one knows how many they are, or what they are like; but we should like to send a few specimens to Paradise." At that time he had "No men—no resources"; and not until early 1911 was he any way encouraged to reach out his apostolic hand to cover those unknown people.

Word came from a source improbable enough—in a letter from John Hornby, written on 28 December 1910 from Dease Bay (a long inlet at the North-eastern end of Great Bear Lake), and addressed to Fr Ducot, the 63-year old founder and Vicar of the Mission of Ste Therèse, in Fort Norman.

We have met a party of Eskimos who come every year. This summer there were eight men, six women and some children. Mr Stevenson, who came here with three Eskimos from Herschell Island, told me there was another band of them quite near. The Eskimos come at the end of August and leave when the first snow falls. They seem very intelligent. . . . The Eskimos and Indians are frightened of each other and it would be dangerous for Indians to try and meet Eskimos without having a white man with them, because the Eskimos have a bad opinion of the Indians. If you intend sending someone to meet the Eskimos, we shall be pleased to give you all the help we can.

The text of this letter as given by Bishop Breynat is clearly not an accurate transcript. "Mr Stevenson" (as Hornby well knew) was Vilhjálmur Stefánsson, who in 1908 had, with his one com-

panion Dr R. M. Anderson, travelled from Fort Smith down the Mackenzie to Fort Norman sharing transport with a party financed by Cosmo Melvill a wealthy young English big-game hunter. Melvill had with him James Mackinlay, a most experienced northern traveller and as an old Hudson's Bay Company factor a man well informed about trade; he had perhaps persuaded Melvill to try trading from Bear Lake. There was also with Melvill one Pete McCallum, a carpenter, traveller, trapper; and John Hornby, a little lithe man, 27-year old son of "Monkey" Hornby, the Lancashire and all-England cricketer. Melvill's object (as far as he had one) was to institute trade by attracting the Bear Lake Indians back to their own country from Fort Norman and the Fishery; and Melvill would travel about and hunt for musk-ox (already rare). They were the first white men to winter on Great Bear Lake since 1848. Since the early summer of 1908 Stefánsson and Anderson had made some astonishing journeys singly along the Arctic coast and inland; they had learned to live and travel like natives. Stefánsson's *My Life with the Eskimo* tells the story in copious detail; and in Chapter 14 he tells how, after living for a summer with the Coronation Gulf Eskimo, he had learned their language, understood their mentality, and was trusted by them. In the summer of 1910 he came inland with the Eskimo when they came for wood to make sleigh runners; and since starvation was threatening and he not confident of the rapport between himself and the Eskimo, he decided to winter inland. His two Eskimo companions built a winter house for him on the East branch of the Dease River while he travelled the 30 odd miles south-west to Dease Bay to make rendezvous with Melvill and Hornby as arranged two years before. With such dainty precision are Arctic meetings sometimes ordained.

By that time Jim Mackinlay was at Fort Franklin looking after the trade, and Pete McCallum had gone off somewhere on his own. But Melvill and Hornby had previously established north of the Arctic Circle on the edge of the barren ground at the north-east corner of Great Bear Lake in what is now called Hornby Bay; they had a permanent base at the head of the Great Bear River 90 miles from Norman near the site of old Fort Franklin; they had travelled at large over the barrens, and had descended the Coppermine River

halfway to the Coronation Gulf, making their way from Hornby Bay into Big Tree River. Now, in meeting Stefánsson, they had come to establish at the mouth of the Dease River near the site of Fort Confidence, the winter quarters of Simpson and Dease in 1837-9. And already by then a retired Hudson's Bay Company officer Joe Hodgson had built a house about six miles up the Dease River and had brought his wife, son, daughter, and nephew there to spend a season, so that he might realize an old dream of getting away for a little from the main stream of the fur trade. Dease Bay, then, and Dease River—one of the classic routes into the Coppermine and to the Coronation Gulf—were not unknown, not unpopulated. And Hornby, in sending word to Fr Ducot and adding his warning about that primordial and murderous suspicion between Indian and Eskimo, was only repeating at large what Stefánsson could confirm at first hand. Anyway Hornby would be no stranger to Fr Ducot; and Bishop Breynat who happened to be at Norman when the letter arrived thought it "had every appearance of an invitation from heaven." He acted at once and in the spring sent to Fort Norman Fr Rouvière who had been at Fort Good Hope since 1907. To establish single-handed a mission to the Coronation Gulf Eskimo, an unsophisticated stone-age people, in country largely unexplored and unmapped was perhaps a difficult and hazardous task. But Rouvière, 30 years old and proud to be chosen, set off from Fort Good Hope "*joyeusement*" in the Mission boat *Sainte-Marie* on 5 July, 1911, to steam up river the 100 miles to Fort Norman.

Rouvière had at least the vague assurance of help from Hornby, though he did not yet know how ambiguous that assurance could be. But Hornby had already gone to Fort Norman to see Melvill and Mackinlay off on the *Mackenzie River*, and so was there when Rouvière arrived. And others who are taking part in this story also came in that steamer: the Douglas party—George Douglas, an engineer; his brother Lionel, a sea captain; and Dr August Sandberg, geologist and metallurgist—on the first stage of a carefully planned trip to explore the mineral resources of the Coppermine River.

Rouvière, Hornby, the Douglas party—all met in Fort Norman: a little cluster of log shacks, two stores, the Roman Catholic Church and Mission, and the Protestant Church (out of commission), all on

the point where the Mackenzie and Bear Rivers join, and Bear Rock to the north, and away to the west the Carcajou Mountains, the northern outriders of the Rockies. And the destinies of these people were for a time threaded together. So I have translated some parts of the ten letters Fr Rouvière wrote*, and Fr Michel transcribed, to complete the account of this bleak and groping martyrdom.

★ ★ ★

Fort Norman to Dease Bay would have to fall into two stages: a strenuous journey (if the boats were at all heavily laden) of 90 miles up the Bear River, tracking through shoal water and rapids; then once arrived at Bear Lake, a 350-mile crossing, exposed on the open water to winds with a long fetch. The Douglasses left Norman on 8 July with six Indians to help them and reached the lake on the 14th. Rouvière and Hornby, with other Indians racing those with Douglas, arrived next day with their outfit in a barge: "magnificent weather; not a breath of wind; but thousands of mosquitos." The Douglasses with their York boat set sail (literally) on the 16th: that Sunday being the date of Fr Rouvière's first letter describing the journey so far and discussing plans.

Yesterday evening, Saturday, I saw the brothers MacDougal [actually Douglas] preparing to set off as soon as the wind was favourable; but they couldn't find many people to help them across the lake. This morning, Sunday, the wind being favourable, they have set off. Yesterday in the evening I saw Hornby and Stan'kr [Bill Store]. Mr Hornby is a bit anxious. Hod[g]son has not arrived yet. Until he does he [Hornby] has no boat; he thinks to put part of his supplies in Yanisse's barge and cross in a little canoe; nothing is really settled. The Indians think of leaving on Tuesday if the wind is fair. I shall probably continue my voyage with them as far as the other end of the Lake. After that, I don't know how I shall make out. So far the good God has kept me well and I ask him every day to preserve me to the end, until I can fulfill the difficult mission which has been entrusted to me. I rely much also upon your good prayers.

* Mrs. A. R. C. Duncan kindly went through my translations and helped me unravel some difficulties arising from the dialect in which the letters are written.

I saw Mr Hornby to-day Sunday. Nothing has been decided about where to winter. His idea is to get as close as possible to the Eskimo, perhaps going right to the sea-coast to winter. His scheme seems all right to me; but if we adopt this plan, our winter supplies are no use; almost impossible to take them so far without enormous expense. A second obstacle is the return journey. We should have to have an Indian to go with us all the time, so that he could lead us back and I doubt whether we could find a family to do that. I am determined to do all I can to get an Eskimo family to stay with us. This way we could learn their language fairly quickly—an indispensable step towards ministering among them. That can't be finally decided until after the first meeting [with the Eskimo]

On 21 July (Friday) he added a postscript. He was wind-bound near Point Etacho; Hodgson had arrived and must have taken this letter back to Norman. Rouvière reached Dease Bay on 29 July. The Douglasses had arrived on 25 July; and while Lionel started to build their winter house at Hodgson's Point, George Douglas and Sandberg had set off up the Dease River to explore the route to the Coppermine. On August 10, long after he had been reasonably expected, Hornby arrived at Fort Confidence; and two days later he and Rouvière started up Dease River by canoe to find the Eskimo.

The Dismal Lakes (so named by Hanbury) was their destination; a long narrow lake east of the treeline, lying in the rolling eroded area of the Barrens. They had no accurate map and the headwaters of the Dease River can lead even a careful traveller to other places than the Dismal Lakes. On 15 August, after struggling for two days up against the strong cold current, through shoal water that forced them to push and carry the canoe, through 30 or 40 rapids, they were "past all the worst places". An Indian told them there were Eskimo nearby; so on the third day they went another four or five miles up stream, made camp, and set out to look for the Eskimo. "At last I've seen the Eskimo," Rouvière told Fr Ducot in a letter of 18 August. He wrote another letter that same day to Bishop Breynat; and since that letter has been published, the following version is based primarily on the unpublished letter to Ducot with interpolations from the letter to Breynat.

. . . . For two days, in company with Mr Hornby, we had been traveling over the barrens hoping we could meet them [the Eskimo] not far from the Dease River. When we reached the place where we thought we'd find them, we didn't see them anywhere. We met several Indians who told us that the Eskimo weren't hereabout. The weather was wet and foggy, we couldn't see any distance and could hardly keep our direction, without Mr Hornby's compass and he had left it in camp that day; so we went back on our tracks.

The next day on we go again determined to meet them. It was the 15th August . . . All day we walked south-westerly, hoping to meet them. Nobody in sight. About six in the evening, we met an Indian from Fort Rae who told us that they were probably in a north-easterly direction, and pointed out a hill where they ought to be camped but still at a great distance. Nevertheless we set off and walked for about an hour and a half in that direction; but nothing drew me in that direction — actually something was repelling me. Suddenly I decided to go no farther. Mr Hornby didn't altogether share my idea: he decided to go on farther. So I went back on my tracks.

After three-quarter of an hour's walk I see something at the top of a hill. I go in that direction to see what it is, and then I see several people in a cleft of the hill. Are they caribou? I can't tell at that distance. To make sure I go towards the hill. After walking about ten minutes, I see a crowd of people in the fold of the hill. There's no doubt about it: these are Eskimo. Thanks, O mother Mary. One of the first points of my mission is about to be fulfilled. Be pleased to bless this first encounter. As soon as they see me they come towards me. One of them is walking in front, holding his arms to the sky and bowing at the same time. I reply by raising my arms aloft, and immediately they increase their pace. When they get close to me, the man who was walking in front turns to the others and calls to them the single word "Krablunar" [i.e. Kabluna] [which means] — "It's a white man." He comes towards me, gives me his hand and takes me by the arm to present me to the whole group. I shake hands with all of them and give out some medals which I place around their necks. All are overcome with admiration. They bring me to their camp and invite me to eat with them. Refuse? Not likely, because I had been walking since eight in the morning, it was nine in the evening, and myself nearly starved. Anyway I enjoyed my food. Then I struggled to make them understand that I had come on their account and to stay among them. At once they all wanted to come with me to bring back our gear. I couldn't take them all. Nevertheless one of them followed me. Two days later I paid them a second visit with several Indians. All of them

showed great enthusiasm. . . . They are clearly very pleased that one should be interested in them. Unfortunately we can't understand each other; but their language seems quite easy and very little different from the language of the Mackenzie Eskimo, if I can judge from the few words I've been able to pick out. The Indians will give us lots of information about them.

I am resting today. Tomorrow . . . I am going back to Janisse's camp, to spend the day with them and then on to the head of Bear Lake, collect my communion vessels and some other things; then make my way back to Dismal Lake, and finally build a shelter for the winter and — between times — visit what other Eskimo happen to be about.

Among the Bear Lake natives I have made four baptisms . . . Lots of details later. In the meantime, I commend myself to your kind prayers

Hornby and Rouvière returned separately to Dease Bay on 19 August. By the 29th they were up the river again beyond their old camp and only four miles (they reckoned) from the source of the Dease. And fogbound. But they still couldn't find the Dismal Lakes and at last established where there was wood at the north-east end of Lake Imaerinik, called Dease Lake by Rouvière, and Lac Rouvier by Douglas. But the log house they were building against the winter was far from finished when Hornby (to Rouvière's annoyance) returned to Dease Bay in the middle of September to get his house ready for the winter. On 20 October Hornby and the two Douglasses came with dogs to bring Rouvière down; and by the first of November all were settled in their winter houses: Hornby and Rouvière in Hornby's house near the ruins of Fort Confidence, the Douglasses in their new house on Hodgson's Point six miles upstream.

In his letter of December to Fr Ducot Rouvière summarised these activities and discussed his plans.

. . . . Mr Hornby intends to pay a visit to the Eskimo in March and wants me to go with him. The distance isn't very great, the journey easy enough judging from what I saw in the summer. I should like to make the trip, with the idea — if I could — of attracting the Eskimo as near as possible to Bear Lake. That way it would be easier to make contact with them. I seek your advice. What do you think? If you think it's useless to make the trip, I'll refrain and take the road for Fort Norman so that I can take up the community life again as soon

as possible. But if I make the journey to the Gulf I need to make my way to Fort Norman immediately after my return, towards the end of March or at the beginning of April

. . . Now, a word about the Eskimo. It was September the feast of the Nativity of the BVM, that a group of ten or twelve families came and pitched their camp around our tent; but they stayed only two days. From that time, throughout the rest of September and the first fortnight of October, almost every day I was visited by some Eskimo, sometimes a family or two, sometimes four or five families. The same ones came to see me several times. I estimate the number of Eskimo I have seen at about 150 to 200. All of them seem fairly well disposed and if I could manage to learn their language a little, I'd have plenty of hope in them. There will be some tough nuts among them, I think, but I don't think these will be in the majority. They are too goodhearted to put up much of a fight against grace. But the language, — that's the trouble. I have collected some words, but not as many as I would have liked, and that — I must say frankly — is Mr Hornby's fault for leaving me alone for almost a month. Having to finish the house — or practically to build the thing — I have had only a little time to devote to them [the Eskimo]. For all that I am quite satisfied, for I now know the country a little and the ordinary places where they are to be found. If next year the Bishop is pleased to send me among them again I shall be able to follow them for at least two whole months before they move off towards the sea. Actually, to say truth, I am enjoying myself

The Douglas Brothers and Co. live about six miles from our house. They are extremely kind to me. They were the first to kill caribou As for ourselves, we are living in abundance If Fort Norman were a little closer, we could arrange for you to share the abundance of our supplies; but alas we have no aeroplane

An aeroplane? Fantastic dream; they hadn't even enough dogs. On 13 January Hornby was restless to go out to Norman to meet the express; and Rouvière wrote a short letter to Ducot. But Hornby couldn't get away then because of weather; and on the 25th when he set off with Dr Sandberg and only two dogs, the journey was too much for them; they returned from Gros Cap on the 27th. A month later Hornby managed to travel out with a group of Indians. The main reason for his journey was to get more dogs; and Rouvière's letter of 26 February (which probably travelled out with the January letter) besought Fr Ducot to use whatever influence or resource

he could muster to provide dogs. Hornby was becoming increasingly interested in a trip to the coast, with an eye perhaps on trade with the Eskimo; and the fact the Douglasses were travelling down the Coppermine as soon as the season allowed gave him the opportunity of transport, equipment, and company. Rouvière tried to correlate his plans with Hornby's but was nervous about going ahead without the approval of his superior; and his letters did not go out. And when on 24 March Indians arrived from Norman with a dog-team to take Rouvière to Norman, Hornby was vague and evasive and hadn't come back from Franklin, so Rouvière saw no reason to wait.

He met Hornby at Fort Franklin and sent back with him a note for George Douglas. Hornby reached Dease Bay on 17 April to find the Douglas party almost ready to leave for the Coppermine, and presented to him this specimen of Rouvière's English prose style.

Old Fort Franklin,
April the 7, 1912

Dear Sir

Excuse my poor english but I feel like obliged to write one word and tell you many thanks. We got a fine trip on the first part, we start with the big sleigh runner but not far it was too hevy pulling so we lised [anglicised form of *laisse*: left) that at the big island. After that we start with the toboggan and camped at the big rocky island and the next day at the caribou point. We were obliged to stop one day on account of a strong wind but we got a very fine day for the crossing. After that the very strongest winds every day but the fine wind for us. . . . back wind but after that very stormy weather with a havy (*sic*) travelling we took for (*sic*) days to cover the distance we intend to do in one day and the half. At Old Fort Franklin we met Mr Hornby but my dogs were so tired that I was obliged to rest two days. Thanks very much for your good compass but by a very bad luck I do not now have it. I lost it but hope to be able to find again but never mind I will try to compence for that.

Fr Rouvière stayed at Fort Norman all spring and the early summer. The Douglas party, with Hornby and some Indians, made their journey down the Coppermine to the sea, and were back at Hodgson's Point on 20 June. The Douglasses, who had met a single

Eskimo man at the end of the Dismal Lakes in the fall of 1912, saw a good many more on the summer journey. At the Bloody Falls a group of 25 or 30, mostly women and children, were sighted at a distance and three men crossed the river to speak to them, bringing a musk-ox hide. At the coast they met and spoke to a migrating family of seven: "Decidedly the most pleasant of the Eskimo we saw," George Douglas said. And at their Teshierpi campsite on the way back they met at first two men "not up to the standard of the other Eskimos we had seen in their looks or intelligence"; and when the other three members of the family showed up Douglas did not feel inclined to alter his assessment. One of these men wore the characteristic ornamental long-tailed coat, and Douglas photographed him shooting ptarmigan with an Eskimo bow of the primordial pattern with its threefold extravagant curve. Altogether these Eskimo, though they varied in intelligence and in cleanliness, impressed the Douglas party as well-mannered, friendly, not unduly rapacious in begging, and anything but menacing." * The Douglasses were in a hurry to catch the last steamer up the Mackenzie to civilization that season; set out on 26 June (leaving Hornby standing melancholy upon the shore) and reached the entrance to Great Bear River on the evening of 19 July. Later that night they came up with a camp of Indians and there — after rousing the whole camp — found Fr Rouvière on his way upstream again for Dease Bay and the Eskimo. But now he had a companion: Fr Guillaume LeRoux, born in 1885 in the diocese of Quimper. A linguist of some accomplishment, LeRoux had been at Fort Good Hope since 1907; now Bishop Breynat had ordered him to join Rouvière. He was taller than Rouvière. They had set out from Norman on 15 July 1912. When the Douglasses met the two priests on Bear River they were struck by the fact that Fr LeRoux, though two years younger, less experienced, and junior to Rouvière, behaved as though he were in command of the gentle

* George Douglas, *Lands Forlorn*, New York & London 1914, pp 107, 203-7, 209-12, 220-4: where good photographs of most of these people are to be seen. The book is illustrated throughout with excellent photographs of the Dease Bay — Dease River — Dismal Lakes — Coppermine country, and includes photographs (taken 1911-12) of Fr Rouvière, Hornby, the Douglas party, Coronation Gulf Eskimos, and the cabins at Lake Rouvière and Hodgson's Point.

young, strong-minded, simple-hearted priest whom they had come to respect and admire through a winter and two seasons. LeRoux (they thought) had a domineering way with him, unattractive, overbearing, almost insolent.

Windbound for a week at Franklin, the two priests reached Dease River about 11 August and found Hornby waiting for them. They set up in the Douglas cabin at Hodgson's Point (about which George Douglas had given them written instructions), and by 27 August had gone on to establish in the little cabin at Lake Rouvière. On 1st September they met the Eskimo again. On the 13th Rouvière was back at their Dease Bay base, leaving LeRoux with the Eskimo; and on that day he wrote to Bishop Breynat.

Our trip from Fort Norman to old Fort Confidence on Dease Bay was accomplished with excessive slowness The crossing lasted a good four weeks: one week at Bear Lake, one week to get up Bear River; six precious weeks passed between Fort Norman and Fort Confidence. Most of that time was spent sailing on the lake, while the Eskimo were waiting impatiently for us at Dease Lake 80 miles north-east of Bear Lake. Seeing that we didn't come, they scattered and some have pulled out from there to go back again to the sea. Thanks to this long delay on the lake, we only just met the Eskimo at the beginning of September. At this moment Father Leroux is with them and, if I hadn't had to come down to Bear Lake to see the natives, I should have been keeping him company. The Eskimo always seem very good-natured to us and very well disposed. Last year I had shown some of them how to make the sign of the cross, and I was delighted to see that they hadn't forgotten it and even that several others to whom I had not been able to teach it already knew it. I've asked a young man to be good enough to spend the winter with us at Bear Lake; he hasn't raised a shadow of difficulty about accepting. Many would have liked to come with him. He isn't yet with us; but I like to think that he'll stick to it and that perhaps next spring I shall be able to bring him to Fort Norman to help me cross the lake. To induce him to stay with us I have promised him a 40-44 rifle. Since I have only one [rifle] I should then find myself without a firearm — a very useful thing, even indispensable at this point; for we still have to count on ourselves, and not much on the others, for food

Last spring, at the beginning of June, Douglas and Co. met the Eskimo at Dismal Lake and from all appearance they are going to come back again next spring. So I keep wondering whether it wouldn't be

better for one of us to stay and go to meet them, so as to spend the whole summer with them and not merely one or two months. If you could give us an answer by the express, I'm not afraid to undertake the journey myself and go even to Bloody Falls where they spend the spring.

If the trip isn't possible this spring coming, I think we could easily undertake it the following spring; for I have a hunch we shall succeed.

Mr Hornby has been very good to us; he has even made me a present of a fine rifle, but with precious few cartridges. I have accepted the present, hoping that you would approve.

The rifle—did Rouvière know?—was an ambiguous gift; it was an 8 mm Mauser, the property of George Douglas. Rouvière's next letter was not written until 29 January 1913 at Fort Norman: it is addressed to Bishop Breynat and contains almost the only information there is of their doings and Hornby's for the interval of four months.

My Lord:

In my previous letter dated last September, I told you that the best way to see our Eskimo was to spend the spring at the head of the lake. At the same time I asked you for a reply by the second express; but, after considering everything carefully with Fr Leroux, we had decided that one of us should stay at the head of the lake while the other went out to Norman in the spring to meet the steamer. With this in mind, I have undertaken the trip to Fort Norman so as to warn Fr Ducot and at the same time to acquaint you of our proposal. What was my joy when, on reading your letter, I saw that you had not only approved our decision, but had anticipated it by instructing one of us to stay while the other came out to Fort Norman. It is the only way to succeed in doing anything with those people. I had already decided to stay at Bear Lake all summer, until the spring of 1914, so as to make some progress in the study of the Eskimo language. I also told you that we had met the Eskimo in the month of September; but after our first meeting the devil took a hand in the game, I suppose, and our visit has probably not produced the results we hoped for.

First, I had to come in October to Bear Lake to do the fishing, Fr Leroux staying alone at Dease Lake with Mr Hornby; but four or five days after I left Mr Hornby fell seriously ill and Fr Leroux had to watch him night and day for a month, and throughout this time

he wasn't able to get into touch with the Eskimo who were not far from there, so that the whole month of October slipped away with nothing done. The time lost we thought to make good in the winter with the Eskimo family who had promised to stay with us; but here too we were disappointed. The Bear Lake natives also wanted to have the Eskimo with them. They asked two Eskimo families. And among them — what a choice — was my young man. They came to Bear Lake at the end of October; but the Hare Indians didn't feed them very well, and these Eskimo wanted to go away — as they said — to hunt muskox, promising to come back when the sun was a certain height above the horizon. At that point, I should have liked to keep them; but I was alone and couldn't attend to them. On top of all that, I had to go and collect Fr Leroux who was still at Dismal Lake, so to my great regret I had to let them go. It was after that that I decided to spend the spring at the head of the lake, so as to make good the lost time and to some extent too so that I could build a house for us; for so far we have been living in the Douglasses' house. In spite of these little difficulties we are not discouraged. With the good God's grace and with perseverance we'll get some results. In this I have a firm confidence. Fr Leroux has set himself with his whole heart to the study of the Eskimo language and has made a lot of progress. We haven't had a single difficulty. The Father is aware of his own quick temper and is striving to subdue it. He has never tried to hurt my feelings. I like to think that our good relations will not be soon disturbed. After all the reports I was given last year, I was afraid there would be some difficulties; but the good God had taken everything in hand and nothing has come about to disturb our good understanding

Now I ought to tell you that the Bear Lake people didn't turn out to be particularly obliging about helping us last summer. They saw that they were rather necessary [to us] and made difficulties about helping us. I promised them that in future we would try to do without them. For that our canoe is a little small. We should need a craft rather larger that could carry at least 1800 to 2000 lbs. If that were so we should be happier; for it's probable that the Eskimo won't make any objection to coming to help us. If we could get from the *Sainte Marie* three or four gallons of coal oil we should spare our eyes and our candles.

I'm probably going to leave Fort No. man again to return to Dease River next week. Mr Hornby has come with me; but I don't know whether he is going to return to the head of the lake or stay at the Fort

Below the surface of this letter some darker undercurrents run. Compared with the previous winter when Hornby and Rouvière were sharing a cabin and the Douglas party was only a few miles away and they could share talk or a game of chess from time to time and eat their Christmas dinner together, the winter of 1912-13 was being an unhappy one. The Eskimo had been elusive, the Indians evasive and unhelpful. Some time there was a brisk quarrel between LeRoux and Hornby from LeRoux's refusal to give Hornby stores left for him in the Douglas storehouse. There were other troubles more personal which need not now be specified. With Rouvière there was no trouble; but Rouvière had to side with LeRoux. And while Hornby kept to his own cabin at the mouth of Dease River, the fathers dispiritedly set up winter quarters at Hodgson's Point in the Douglas house. Also, according to Rouvière's letter LeRoux had nursed Hornby in his illness at the Lake Rouvière cabin. But in May 1916 Inspector LaNauze heard the Eskimo Koglugouga testify through an interpreter that

Two summers before this happened [*i.e.* before the fall of 1914] I saw a white man named Hornybeena [Hornby] very sick at Imerinik [Lake Rouvière]. I tried to help him and he got better and went south. After that an Indian woman told me two white men with long beards [the priests] were going to look for huskies but did not see them.

By January 1913 Hornby was very glad of the opportunity to travel out to Norman over the ice with his old friend Rouvière. He was ill and disenchanting; he was becoming increasingly restless; he was less content with Dease Bay than he had ever been since first coming there with Melvill in 1908; he was not likely to return as long as LeRoux was there. He returned to Dease Bay in March, but towards the end of April went back to Franklin again.

On 25 March Fr Rouvière wrote again to Bishop Breynat. His return journey "with one little youth" to Dease Bay had nearly ended in disaster.

... We had to make the big traverse of 45 or 50 miles. In the morning the temperature was very mild and no wind at all. So we set off very promptly, happy about the fine weather. About ten o'clock a little breeze very cold springs up from the East and so we had it on

the side. The wind went on increasing hour by hour. At noon you could see nothing over the lake. It was a real powder-box. At times, the dogs couldn't go ahead, having no grip on the glare ice. Night came but the wind held on. At every moment we hoped to touch land, but it was a vain hope. We travelled several hours in the dark, terrified of straying into the open, for I had no compass. We finally decide to camp on the ice. We drag out our sleeping-bags, release the dogs and set ourselves up in the shelter of our sleigh, wrapped up in our sleeping-bags. In less than ten minutes we're covered in a snow drift. And so we're able to sleep quietly without feeling any wind. When we wake up we see the land about fifteen miles from us. We get up then, sort out our team and without breakfast resume the march. Our dogs were numb with cold and exhausted from the day before. So they went very slowly. Also the sleigh was heavy and weighed at least 500 lbs. We had to walk all day to reach the place where we usually have tea. We had gone through two days and one night without having anything hot. At last we were in the woods. We could make ourselves a good fire and rest in a good camp.

But now Rouvière remained at Dease Bay while LeRoux went out to Norman. Hornby had stayed at his base at Fort Franklin when Rouvière came north but now had returned to Dease Bay and was evidently discussing plans for travelling to the coast — though one suspects that LeRoux was not included in these plans. The priests had built themselves a new cabin on Ritch Island off the mouth of the river and had nearly finished the storehouse. These were Rouvière's plans:

. . . . After Fr LeRoux has left for Fort Norman I intend to make a trip to the Coppermine River, and perhaps even right to the sea, weather permitting. It's a good opportunity has turned up. I could see the country and become familiar with it; and that would be very useful later on. Mr Hornby is going to make this trip this spring and has offered to let me go with him. In this way I can meet the Eskimo very early, and so spend the major part of the summer with them. We should also be able to see in a fairly positive way the results that can be expected from all our efforts.

Also—since Dease Bay was now to be a substantial base—he asked for books and a few stores and comforts—some lamp oil to save their eyes, a boat. And at the end he adds with simple pathos: "Last

winter was very cold at the head of the lake; but we have no way of telling how low the temperature went. Wouldn't it be possible to [let us] have a little thermometer?"

LeRoux evidently did not get away for Norman until early April and there are no signs that Hornby and Rouvière ever made a spring trip to the Coppermine. But in a manuscript summary made in 1923 Hornby recorded for this year "10—20 July Saw plenty of Caribou along the Coppermine River"; and by 1 August he was "close to Lake Rouvier." Perhaps it was on the Coppermine that Hornby had an unpleasant brush with the Eskimo Sinnisiak who, caught in the theft of a sealskin line, threatened to kill Hornby. The Eskimo Hupo later testified that in the summer Hornby was with Rouvière and LeRoux at the Lake Rouvière house, and that Hornby went back to Bear Lake in the fall. And Uluksuk *alias* Mayuk testified that "Hornbyena [Hornby] had told me once that if the Eskimos killed one white man the white man would come and kill every one of the Eskimos." Even Hornby seems to have realised that there's no getting on with an Eskimo except on his own terms. There would seem to be some truth in the tradition that before leaving for Dease Bay Hornby warned the priests that the Eskimo were "getting ugly". On 16 August Hornby was about ten miles south-west of Lake Rouvière; on the 18th he moved down to Dease Bay. On 1 September, after the Dease Bay Indians had helped him launch the Douglasses' York boat *Jupiter*, he loaded up his gear and set off for Franklin. Crossing the first big traverse he was caught in a storm and was driven ashore on a beach near Gros Cap. Hornby, almost destitute, managed to make his way onward to Fort Franklin. *Jupiter* in August 1915 was still substantially intact though unseaworthy when Inspector LaNauze took the rudder off her; by 1928 there was no trace of her unless a few small pieces of timber in the sand may have been her bones.



In the early spring of 1915 D'Arcy Arden sent word from Bear Lake to Fr Duchaussois at Fort Norman to say that Eskimo had been seen at the coast wearing cassocks and surplices, and were in possession of sacramental gear that they can scarcely have come by in the

normal way of trade. Inspector C. D. LaNauze RNWMP left Norman on 22 July 1915 to investigate; went to the cabin at Lake Rouvière and found it burned out, plundered, and desolate; and, too late to travel to the Coppermine that season, wintered in the priests' new house on Ritch Island. By the middle of May 1916 he had reached the Coronation Gulf coast, learned among the islands the story of the murder, and traced and arrested the two murderers Sinnisiak and Uluksuk. It was another year before the prisoners reached Edmonton for trial. But one of the police travelled back up the Coppermine the 15 miles to the scene of the murder and there found part of a lower jawbone and some teeth, some pieces of cloth, a few fragments of bone that scavenging animals had not entirely consumed; and enough of the priests' sleigh to make two rough crosses (because the bodies lay where they fell and had not been brought to one place); and a brief but legible diary. In August 1913 Captain Joe Bernard had written from the coast to encourage them to set up their mission there. "It has made up our minds at once," Rouvière wrote to Breynat; "We are going to go. Give us your blessing." The two priests had left Lake Rouvière on 8 October 1913: both were more or less ill — LeRoux with a cold, Rouvière with an injury he had suffered in building their Dease Bay house. The trip seems to have been a reconnaissance to see whether they could establish at the coast: certainly it was ill-planned and ill-provided; and late in the season. The journey took two weeks; they were poorly clothed; the diary speaks over and over of "dreadful weather", "difficult routes", "adverse winds", "intense cold", "the dogs starving and worn out". At the end of the journey they came to an island off the mouth of the Coppermine; and here, on 20 or 22 October 1913 Rouvière made his last entry:

We have arrived at the mouth of the Coppermine. Some families have already gone. Disenchantment about the Eskimo. We are threatened with hunger; also, we don't know what to do.

They were threatened by other things too as later testimony showed. There was an ugly episode in which an Eskimo tried to steal a rifle; LeRoux reprimanded him threateningly. A friendly Eskimo warned them that they were in danger. So they set off northerly

for Dease River, still in white man's clothes, without skins, with only a few half-starved dogs, with no tent or shelter, without a guide; and made poor time. So that, when Sinnisiak and Uluksuk, following them for no clear reason, came up with them three days later they had travelled only ten miles. "I hardly think the Esquimaux would kill them," Hornby wrote to George Douglas from France in September 1915 "—unless they had done something to make them afraid. Father Rouvière[el] was not of the kind to do so, but Father LeRoux was a little too quick-tempered and not accustomed to handle savages." Sinnisiak and Uluksuk, in that curious trial in which all the main evidence was supplied by themselves in their unabashed and exquisitely detailed confessions, agreed. "On the first day the priests were not angry with us We made a small snow-house for them." But the next day "the priests were angry with us" — LeRoux particularly who (ill no doubt, half-starving, cold, desperate, fatigued beyond patience) shouted at them, put his hand over Uluksuk's mouth, threatened to strike them, menaced them with his rifle. The two Eskimo (according to their own guileless statements) were terrified, trembling and in tears, and acted they thought in self-defence, certainly in some confusion. Sinnisiak took the lead; combined cunning with speed to distract LeRoux, "the tall man with the pinched-in nose"; then stabbed him. Rouvière was shot first by Sinnisiak, then stabbed by Uluksuk; and when Sinnisiak came up with him (he said) "The priest was breathing a little and I struck him with an axe across the face. I cut his legs with the axe. I killed him dead." In a few minutes it was all done and the two Eskimo headed back for the coast, with a little plunder, leaving the dogs howling over the corpses.

And when Sinnisiak, indicted for the murder of Fr Rouvière, was found not guilty in Edmonton the trial was moved to Calgary where a verdict of guilty was found against both men "with the strongest possible recommendation to mercy." The death sentence, passed of necessity, was immediately commuted to life imprisonment. After two years of light detention at Fort Smith Sinnisiak and Uluksuk were returned to their own tribe off the Coppermine.

The Second-Class Funeral

by

DANIEL DE PAOLA

More than anything else, when he got to be over seventy, my grandfather wanted a second-class funeral. But it happened just at the time he had decided to put his plan into effect, he and his good friend, M. Chabelot, the undertaker, were not on speaking terms.

They had been friends for over thirty years, spatting almost all the time, but always making up in days afterward. This time, however, my grandfather felt guilty in his motives and would not make the first move toward the reconciliation; M. Chabelot, on the other hand, didn't offer a word either, as though knowing the issues involved. So the feud lasted months instead of the customary days. I arrived at my grandfather's house for a week-end visit at the beginning of the period.

It was just after nine that Friday evening when I got there. My grandmother had saved a meal for me as usual, and after she kissed me, said, "You're late, Edouard, we waited for you."

"I'm sorry," I said, "the traffic." When she took my coat, I looked at my grandfather and asked, "How are you, pa-père?"

"Well enough," he said, shortly, shaking my hand.

As I sat and had a cognac, my grandmother set a place at the table for me. "You lost weight," she said.

I never admitted this eternal truth of hers. "No, still the same."

"How is Paris?" asked my grandfather.

"Bustling as ever," I told him. I noted he looked a bit more subdued than usual. His weather-beaten face was set in harsher lines. He coughed a bit and had a cognac.

I wanted to ask after his rheumatism when his eye caught mine. I saw a quiet ferociousness there and bent to eat. Meanwhile, my grandmother began her recurrent talk of the village which I heard each week-end I came home.

"You need a wife, petit," she ended up on her usual note. "How can one live alone, it is not natural."

"In Paris, to live alone is a luxury," I said.

"One can still remain civilized in Paris," said my grandfather cryptically.

I saw my grandmother give him a quick glance before she urged me to eat some more. I declined and she set a cup of black coffee before me with the special brandy to go with it.

There was a lag in the talk, then my grandmother asked how the weather had been that week in Paris. She cleared off the table as the talk remained banal; finally she looked at the clock and said, "Almost ten, I must get ready for bed."

She kissed me and said, "Sleep well, petit."

"Good night, ma-mère," I said.

"Don't stay up too late, Henri," she turned to my grandfather. He rose and kissed her. "I won't."

When we were alone and sat near the small stove, he poured two more cognacs.

After a moment of silence, I asked: "How is your rheumatism, pa-père?"

"As usual," he said. "When the winter passes, it improves."

We sipped the liquor. "Well then," I persisted, "what's wrong?"

"Wrong?" he looked at me.

"I saw the look ma-mère gave you."

He rose and stood with his back to the stove. "She worries too much."

"About what?" I asked, with the feeling that he was eager to talk of it.

"Chabelot," he said.

"Another spat?" I smiled.

But this time he didn't shrug and smile back foolishly. He said, instead, "I don't see why it is always I who have to say the first word."

"What was it about this time?" I asked.

He drank his glass, refilled it and said slowly, "Foolish words, as always." But when I kept watching him doubtfully, he added,

"He's a tiresome old fool, I'd rather have no more to do with him anyway."

I drank in silence.

"But what is it," he went on in heat, "that makes him think he is something special? An undertaker is nothing, any dunce could do the job. I happen to know he tried a lot of other things before he fell back on this work of ghouls."

"What was the argument about?" I asked, again, knowing he would prefer it if I seemed to press him for the details.

"About nothing at all," he said emphatically. "Oh, he says it's about an insult or something like that, but I'll tell you what it's really about. The second-class, that's what." He looked at me in triumph.

"The second-class?" I repeated.

"You know how I've mentioned, all these years, wanting a second-class? Well, I was mentioning it to him too all the time. And he never said a word about it. Just said we were friends and he would see how to manage it. But now that I'm getting near, he's trying to back out of it. He wants to keep his distance from me, and takes offence at every word."

"What did you say that offended him?"

"That's just it," said my grandfather, "I only said what's been said before a hundred times, that his daughter Marie would never have a child, that she was just dried up. And then he is standing up, telling me I shouldn't make such a remark, that I am an insensitive man. Me, an insensitive man, imagine that!"

"Is that . . . ?" I started to ask, when he went on, ". . . I told him he was a fine one to talk of sensitivity, a gravedigger such as he . . . and again he took offence, the fool. Others call him worse than that." He sipped his cognac, watching me.

"When did this happen?" I asked.

"Wednesday, and yesterday when I went to the café, he sat across and never looked at me, as if I care. This time, I tell you, I will not be the first to speak. He can choke if he waits for me."

"He's just excitable," I said. "I'm sure he doesn't mean it, he's too fond of you."

"He's never been fond of me," said my grandfather conspiratorially. "I've suspected all along that he looked down on me because I'm a pensioner and he is still active in a business, such as it is, and now I'm sure of it."

"Excuse me, *pa-père*," I said, "but I don't believe that."

"It's true," he insisted. "And do you know how he got his business going so well? It was largely through the help we all gave him. Did you know he held services once for a horse? And a cow, another time? It's true, and each time, he was paid well. At the beginning, he buried anything for a price, and now he tries to act so well-to-do." My grandfather paused and then added, in a more reverent voice, "And when your mother and father, Lord rest them, were killed in that accident, didn't I go through all that trouble to ship them back here so he could handle them? Could I not have had them buried in Paris like my other relatives? So you see, he has forgotten all those little things."

I saw tears glistening on his cheeks as I said, "I'm sure you and he will make up and be playing chess again."

He slumped into the chair and said in a forlorn voice, "I'll not forgive him this, he knows what it means to me."

Though I still thought it only a passing tiff, I was impressed with the tone in his voice. I kept my eyes on the stove and he wiped his face and said, "I never told your grandmother this, but I tried to get a second-class for your father and mother."

"We had no money at all," I shrugged.

"Still, I thought he might do it because I had brought them back to him. But then he had a partner and I understood when he told me it wasn't possible, much as he would like to help me. It was from then on, though, I decided to have a second-class, something no one in my family had ever had."

"When was the last second-class here?" I asked.

"When M. Caldineau died, remember the old mayor? It was a fine funeral, and Chabelot did a good job, with all the money he got for it. There were big and small candles, the flowers, the choir from the next village, the incense, all the trimmings. It was the best funeral I ever saw."

"I remember," I said. "There were two carriages for the flowers, and the people even brought their animals to follow the procession to the cemetery."

He nodded thoughtfully. "Strictly speaking, that should not be allowed in a real second-class funeral. But I suppose Chabelot thought it didn't matter, and maybe figured those farmers who were allowed to bring animals would bring him more business later on."

He coughed for a moment and when I watched him, he said, "That swine, Chabelot, probably likes to see me cough and grow paler. Maybe he is already figuring on my business, well maybe I'll fool him and live longer than he does. That would ruin his plans, the hypocrite."

Just then my grandmother came in. "It's getting late, Henri." Then to me, she added, "Your room is all ready, sleep well."

I kissed her again and went up to my room, after bidding my grandfather a good night. He nodded, still sitting by the stove.

The next day, after breakfast, I took a walk through the town, greeting the old friends; and I ended up at M. Chabelot's store. He was a tall, rotund man almost as old as my grandfather. He shook my hand and bade me sit near his desk in the back room.

"How have you been, Edouard?" he said affably.

"Fine, monsieur," I said and took the cigar he offered. "I thought I'd drop in and see you."

He peered at me and said, "I see your grandfather has told you all, eh?" He smiled.

I smiled back, sheepishly. "Yes, I heard about it last night."

M. Chabelot looked at the cigar he held in his fingers. "Your grandfather is my best friend; but sometimes I wish he wasn't."

"Why, what started all this?"

"What did he tell you?" he countered.

"He said it has to do with the second-class funeral," I said truthfully.

He rose and went to the window. "At last he tells the truth. Ever since your mother and father were buried, may they rest in peace," he intoned professionally, "your grandfather has given *me*

no peace. In those ten years, he has thought of nothing else, it's become an obsession with him. And he is slowly driving me crazy with it."

I nodded sympathetically. "Tell me, monsieur," I said hesitantly, "did he ask about the second-class service . . . I mean, if you could manage it? . . ."

"I tell you," he cut in, pointing the cigar at me, "as soon as your poor mother and father were in the ground, he was at me about it. I would like you to know that, if it had been up to me, I would've tried to do better by your parents, but it was not my business then, you understand?"

I nodded.

He came back and sat down. "The truth is, I don't have to do it for him; for he couldn't afford half the service that goes with it. You know who can afford a second-class? M. Tatinot, the present mayor, M. Helier, the member of the town council, and one or two others who have the wealth. But your grandfather has no money at all."

"Tell me, monsieur," I said, "did you ever say you would give him the second-class?"

"I never said 'no'," he said, "and that's what made him think I would when the time came. I let him talk, thinking it was so far into the future, but now, he thinks about it all the time."

"Is it," I asked hesitantly, "because he is only a retired clerk and that you couldn't manage such a service for him? I know there have only been a handful of second-classes in our village," I assured him, "and perhaps you might cause some feeling in giving my grandfather such a service if most of the town didn't think he deserved it."

"It's nothing like that," M. Chabelot assured me in turn, "it is up to me, being in charge of each and every service. I can give a second-class to a donkey if I so desire."

"Is it the money then?" I asked. "If so, I'll gladly put in the rest to meet the bill."

"Nothing like that," he told me, "it is just your grandfather. I cannot promise him a second-class, not now anyway."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Let me explain," he said, unwrapping the cigar and lighting it. "A second-class is still something special. When I am able to get one every four or five years, it helps keep me in business. I like to keep it so, and also keep it strictly out of reach to most of the people, so that they will appreciate it all the more. I do not mean to sound snobbish about it; I am simply trying to show you how we view a second-class here, something that you from Paris might not understand. I tell you truthfully, it means a lot to me in income and in prestige. But what would happen if I promised one to your grandfather?"

I stared at him silently. "Does that mean," I began slowly, wondering if my grandfather had been right all along, "that my grandfather will not get his second-class?"

He puffed on his cigar, took it from his mouth, and took a deep breath. "I make this vow to you, here and now, that when the time comes, your grandfather will have a full and correct second-class."

I began to smile. "That is very good of you . . ."

" . . . but," he went on, "there is one thing I must tell you, I cannot tell this to your grandfather."

"Why not?" I looked at him in puzzlement.

"I have thought about this for a long time," he said, looking up into my eyes, "and maybe you might think it a thin reason, but I won't tell him because in time the whole town would know it. And if it were found out, all the people would want a second-class, and the mayor and town council and the rest would go to Nancy or Paris for their funerals. So, you see, I cannot afford to let it get out."

"But excuse me, monsieur," I said, "that wouldn't be right. My grandfather wants your word on it, he wants to know now that he will get that service, and you do not intend to tell him. To the last, he will think you are turning him down."

"Oh, no," he said, "I will keep reassuring him that I will do what I can."

I shook my head. "Forgive me, but I don't think that will be correct. Why don't you have him promise to keep it a secret and then tell him now?"

"Because I know how much your grandfather wants this. And once he learns of my decision, he would not be able to keep it in. I couldn't blame him; every time he saw a funeral, he would be tempted to tell someone of what lay in store for him."

He smiled at me and I then said, "Maybe I've been away too long, but it seems to me you don't believe my grandfather would be capable of keeping a simple secret. After all, this is what he always wanted, and if you told him he would get it by simply not saying anything to anyone, why wouldn't he do it? Do you think he is so unreliable?"

"Reliability is not the question," said M. Chabelot. "If it were only a matter of keeping a secret, I wouldn't hesitate to tell him."

"What is it then?"

He puffed some more and gave me a pitying smile. "I can see you are becoming a Parisian at heart. Don't you know why your grandfather really wants the second-class service? Of course, it is for his last showing before he leaves us, but that isn't the important part. It is the importance he seeks, the fame, if it is known about that he is getting such a service, like the mayor and M. Helier. That is the real satisfaction he is after, and I understand him fully."

"And that's why you don't want to tell him?" I said after a pause.

He nodded. "He would not keep the news to himself, I wouldn't even expect him to. So this is the way out; I'll grant his last wish, but only when the time comes, may it be a long way off."

"I understand now," I told him. "But in the meantime, he thinks it's the reason you won't have anything to do with him. In fact, he said he won't talk to you until you approach him first."

"I admit I was to blame, and I'll make it up to him."

I rose and he did the same, walking me out. "Thanks for letting me take so much of your time," I offered my hand.

"Think nothing of it," he said, "only, I have your word to say nothing of this, haven't I?"

"Yes," I said, "though it seems a little involved."

"I will do my best to persuade your grandfather, and soon, maybe I'll make him understand my motives."

"I hope so," I said and left.

But from my subsequent visits on each week-end I could get home, I saw that M. Chabelot had under-estimated my grandfather and his fierce desire. They never got as close as in the past; that whole summer passed with my grandfather growing more morose, more rheumatic, and more unbending toward M. Chabelot. I talked to my grandmother when I saw how relentless he was in his denunciation of his former friend; and I learned from her that my grandfather thought of nothing else.

One evening when he had gone to bed feeling chilled, she said to me, "It has changed everything, now he worries about it and it's making him ill."

"I'm sure," I tried to reassure her, "that it will turn out all right." After a whole summer of the subject, I was beginning to think them all a little unbalanced on the idea.

The following week-end I didn't go home; perhaps I could've managed it, if I had worked a bit harder and cleared away some of the things left over on Friday evening. But I didn't, and it was mainly because I could see my grandfather's set face, and my grandmother's doubt and worry.

While I was at my desk in Paris, their preoccupation with the funerals and their trimmings seemed just a little illogical to me. All about me, in the capital, I never saw anyone actually looking forward to the final service the way my grandfather had been for a time. And the oddest part of my outlook was that, once back at home, I could understand his concern and hope for such a last service. I often felt I was strictly two-sided on the opinion I held; during the week, it all seemed a tedious bit of nothing, but on the week-ends, I could understand and sympathize.

I went home the next week-end; and once arrived, I could tell my grandfather was in worse health. He was in bed that Friday evening and my grandmother greeted me with tears.

"Is it serious?" I asked when I kissed her.

She dried her eyes. "His rheumatism is worse, but it's not only that."

"What did the doctor say?"

"The same, that it is nothing really wrong outside of that, but I know it is inside him," she peered at me.

"He is getting old," I offered. "He should take it easier from now on."

"No," she said, "you know as well as I, it is not his age."

When I went up to see him, he seemed worn out and coughed more often.

"How are you feeling, *pa-père*?" I asked him.

He managed a slight grin. "Well enough, the doctor says I have a touch of the grippe besides the old rheumatism."

"Take a good long rest, then," I said to him. "It is a good chance for you."

"I shall have to," he agreed. Then a fit of coughing took him and for a moment he hacked until he spat out some phlegm into a cloth. When he lay back once more, I noted his heavy breathing and how drained his face was of colour.

In the kitchen later, when my grandfather was asleep, my grandmother didn't say much; but several times I caught her watching me. She looked a little ill herself and I said, "When the doctor comes again, let him look at you."

"I'm all right," she said dully.

"Has M. Chabelot been here?" I asked.

"No, and I'll not allow him in the house," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because he is everything Henri said he was. He could not do this one little favour and now he never even asks after your grandfather."

"Have you seen him lately?"

"I have no wish to see him," she closed the subject.

I admit the idea of visiting M. Chabelot did cross my mind. But I forgot it and in the next week-ends, I kept coming home to find my grandfather steadily worse. The doctor was puzzled by his health; there was nothing chronically wrong with him except the same old rheumatism, and that was not an ailment to keep him in bed. Several times, the doctor told my grandmother he could do no more for my grandfather, and that it was strictly up to the patient himself.

When I spoke to my grandfather, he never mentioned Chabelot; but he always appeared to be indifferent and disinterested in his sickness, which caused my grandmother more anguish than his actual condition.

Once I asked her if he spoke much to her. She shook her head. "He doesn't care," she said.

I thought of telling her about the second-class. But instead, I said, "Do you want me to see M. Chabelot and ask him to come and see *pa-père*?"

"No," she said sternly. "I forbid him here."

But when autumn slowly passed and my grandfather showed no gain, I grew alarmed and went to see M. Chabelot.

"How is your grandfather?" was one of the first things he said.

"Haven't you been to see him all these months?" I asked.

"Your grandmother made me see I was not welcome," he shook his head sadly.

I looked at him for a moment and said, "I'll tell you frankly, *monsieur*, I don't think my grandfather will ever get out of bed again."

His eyes quickly met mine and he said, "I'm sorry, I had no idea he was so bad."

"Under the circumstances," I went on relentlessly, "don't you think this secret of yours is a little silly? Won't you tell him now?"

He rubbed his cheek at me, I thought I saw a sign of tears before he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose. "I feel ashamed," he said at last.

I arranged for him to come to see my grandfather later in the day when my grandmother would be taking a nap. He entered shyly and followed me up to my grandfather's room.

I hadn't told my grandfather anything and when he came out of his drowsiness, he stared at Chabelot. Each kept looking at the other and finally Chabelot asked, "How are you, Henri?"

My grandfather shrugged in the old way. "Well enough."

I left them alone; and when M. Chabelot came down later on, he was all smiles. "I told him," he said.

"I'm glad to hear it," I said. "What did he say?"

"He was most pleased," said Chabelot. "In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if it helps ease him for a while."

"I am grateful to you, monsieur," I told him. "Now he will be at rest no matter what happens."

"I should've told him long ago," he said. "Well, I'm happy that he finally knows. It was the least I could've done."

I shook hands with him and thanked him again. When he left, I went up and saw my grandfather gazing peacefully up at the ceiling. "Guess what, petit," he said, "Chabelot has agreed to give me the second-class, isn't that fine of him?"

"Yes," I agreed.

"After all this time," he went on heatedly, trying to sit up. I bade him lie down again as he kept on talking. "I misunderstood him badly," he talked quickly and looked more feverish than ever.

"Please, pa-père," I urged him, "don't talk anymore. Rest now, and you can tell me all about it later."

"All right, petit," he agreed happily, "all right."

I had a queer feeling that I had done him more harm than good, exciting him in this way. I began to wish I hadn't done it just now; and when my grandmother awoke and I told her, she was more angry at me than I ever remembered.

"You had no right to do it, Edouard," she said, "you deliberately went against my wishes."

"It was what he wanted all along," I tried to explain.

"Regardless," she said, "I asked you not to bring him here," She turned away and went up to see my grandfather. When she came down, she eyed me coldly. "He is very feverish, I'd better call Doctor Peliou."

The doctor came and gave my grandfather a sedative. Later, he came down and said, "He doesn't look good; very weak and a high temperature. Keep close watch on him and call me if anything happens. I'll come by first thing in the morning."

When the doctor left, my grandmother said, "You should've remembered your grandfather is no longer young, and this excitement you caused today strained him badly."

"I'm sorry, ma-mère," I said.

"We will see how he passes the evening," she said.

I didn't sleep much that night and when I awoke early and went to his room, my grandfather was still asleep, fitfully, while my grandmother sat on a chair near his bed.

When she opened her eyes and looked at me, I said, "How is he?"

"Not much change," she said.

I went downstairs to make the coffee. The doctor arrived as I brought the cups up to the room. We watched as he checked my grandfather; later, while my grandmother gave the patient some warm milk, I spoke to the doctor.

"He is still very weak," he told me. "The grippe took a lot out of him, and now, I don't know if he can get over the effects."

"Is there anything we can do?" I asked.

"He is getting on," said the doctor, "all we can do is wait and see how he comes out."

He shook hands with me sadly. And when I went up, I saw my grandmother crying as she looked at my grandfather who had fallen off again into a feverish sleep. I tried to console her, feeling low myself.

I didn't want to go back to Paris, but she begged me to. And when I told her I would, I promised to call the doctor each day to see how my grandfather came along. At our parting, we both cried. When I looked in on my grandfather, he was in a slight coma and I left with a sinking heart.

The next evening when I called, the doctor said, "Not much change, still comatose." And the next night, he told me, "Still not much improvement, though temperature down a bit, but you must not raise your hopes too much."

The following evening, the doctor said again he seemed to be slightly improved but that, he hastened to tell me, didn't mean much. There was still a danger. But when he gave his cautious words on that Thursday, I said, "At least he keeps improving."

"But it doesn't always mean anything at that age," said the doctor.

So when I got home on Friday evening and met my grandmother, I was wholly ready to hear he had had a relapse; but instead she met me with happy tears and said, "Just come and see how he has improved."

It was true; my grandfather was sitting up and greeted me cheerfully. Later on, I told my grandmother the doctor was a stupid fool. But I didn't think much about the doctor or even of Chabelot that happy week-end.

The next week-end and the next were even more pleasing. My grandfather got out of bed for hours at a time and before long was eating and talking as well as ever. Then, about a month after his low point, he went again to the café and I went with him.

All his friends greeted him warmly and offered drinks which he had to turn away. Finally, I saw M. Chabelot out of the corner of my eye. He came up to my grandfather and they shook hands. After a few moments of chatting, I said, "Excuse me, but pa-père, you must get home now and rest for a bit."

"Yes, yes," said my grandfather. "Come to see me, Chabelot."

The latter nodded, shook hands again and said, "Glad to see you up and around." We left him and went home.

When I left that week-end and arrived at the depot to get my train, I saw M. Chabelot. He looked strangely stiff and formal to me as we greeted each other.

"I wanted to speak to you before you left," he began. And when I waited, he went on, "I believe this has been a very low and shabby trick you and your grandmother have played on me."

"Trick?" I echoed.

"Yes, trick, the way you came and begged me to tell him about the second-class because he was dying. Well I saw him today and he is healthier than I am."

"I assure you, monsieur," I began.

"I knew he was capable of such a stunt, but you, Edouard, I never would have thought you would do such a thing."

"It's not true," I burst out. "He was very low, you can ask Dr. Peliou if you don't believe me."

He shook his head, evidently not caring what I said. "I'll keep my promise, but I'll have no more to do with him or you."

"You are wrong," I told him. "You saw for yourself when you came with me."

"I saw nothing," he said coldly. "And now I see why your grandmother didn't want me to visit him. She was afraid I would learn the truth."

"That's all wrong," I told him. "Surely you don't believe such a thing of us?"

"I do," he said. "And I would appreciate it if none of you spoke to me again." He turned and walked off.

Through the winter and spring, Chabelot kept his word; he never spoke to us again, even when my grandfather began to go to the café once more. There, the town soon learned of the pact, and some of them did approach Chabelot with pleas of their own. But he had done his last favour; he withdrew from all contact and slowly became a recluse.

Except for that one sad note, those years were sweet for my grandfather; and when he died at the age of eighty, it was peacefully in his sleep. M. Chabelot kept his word; he gave my grandfather a grand and correct second-class. After the burial, when my grandmother took me to visit him, she got on her knees before him and said, "Monsieur, we will pray each day for the good Lord to bless you. All we have is yours."

M. Chabelot was deeply embarrassed and helped her to her feet. In a moment we were all in tears. After a moment of recovery, I said, "Monsieur, you must tell us how much we are to give you."

He lifted a hand in protest. "It is I who should be grateful to you, for showing me how wrong and selfish I was."

After more self-recriminations on all sides, we had a glass of wine and begged him to visit us soon.

That summer was hot and dry, and my grandmother, now nearing eighty herself, wasted away in grief and time. She refused to come and live with me in Paris; and before long was in bed more than out.

Then one week-end, when M. Chabelot came to visit her and me, we were sitting around in the twilight. My grandmother was sitting in a deep chair, tired and thoughtfully silent. At last she said, "Monsieur, I wonder, now that you have done it for Henri, would it be possible for me to have a second-class also?"

M. Chabelot rose as though he had been struck; there was a look of almost pain on his face.

"Madame," he began slowly, "like yourself, I am getting on in years." He picked up his hat and cane. "I need my rest also and regret that I have to leave you now." He bowed to us both and departed.

Several weeks later he left the village and took up with a mortician in Nancy where the undertaking business was more business-like and less personal.

Transition

by

JEAN McALLISTER

I met Taro by design. His name was famous among Japanese potters, and I admired the vitality and strength of his work. So in a spirit of adventure I drove one day from Tokyo, starting out behind fuming queues of buses, on and on over the eighty miles of dusty potholes, to his home in the remote and quiet village of Omura.

The village was an enchanted fairyland. Especially then for the grain was still a moist, brilliant green, the air had an April freshness, and the sky was a bottomless blue. The low, jagged mountains encircled sunken rice paddies, and the barley fields rolled in gentle hummocks away from the one village street. From a hillside, I could see the black wood-smoke from a potter's kiln — for some forty potters lived there and worked the coarse, brown clay.

Taro greeted me with a kind of resigned hospitableness, assuring me that he often had visitors. He was a young man, heavy-set, even fat. His hair grew in a thick black shock. His eyes were friendly. And he spoke in an abrupt, self-confident manner.

He showed me his great mud-covered kiln, built as a series of connected chambers climbing the hillside to act as a single chimney. He took me into the store rooms for finished pottery, almost bare before the next firing. We stepped into the dank, dark workshop, where the kick-wheels stood idle while the workers glazed new wares. It seemed a prosperous but primitive establishment. They fired perhaps four to six thousand pieces a month, he said. I noticed a number of workers silently dipping plates in vats of glaze, or dabbing it on with brushes.

"The old man over there is my father," Taro said, tossing the remark to me over his shoulder. I looked. In the half light, a small gray man in his underwear sat on a swivel stool. In front of him was a tin can of smoking, melting wax. And he seemed to be painting something.

I realized his father must have retired, in accordance with Japanese tradition, turning over all the household authority and responsibilities to Taro when he married. Now the retired father, although not really old yet, was living out his days in relative leisure, in the house where he was born, and where he hoped to see his grandchildren grow up.

After our tour of the pottery, I chose a few pieces to buy, and Taro led me to the thatched-roof house to sit down while they were packed. We talked about pottery, and Tokyo. I told him how much I was taken by Omura, and said I would like to come back. "Dozo," he said casually, "please do." "And please stop by and have dinner with us the next time you are in Tokyo," I urged.

Taro came to see me a number of times in Tokyo before I returned to Omura, for he soon found it convenient to dine and stay overnight at our house on business trips to the city. As we gradually got better acquainted, we became good friends. I enjoyed introducing him to western foods and manners. At dinner he would watch me like a hawk, always imitating me a second later as though our motions had to be synchronized. But he never directly asked what was correct, and what was impolite, so I usually hesitated to make open suggestions. The result was a charming urbanity embellished with burps, sonorous sniffs, and ingenuous comments.

I remember he was especially fond of Caesar salad. He liked desserts with liqueurs in them, too, and steaks medium rare. And though he could eat three or four bowls of his native rice without hesitation, he began to balk after a few mouthfuls of meat, and protest that he was full. "Ano ne," he would announce in the curious declamatory Japanese way. "Ano ne" (which really means nothing, but is the usual Japanese method of getting a listener's attention), "my belly is absolutely stuffed! No more will go in!" And the inelegant word he used for "belly" conjured up visions of hara-kiri, and I would have to grip my chair to keep a straight face.

I liked to watch him play with my two tow-headed baby sons, for he was unfailingly patient and imaginative with them, and they adored him in return. "I wish I had a son — a child — any child," he

said time after time, wistfully, half to himself, but always behind a smile to save me the embarrassment of his unhappiness. If one of mine had misbehaved — which was almost always — I would jokingly offer him to Taro at a reduced price. And the dark-skinned Taro would pick up the fair-headed gremlin and swing him around like a kite. Then the two of them would roll on the floor and giggle until they were exhausted.

In the quiet of the evening, Taro and I would often sit and talk over a drink. We never tackled any serious world problems together. He did not seem to have any great ideas about the future of Japan as such, for his intelligence was thoroughly practical, and his strong interests were close to his trade. Sometimes we talked about Omura, and though he clearly loved the village, he was often deprecating about his family. He dumfounded me several times by saying, "My wife is really pretty ugly!" Eventually, however, I learned not to be shocked by his childlike frankness which was so typical of Japanese country people. While he had meant what he said — it was not just modesty — it was a sign of his complete acceptance of his wife. I noticed, however, that he only spoke of his father with the greatest caution and respect.

I grew more and more curious about Taro's family life as his casual comments grew more frequent and open. So when it was eventually arranged for me to visit his home for a while, I jumped at the chance to find new insight into what made Taro tick. "How much of him is a façade impenetrable to a foreigner?" I wondered. "How much of him is Japanese tradition, and how much of him is like me?" One thing I *did* know — that it would take a long time to learn anything really basic about him.

It was spring again when I made my way back to Omura. The village and the simple country household were as magically entrancing as I had remembered. Taro's family were numerous, though when I arrived his brothers and sisters had been relegated to the back rooms. His mother was a plump berry of a woman with the rosy stamp of the country on her face. Her padded underclothes, baggy trousers and kimono puffed her into a round ball as she knelt on the straw *tatami*-

mat floor to welcome me. "My debt of gratitude will never cease," she said formally, smiling graciously, and then disappeared with the cloth bundle of presents I had brought, to open it in another room.

Taro's wife padded quietly about in her broad bare feet serving us tea. She was a small woman, with an appealing smile that showed her gold teeth. She and Taro's mother were always busy with some household task that kept them remote from the conversation. Only the father, Otosan, sat down with Taro and me in the front "guest room."

Otosan no longer seemed the insignificant figure in the background I had remembered from my previous visit. Physically he was the antithesis of his heavy-set son: a spare man in his fifties, whose lean body and cropped gray head gave the impression of austerity, borne out by the severe harmony of brown skin and gray homespun kimono. His composed face belied the quick mind and warm spirit that shone through his eyes. And when he spoke in the rough, earthy language of the country, it was with an articulateness that was far from provincial. He was obviously shrewd, for he plied me with questions, and seemed to weigh the answers as tests of my acceptability.

The sumptuous welcoming feast, which Taro and Otosan shared with me while the women-folk served without taking part, was a wonderful and amazing example of Japanese ingenuity. We had salad, rice, tea and fish — raw, baked, pickled, in soup, and in paste shaped into little flowers. And though the ingredients of many of the dishes were identical, the flavour and appearance changed radically. Otosan and Taro were both solicitous of me, while I was all too aware of what must have been flagrant breaches of etiquette on my part — sins of omission (I could not bring myself to burp in appreciation of the feast), and sins of commission, for I was extremely clumsy in cutting chunks of fish with chopsticks. It amused me to think what a bumpkin I appeared in that setting.

Otosan was in his element as a host. Knowing my interest, he brought out his pottery to show me. Like all his work, it was subdued and subtle in colour: soft gray, tan, chocolate brown, olive green, and eggshell white. It was a delight to hold in the hands, and feel. It had a strong, almost pantheistic flavour, but it did not shout, it sang softly.

Taro's pottery was like his father's in many ways, but there were differences, too. Ootosan's work was magnificently decorated with vigorous, abstract brush painting — bamboo, wisteria, plum, and pine; while Taro was at his best with geometric design, and great splashes of glaze.

"This one," Ootosan would say, picking up a plate he himself had made, "is no good!" His eyes twinkled and he poked out his tongue with distaste at the rather elaborate design. "Too much thought in it," tapping his head with his forefinger. "This one is much better," picking up a plate on which he had drawn a glaze pattern with his bare fingers. Gesticulating like an effusive Italian, he clasped his hands to his chest and said, "It has heart . . . real feeling . . . It is good!" And he laughed and gestured over pot after pot, working up enthusiasm as he went along, while Taro nodded quietly in assent. Eventually he exhausted the collection and himself. Then the household retired for the night behind sliding paper doors.

I saw little of Ootosan during the daytime. He was busy with pottery and farm work. But he would not allow business to encroach on his peace of mind. I watched him prepare himself for the day as he wandered slowly through his garden in the early morning coolness, noticing the progress of a few rose buds, fingering the large irregular rocks, and dwelling on the beauty of the dwarf pines. He seemed to symbolize a way of life that was hard and inconvenient, but satisfying because he made it so; because he was so perfectly adjusted to it. He had been born to that life, that tradition, but he did not seem shackled by it. It was as right for him as though he had found it for himself.

Life had not always been so nearly "right" for him, however, I discovered one day sometime later, when I inspected the tiny Buddhist shrine built into the wall of the family living room. I had seen Ootosan making offerings at the shrine every morning with such devoutness that I hesitated to appear curious about it. But I observed that inside the shrine, tucked behind the incense, candle and flowers, were a number of photographs and sketch portraits. "My parents," said Ootosan, and then continued sitting cross-legged on his homespun cushion, silently, as though wondering whether to speak further or not. He tapped the

thimble-sized bowl of his Japanese pipe against the stone fire-pit in the floor. "My father," he began, "lived in this house before me. And his father, and his father before him. They were all potters," he continued. "And they made large *hibachis* for charcoal fires, one after the other, all the same shape, all the same colour. And they made jars to store food in — not to be looked at. They didn't care if they were beautiful or not. They only cared if they were strong and well-made.

"I wanted something different. I wanted to make something with soul in it. But we had to work then every day from five in the morning till seven at night to make our living. And my father thought it would be a waste of time to try anything new.

"Then I got married and became head of the family. And I decided to go ahead and try out my idea. Of course my father still lived in the house with us, and he was more against it than ever. But after supper I would take a lamp out to the workshop, and spend most of the night experimenting with the sort of things we make here now. Then I'd begin again at five, making the big ugly *hibachis* for my father.

"It was hard," he said without bitterness, "because my father was so opposed he wouldn't speak to me. But I knew I was doing the right thing, so I kept at it. Besides, I was head of the household then, and he couldn't really stop me."

He took the one puff the tiny pipe allowed, knocked it out, and filled it again. "I did it every night for ten years before I was finally able to sell something. Ten years. It was only after that, that my father gave in and treated me like a human being again. He never really liked the pottery, I think. But he thought, after I had proved a success in my own way, that I was worthy of my place in the family. Ten years," he repeated, "of isolation — but in the same house.

"After that, things went better. More and more people saw that the spirit in my work was good, that it was well-made and beautiful. They liked it, and it began to sell well. But it took a lot of determination, and a lot of endurance, too, to win the struggle." He paused and puffed. "And later on it took some more, because other potters began copying it, and competition started."

"You are fortunate that Taro can carry on for you," I said. "His feeling for pottery is so much like yours." But he made no reply, and the conversation ended quietly. I wondered how he felt about his father now, some thirty years later. A trifle bitter, I supposed, but a lot would have been forgotten in so long a time.

When the answer came it was through Taro — slowly, disjointedly, in casual remarks and partial confidences. And while I had difficulty reconstructing what must have happened, eventually the picture became clear. It took me by surprise, for I could hardly believe there had ever been any real unpleasantness under the apparent serenity of their family life. But I began gradually to realize that Taro's feelings toward Otosan were in essence the same as Otosan's feelings had been toward his father; that by understanding one of the men, I could understand a great deal about the other, too.

Taro had been the second of eight children, but the first of five sons. And Otosan's aspirations had been heaped upon him with the willful determination of a peer bound to uphold a long and noble tradition. He was expected to become a great potter, to head the family, and to add distinction to its name as his father had done. For Otosan had not fought his battle with one generation to lose it in the next. Apparently Taro had not done well in grammar school, though he escaped failure temporarily when the war made it necessary for him to work in a hospital.

The real trouble began after the war, when Taro returned home — a young man. He was a very different young man from the one Otosan had been. He had no iron determination, no ambition, in fact no interest at all in pottery, though he had willy-nilly to learn it in order to eat. Otosan's disappointment grew to disapproval, and then to disdain for the young man he found impossible to understand and respect. He felt a little cheated by his son, and envious of his friends when they made visits to talk over prospects for the future. Many a time Otosan must have thought to himself, "Now that man has a real son, a son with intelligence, talent and poise." Then Taro would appear, carrying a cup of tea for the guest, and seeing the look of disdain on his father's face, he would grow nervous, and with tension, clumsily. The

tea would spill, and Otosan's scorn would multiply. "What a ludicrous ox I have for an heir," he would think out loud. And debilitating despair would cloud Taro's mind.

The weight of disapproval was so constant that Taro grew clumsier and even less competent. He spent hours in the pottery workshop labouring miserably over unwilling clay. Otosan needed only to look over his son's shoulder as he struggled, for the sweat to break out on the boy's brow, his hands to tremble, and the clay to collapse fatally. And then Otosan, touched by a disappointment close to grief, would walk away in bitter silence.

Sometimes Otosan, as he lay at night in the room where his own father had slept throughout his life, must have thought to himself, "But he is my heir, after all . . . unless I disown him." Then perhaps a glimmering of his father's unhappiness flashed through his mind. "No, maybe he will succeed somehow, in spite of everything." And he lay awake planning for Taro's marriage, and for that great transition to follow, when his son would take the household responsibilities from his shoulders. He might marry the daughter of his friend, Nakagawa, in the next village — healthy stock, same class, old solid family. The girl was a child when he had last seen her, but let's see, she was just a year younger than Taro, so she would be ready for marriage now. Or possibly Yamamoto's daughter. Yamamoto ought to like the idea of uniting the two families.

Tradition prevented Taro from having a voice in the discussion about his marriage — tradition, plus the fact that his parents knew he was already in love with Yoshie, whose lower-class family made the union unsuitable.

I never saw Yoshie, although it was clear from Taro's references that she was pretty and pleasantly intelligent. Certainly she was sympathetic and uncritical, for Taro had turned to her with all the pent-up intensity of feeling he was unable to release at home. She was his lost self-respect, and the one thing in his life he could think of happily.

When Otosan began to talk inconsiderately in Taro's presence about the progress of the marriage plans — the preliminary visits to Nakagawa, the date of the wedding — the suffering became more than

the boy could bear. He took the long, uncomfortable train ride every few days from Omura to Tokyo, where he could wrestle with his problem without feeling so helpless. "Can I run away with Yoshie?" he kept asking himself. "But is it really what I want — a life in exile? How can I earn a living then? Making tea cups for some third-rate potter in Tokyo? Or porcelain figurines for some china factory? There's no one but Otosan to set me up on my own. Exile. That's the worst part of it. Exile and running away."

Taro's longing for Yoshie increased, his trips to Tokyo grew more frequent, as though searching for enough self-respect on which to base the right decision. The tension in his life mounted unbearably, until suddenly his mind relaxed into the perfect solution. "I'll marry the Nakagawa girl, and become head of the family," he thought. "Then I will be the one to arrange all the marriages. I'll marry my brother to Yoshie, and we will be living in the same house at last. Then she will become mine." It was the only real solution, he felt. No other one answered his obligation to tradition and his personal needs so well.

Taro met his bride formally one day, and married her the next, not with equanimity, but at least with some hope. "No children," he told her, "at least for five years, and then we'll see." She was not pretty, but her face was sweet. She was quietly loyal and sympathetic. And knowing that Taro had married her while loving someone else she, too, was very unsure of herself. She did everything she could to make herself indispensable, lest she even yet be sent away. She laboured determinedly in the rice paddies, scrubbed clothes, cooked, and kneaded clay. Taro did not give up the idea of bringing Yoshie into the family, but he kept putting it off and putting it off, as he grew more accustomed to his wife. He was content to feel he had the power to do it when he wanted to.

But marriage was only the beginning of his contract with tradition. Taro was increasingly conscious of the need to become head of the household in fact as well as in name. He mapped out a great campaign which, I discovered, included me. Taro's aim was to win an international reputation. And his plan was to become completely cosmopolitan himself, to cultivate influential foreign friends — diplo-

mats, journalists, and wealthy business men — and eventually he hoped to go abroad himself. So he had lost no time in coming to visit us in Tokyo. He had need of as many teachers of western ways as possible.

He systematically acquired material evidence of expensive but good, conservative western taste. He bought a set of golf clubs, though golf was a prohibitively expensive luxury in Japan. He collected foreign pipes — not exotic types, but costly ones with reputable names. He offered to buy our sober-black but expensive-looking American car at the inflated Japanese market price. During my visit he was looking around for a Rolex watch, though he had three gold wrist-watches already. And, much taken with our German shepherd dog, he named his pedigreed Scotty "Fritze," and talked to him in the three words of German he had learned.

I realized more fully what this side of his life meant to him the day he brought his mother to dinner at our house. He showed her how to sit properly in a chair, and when to begin eating. He, not I, explained the bewildering array of silver, and how to use a napkin and a knife and fork. The clumsy lad who had fumbled with tea cups under his father's disappointed eye, now had the composure of a very worldly gentleman, as he told his mother about the wines.

This campaign, though seeming somewhat absurd to an outsider, won a major victory at home in giving Taro self-assurance. Ootosan was not impressed by his son's foreign goods or borrowed manners. He preferred the native Japanese ways. But he respected Taro as a young man who had been able to meet his obligation to tradition. And Taro, for his part — the great contract made, the conflicting tensions gone — answered this respect with the unquestioned filial loyalty that was part of that tradition.

By the time I arrived for my visit the habit of disapproval had seeped away, and a cordial feeling of live and let live had taken its place. My coming was a kind of milestone in the transition — a sign of Taro's place as head of the household. For as Taro's guest I was welcomed by all the family. And, as a foreigner made to feel at home in a Japanese household, perhaps I symbolized the acceptance in some degree of western ways in Taro's family.

EXODUS

by

JAMES A. MACNEILL

Clenched,
On its own thirsty side
Abandoned
Bright yellow — a sunstroked town
Where sullen-tongued doors
Hung yawning and empty
And dust-lidded windows
Grew cataracts closed
And saw nothing
Of brittle streets heeling
Lost — like old men —
In the shimmering shuddering
White-whorled heat of the plain.
They gathered their children
The men and the women
And crawled
Like the ants
From a husk of dead wheat
From the town's broken arms
From the breast
Of the dead Mother-home
Crawled
Under the plaster-bleach ceiling
Of sky
And over the cracks
Of the skull-bone rocks
To the parched-blown lip
And were gone
And the town burned alone.

The Dedication Of A Scientist

by

D. M. SHAW

What makes a scientist tick? Is he moved by love of his fellow men; is fame the spur, or nagging doubt, or a passion for truth? A geologist makes an assay.

In these days when the fruits of applied science provide headline news in the newspapers and influence the affairs of nations to an ever-increasing degree, it is necessary from time to time to evaluate the aims of science and the motives of scientists. Much has been said about the scope, purpose and limitations of scientific enquiry, but much less enquiry has been made into the nature of the scientist. There is a widespread opinion that the scientist is a man who carries out his research in the interests of human progress, that, fundamental though his problems may be, they are nevertheless tackled for motives which are ultimately humanitarian. It is the purpose of this essay to point out that this is by no means the usual case.

In many respects the scholar of humane studies and the scientist are the same kind of person. Each has an intense devotion to his discipline, each has a tendency to become rather remote from everyday affairs and each is committed to a creed of complete intellectual honesty. A brilliant and witty enunciation of "The Business of a Scholar" was given at the Spring Convocation of 1958 at McMaster University by Dr. D. L. Thomson, who stressed dramatically the self-imposed withdrawal and isolation of the scholar.

"Make no mistake: we are speaking of a dedication, an abnegation, as absolute and ruthless as the hermit's."

* The substance of an address given to the McMaster University Faculty Club on April 15, 1959.

The dedication of a humanist may enrich humanity, but does a scientist's? I think of Irvine's transcription of a sentence in the autobiography of the aging Darwin:

"He remarks with wonder that he once loved music, that he once enjoyed Milton and Wordsworth, that he now can do nothing but grind out scientific facts into scientific generalizations."

How are we to justify this dedication? The adjective "dedicated" is in fact used as a compliment, as it would be for a Wesley or an Abbé Foucauld, but how are we to distinguish dedication from obsession, abnegation from disdain? It is my firm belief that most active scientists seldom stop to consider why they are active; if this is so, then one might suddenly awake in disillusionment to find himself in the position of Count Augustus von Schimmelmann in the tale of Isak Dinesen:

"He had collected flowers, studied music, and had many friends. He had tried a life of pleasure and had been made happy many times. But the road leading from it all into the heart of things he had not found. As time went on a dreadful thing had happened to him: one thing had become to him as good as another."

One might even be confronted by the question of Pascal:

"Qu'est-ce qu'un homme dans l'infini?"

Let us first enquire why it is necessary to justify scientific research at all. Some perhaps would argue that it is a basic urge or drive in certain kinds of people and should be recognized as such and left alone. However there are lots of urges that we possess and not all of them are worthy of praise. I often have an urge to do crossword puzzles or drink wine, but would hardly be a subject of admiration if I devoted my life to them.

It seems reasonable to divide intellectual enquiries into Archbishop Temple's three categories of superhuman, human and sub-human. If one has the tendency to enquire into "the heart of things" it seems obvious that the first two categories are worthy of study. For the relationships between man and God, and between man and man, have an undeniable importance in most lives. The problems of biology form a shaky bridge across the gap between living and inanimate objects, and one must wonder at that odd blindness of uncontrolled rationalism which says that the explanation for all things will be found

in studies of the inanimate, when for centuries before a more reasonable belief was held. But stars and stones are not so obviously worthy of a lifetime's devotion: they can give their own kind of immortality, but not all the world can savour the delicious pleasure of finding one's name attached to a mineral so rare that nobody can recognize it, save the friend who named it.

What are some of the motives which activate the scientist who is to a large extent his own master in the choice of problem and who is not working for commercial motives? Five are apparent to me: Custom; Teaching; Ambition; Usefulness; Curiosity.

The first is particularly characteristic of our times: by 'Custom' I refer to the tendency of many groups united by some common interest to try and perpetuate that interest. One sees this from time to time in a university man who occupies himself, usually rather intermittently, with some rather safe or pedestrian research problem because he feels, consciously or subconsciously, that it is expected of him. It is particularly common in those fields which offer scope for descriptive work, such as geology and biology, but less common in the physical sciences. It is very evident in the less likely candidates for university posts, who are driven to rather feverish cogitation when asked whether they would like to initiate some research. It is hardly necessary to say that this kind of man will never be a Darwin or Einstein, and that he is really wasting his time on research. However he is very often a charming person with many interests and a successful teacher, and may be a more pleasant companion than the researcher. At any rate this spirit is very evident in the description by P. Frank of the scientific atmosphere of Berlin when Einstein first entered it, where

"... everything produced was 'a contribution to the literature,' which had to be cited by every subsequent writer if he wanted to be 'scientific'. An agreeable feeling of activity surrounded both teacher and students ... the production of dissertations and papers became an end in itself."

By labelling the second kind of motive 'Teaching' I wish to isolate the kind of person who feels that the main purpose of research should be as an adjunct to help illuminate and resolve the controversial topics

in his teaching. This is clearly a much more legitimate motive than the previous one, and it is perhaps too commonplace to recall that one often finds research problems by having to prepare lectures. This kind of research draws its motive from an intellectual honesty which disdains a manner of teaching which would gloss over a logical inconsistency or a perplexing problem. Nevertheless the greatest researchers, the conceptualists, are not in this category. Moreover it is only recently that university science lectures have come to be given by people who have not first proved themselves by extensive researches. This motive is particularly prevalent today. The man in this category is above all a teacher, not a researcher, and his approach is fundamentally wrong in any case, however laudable, since science is first and foremost a manner of enquiry; the transmission of its fruits grows out of science and does not precede it.

It is the last three motives which seem to me the most common, the most interwoven and the most fascinating. They are the true Muses, or perhaps more correctly the Furies.

There is first of all the motive of 'Ambition,' of pride, of jealousy, of professional success and fame, of *hubris*, which is very much more common than outsiders sometimes realize. When Einstein applied for a chair at Prague, the principal opposing claimant was Jaumann. After the election Jaumann stated:

"If Einstein has been proposed as first choice because of the belief that he has greater achievements to his credit, then I will have nothing to do with a university that chases after modernity and does not appreciate true merit."

Surely mortified pride! I well remember a teaparty given by a professor at a well-known university to some undergraduates approaching the final examinations, which indicated clearly but unintentionally the basis on which future invitations would be offered. The professor's wife enquired: "Whatever happened to that nice young man, with a sweet wife and two fox-terriers, who came to tea last year?" "Well, you know he only got a Second." "Oh, what a pity, we won't be seeing him again, will we?" It is the motive of ambition in science which establishes these academic hierarchies, which leads to the stately

minuet of recurring academic preferment in Britain when one of the prize chairs is vacated, which leads to the jealous rumours that an eminent scientist is "finished" when he spends several years on a difficult problem which appears trivial to the lesser fry, which considers election to the Royal Society to be a kind of scientific canonization. To decry the Royal Society would merely be small-minded, but its very exclusiveness makes it the prime target of men of ambition as well as science, in Britain.

The ambition *motif* is a favourite theme of C. P. Snow. His first novel, *The Search*, is pervaded by it and is the story of the evolution of a young physicist who comes to make a mistake in scientific judgment which loses him a coveted position. In the ensuing mortification of his pride he analyses his motives until he comes to the point where

"It occurred to me that I had forgotten my devotion to science. It occurred to me that I had no devotion to science."

He then has the courage (or perhaps again the pride) to abandon his career and take up writing. Perhaps it is a chapter in the autobiography of Snow, to which all his novels seem to belong. In any case I have come across this kind of person on several occasions, and believe that ambition can be the driving-force of a successful and perhaps even a great researcher. Ambition and its outcome of tangible success is, I am sure, behind the common tendency to assess a man by his list of publications, regardless of their worth.

Then there is the fourth motive, 'Usefulness,' the conviction that science has benefits to offer humanity, benefits which justify total dedication. This point of view was of course particularly prevalent in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and formed the background to the ideas of progress so well-exemplified in the writings and addresses of T. H. Huxley. The last fifteen years have sobered even the most naïve humanists, but nevertheless the majority of ordinary people still equate science with technology and would understand Einstein when he wrote after the death of the French physicist Langevin that

"Reason was his creed . . . a creed that was to bring not only light but also salvation. His desire to promote the happier life for all men

was perhaps even stronger than his craving for pure intellectual enlightenment."

Most of the scientists who do research from this motive are perhaps in the biological sciences and of course the many applied fields. Virological and genetical research have obvious benefits to offer mankind, and there are many examples of scientists in medicine whose motives are humanitarian. Many people justify fundamental research of all kinds in humanitarian terms, although it is abundantly clear that it is the humanitarian scientists par excellence who have done much to popularize science, (often in highly emotional prose and woolly logic) and incidentally to confuse the relation of science to religion. Here is a typical example from a book by Grey on *The Advancing Front of Science* written in 1937:

"The frontiers of science are man's frontiers. They are his hard-won outposts against the darkness. And that darkness, the ignorance of the mysterious universe of things which surrounds us and of the equally mysterious universe of consciousness which pervades us, is the enemy, the only ultimate enemy."

Surely no comment is necessary!

The last motive is 'Curiosity' and is the least explicable of all. It is the mainspring which must drive every scientist. It explains the discovery of phosphorus as a result of the improbable experiment of distilling urine. It is selfless and of itself leads only to the success of satisfaction. Yet it brings privations and renunciation of financial reward in many cases, and may ultimately lead to that ascetic dedication of which Dr. Thomson spoke. It exalts the work and ignores the human, turning him into a mere machine. Curiosity has not only killed the cat; it has killed eminent scientists, some of whom are still publishing. The curious thing about this curiosity is that it is often said to lead to truth. Einstein, for example, says of Newton:

"To think of him is to think of his work. For such a man can be understood only by thinking of him as a scene on which the struggle for eternal truth took place."

This is all very well, but what happened to the truth that Newton found? Well, it was changed by Einstein himself, by Huyghens and by De Broglie. Admittedly they did not alter it to any noticeable

extent; nevertheless it may be true to say that truth is inaccessible to scientists. It is perhaps relevant to insert the observation that Science is proof without truth whereas Faith is truth without proof. This is essentially what Toynbee says when he points out that science can only produce progress reports. It is axiomatic in science that the more one studies something the more complex it becomes. Science cannot comprehend, it can only describe.

Nevertheless the curiosity is there and it often develops into a religious or mystical intensity. Thus Marie Curie says that "Nothing in life is to be feared, it is only to be understood" and Einstein, who thought more deeply, testifies that "mystical emotion underlies all true art and science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead."

It will be obvious that the question of standards and values has been looming massively through the fog of these remarks. The great scientists have, I believe, all been men and women in whom the first four motives (Custom, Teaching, Ambition and Usefulness) were negligible or absent: they have been moved by Curiosity alone. However much their work has benefited or jeopardized mankind they can be given no direct credit and not much blame. They worked because of the intrinsic interest, or, to reduce it to fundamentals, we can say that Newton, Darwin, Einstein, Goldschmidt and all the rest spent their lives enjoying themselves. So do we, of course, although we are not all Goldschmidts. And the notion of enjoying oneself for years on end is a little disturbing to the diluted puritan conscience passed down to most of us. Darwin was honest enough to recognize the situation for what it is:

"I believe I have acted rightly in steadily following and devoting my life to science . . . but have often and often regretted that I have not done more direct good to my fellow-creatures."

To summarize, it seems to be a little distressing that a fairly well-educated person might spend a good deal of his life rushing along a road without asking where it is taking him. As I said, he might encounter the ghost of Count Augustus von Schimmellmann. An assessment of the ultimate value of research can be made by any

of us who feels there to be a need of it, according to his lights. If anyone finds that this leads to a personal perplexity, he will only be guilty of straight thinking. The resolution of the perplexity is his own affair but should not be avoided, since scientists will find that human values become more and more important in direct ratio to the scientist's influence over the future of mankind.

Medical Report

by

JAMES L. SMITH

Lately there has been some public concern over televised disclosures of the human interior. One can hardly repress a condescending chuckle at the naïveté of those who believe that their own innards are accurately portrayed by the pictures of conveyor belts ascending and descending the trachea, of samovars pouring glandular juices into ampullae, and, in short, of all the metallic and vitreous tripe revealed in intimate detail.

This childlike credulity is amusing, but it is also rather pathetic, and I am moved to assure anyone so troubled, that it ain't necessarily so; and, further, to bolster this statement by a report on my own anatomical investigations.

As to my credentials, I am not a doctor of medicine, but circumstances have given me uncommon opportunity to learn something of our bodily functions.

First, I have been fortunate in my choice of neighbours: first hand accounts—with full particulars and adequate repetition—of a hysterectomy, shock treatment, nasal feeding, and three miscarriages have given me a pretty thorough theoretical background. Second, though I am willing to concede the too-infrequently-made charge that I am predominantly spiritual, I do possess an earthly envelope and am usually to be found in it, breathing loudly and evenly, eyes closed, contemplating its mysteries. Third, I am a great do-it-yourself buff, and as far as possible I see to the repair and maintenance of my own fleshly tabernacle. I am constantly stuffing it with goodies, occasionally I hose it down, I scissor my remaining hair, pare my own finger- and toe-nails, cultivate my own beard, and perform all those little chores necessary to preserve a startling likeness to the Obesus Etruscus.

So much for my qualifications. As it was time for my regular ten-thousand-mile check-up with my roentgenologist, I asked him to go beyond the routine fluoroscopic and still-life work, even though it meant calling on the television station for equipment. Incidentally, when it's a question of really *avant-garde* medical tools, Johns Hopkins isn't in it with those boys. Well, we made a thorough record, in Cine-color, of the complete trip from the large intestine, through the more respectable organs, up the gullet, and to the inner-noggin itself.

Just as I had shrewdly suspected, this epic bore only a superficial resemblance to the movies offered by the proprietary-manufacturers. On comparison, it is immediately obvious that these moguls can afford a very superior subject. As an example, take liver-bile. The distillery shown on your TV screen, even at its worst, before having been treated to a little liver pill, is trickling dependably and relatively generously. Mine doled out bile only at long and irregular intervals; and when it did produce, as often as not it squirted the stuff into my appendix as though taking it for an oil-cup. I'm not even sure it was liver-bile. It could as easily have been vodka.

Again, the peek into my cupola was equally dispiriting. The professional model boasts a three-room cranial apartment, or, more properly, shop, as it is simply jumping with activity. In one chamber an animated graph wriggles furiously. In the second a hammer is pounding away in so purposeful a fashion that there can be no doubt that something extremely useful and probably very heavy is being formed. The third chamber, in which bolts of lightning flash in awesome succession, must be the powerhouse. The subject, quite naturally, has a headache—a small price to pay for so much constructive effort. Unhappily, it seems to me, ingestion of an alleged analgesic tablet blows the whistle on this cheerful scene. The vibrating and flashing and pounding all grind to a halt, the lights go out, and the subject dies. At least, that's how I have it figured. It's true that subsequently someone appears and grinningly testifies that he feels great and that the advertised medicine doesn't upset his stomach (or stummick, depending on whether he is at the moment gaining the affection of the purist element or winning the hearts of the vulgar). I believe this

person to be an impostor, and that the original actor is stone cold dead on the studio floor. As to the tablet's not upsetting his stomach, I buy that. Obviously, *nothing* upsets *his* stomach.

My medulla had three divisions too, but so far from displaying the bustling industry of the other, it might have been taken for a decayed joss-house. There just wasn't anybody home at all in the first cell. The lights were out and the shade drawn. The second contained the familiar hammer and a heap of bottles with the necks broken off. When the lights came on in the third stall, the female attendant left the room in a huff, and the technician suggested that in the future I peddle my apples elsewhere.

Now, I didn't even have a headache. In fact, I never have one, and I'm afraid I know why. But if ever pain of headache strikes, I know *one* blessed relief that will stay on the druggist's shelf.

It would be needlessly humiliating to itemize all the points of contrast, but in fairness I must report that where the TV specimen had escalators, I had a rather rickety stairway. Where he had cork gaskets, mine were cardboard. His valves opened smoothly, allowing egress to a great many B's and an occasional A. Mine either wouldn't budge or let the abdominal alphabet travel both ways. If I had any advantage, it was in the variety and richness of my font, which spewed the entire English and Greek alphabets, plus ampersands, asterisks, and diacritics, in sometimes scurrilous combination.

Bear in mind that all this posh paraphernalia, so much sturdier and more attractive than mine, is supposed to belong to an unfortunate suffering in greater or less degree the ravages of ill-health. I charge that these models who expose their innermost recesses with such apparent frankness are equipped with de luxe plumbing, that in some cases they have enlisted the aid of interior decorators and/or mechanical engineers, and that the implication of this being standard equipment is false and misleading.

I call on the B B G to investigate my charges and to weigh the ethics involved.

Snow On Gold Leaves

by

L. A. A. HARDING

When I first saw the old guy it was a dirty night in the middle of last winter — a slushy, mushy stinkeroo of a night when guys in cars try to hit your hat with the goo in the gutter, know'n they can foul up your pants without even try'n. I was head'n into the Liquor Store on Queen for a case o' beer, and hurry'n because it was wet, slushy and snow'n all at the same time, when I nearly ploughed into the old guy. He was a queer old cuss to run into in Tronna — should of been out on his farm somewhere — but Tronna's got everythin' these days, Eyeties, Yanks, Jerries, Limeys an' even a pretty steady flow of genuine Canadians from the Ontario rock-farms, still with hay in their hair-grease. Well this old buck was stand'n square in the sidewalk, gett'n in everybody's way of course an' all bent over like he'd been took sick an' couldn't go no further. His head was bent so far over he was look'n at the ground about a foot in front of his boots — real old farmer's boots they were — so the brim of his hat was straight up'n down which, natch, gives him no kinda cover. I noticed this because the snow was on his neck an' the long grey hair at the back of his head an' all he could do was lean on his stick, one of those thick, knotty pretzel-type jobs, just as though he was a-scared to move another step, case he fell over. He had a dew-drop on the end of his nose, which I noticed because the light from the Liquor Store shone on it an' it kinda lit up pretty like a five-'n-ten dimon, an' he had a jeezly Bible stick'n outa one of his great coat pockets an' I noticed that was gett'n snowed on too.

I half stopped, because my old man y'see, who was real good to us kids, died in a street car. Dropped dead, just like that. An' I always figured someone might of helped him without bust'n a gut, 'stead of let'n a man of sixty-four — month off his pension, he was — get bumped around in a five o'clock stampede when he was pass'n

out. Which is what happened to Pop. So what I mean I sometimes feel a bit sorry for old-timers. Specially the way guys and these hard old business babes beat 'em to a seat and don't give a damn about 'em, kids pertickly. They don't care a hoot'n hell for old folks, but me, I always figure, me too I'm gonna be old some day an' I'll find it tough convinc'n everybody what a hell of a feller I used to be back in '60. But right then I felt kinda foolish too, you know the way you do, because a coupla teen-agers, black jackets, punks with Presley hair-dos, was laugh'n at 'um from outa a doorway. I looked again, figur'n he might be just normally drunk, as the 'Canada House' was right opposite an' it was Sat'day night anyway, with a lot of characters well on the way, an' about a minute before this I seen one citizen, with no clear idea which way was South, folded up in the middle of the street-car tracks, happy as a pig in sweet violets. In fact he felt so comfortable there that he was try'n to catch a short nap in the slush, right where he'd called it a day, with three or four street-cars ring'n their bells at 'um and taxis driv'n in circles round 'um, hoot'n an' honk'n and curs'n. These taxi-boys got no road manners at all. Anyway to get back to what I was say'n, the old boy might of been a nut, an' I didn't want to make no sideshow of meself, trad'n hullos with a poor old nut who also didn't know which way was South, anymore'n the guy tak'n five in the middle of the car tracks. You know how you feel when some poor guy who's off the beam starts treat'n you like an old pal, say in a street-car on a Sat'day night with everyone watch'n an' wonder'n how come you're so friendly with this goon?

Right then a kid an' his Ma went by and the kid squeaks out: "Look, Ma! What's wrong with the funny old man? Is he drunk, Ma?" You could of heard the kid across the street. You know how kids seem to pipe up very distinct, so's nobody'll miss their cute little questions? But the old man just stayed all hunched up an' Ma yanked the kid along, nearly tak'n his arm outa the socket. "Never you mind," she says, an' I thought, "That's good advice for you, Jack," an' went into the Liquor Store to get this here case a beer I had in mind. (You could get beer if you knew the guys.)

When I'm show'n my slip to the jerk at the cashier's hole, he looks over my shoulder an' says, "Guess Granpa's tyin' one on tonight,

eh?" He was includ'n me in, mean'n that me'n him were well above gett'n drunk, an' he was the kinda jerk who never had either. In a pig's ear! That bein' just what I had in mind for that particular night; at least not a king-size drunk but a pretty steady, fluorescent glow, which is what I usually aim at on a Sat'day night. But anyway I look around and there's the old boy still hunched up in the snow, square in the middle of the sidewalk an' people hav'n to walk round 'um, an' the cop — you know, the one who's on dooty in the Liquor Store Sat'day nights — is look'n at him and not know'n if he ought to do sump'n or not, and if so, what.

"Nope," I says to this here counter boy, who I didn't like on his face value alone, "I think the old guy is sick." And I thought to myself I better see if I can help the old buck on his way — because of my old man, is what I mean. An' anyway I'd had one or two an' I was feel'n pretty good.

So I went out, wish'n I could of went home with my beer first, an' I ast 'um if he was O.K. "You O.K. Pop?" I ast 'um, in one of his ears. But he didn't answer. Not a blessed word. So I figured he was deaf maybe and I ast 'um again, tak'n his arm to get 'um to focus on me, an' by Jeez he was a powerful old bastard! I could feel that by his arm an' I saw his hands on his walk'n stick, mighty big hands, thick through, is what I mean, with black hair grow'n outa the knuckles. He'd been a rough old character in his day. Well, he tried to turn his head, but I guess he was so far gone he was pretty near outa gas an' all he could do was grunt some cuss word I didn't get, an' twitch one of his legs like sump'n had bit him on the knee cap.

Just then a sour-look'n female with no coat on, who would of been fairly safe on a desert island with ten sailors — an me too, by the way — come rush'n up hollerin' at 'um. "You stoopid old fool!" she says. "What're you do'on out here? You come right home an' quit upsett'n the whole house! D'you think we got noth'n better to do than go chas'n around all over Tronna look'n for an old fool like you? You're more trouble'n half a dozen kids!" She's blast'n away an' push'n at 'um from behind at the same time, like he was a pig anxious to keep out of a slaughterhouse freight car, so that the old buck is natcherly forced to move his legs to keep from fall'n on his

face. They moved in little jerks, as though they was pretty near seized up at the joints, with artheritis or sump'n. I figured the old buck was pretty near the end of the trail.

So I grabs his arm to help him along an' with my other eye I'm look'n around to see if there's a half-clean citizen who might be trusted alone with my case of beer for a few minutes, which was my main worry. But from the faces round there I seen right away that my beer would be gett'n drunk in no time at all, in all the wrong circles. So I'm nurs'n the beer an' the old man along together, when the cop comes out an' takes my beer an' says he'll hold it for me. See'n he's in uniform, I leave it with him, hop'n he means in his hand. An' of course I took a look at his number.

Well, I help the old guy along for about a block when this hard old babe says, "Here!" an' opens a door between two of them little hole-in-the-wall stores on Queen an' we start up a narrow staircase with a healthy smell a garlic an' dead rats an' about fifteen other things, most of which I couldn't quite indentify. But it's so narrow that she has to go ahead an' pull an' she tells me to shove him from behind with my shoulder, which I do. Which we both do, in fact, a step at a time, me grunt'n an' the bag giv'n him what-for non-stop an' pull'n him by the front of his coat an' the old man, who was mighty heavy for such an old-timer, mutter'n and mumbl'n away to himself sump'n fierce, like he was against the whole idea. I think he was beef'n about bein' brought in, but I wasn't sure. Anyways he was pretty mad about conditions generally.

Finally we get him inside the room at the top where there's a bunch of guys an' some young stuff — and some not-so-young stuff — drink'n, smok'n, flirt'n (you could call it at a pinch, I guess) an' havin' a reel doozer of a party by the looks of it. Kinda New Year's Wrestl'n Night a bit early, with all the fun of the fair an' female wrestlers too. This is a scruffy sorta kitchen an' liv'n-room, half-curtained off, with beer bottles parked all over the joint, an' a kid in a baby-pen, a-caterwaul'n like someone stuck a pin in it deliberate, an' the TV try'n its damnedst to beat out the kid an' everybody yakk'n away through both. One or two of them was neck'n an' we didn't even break through the sweet dream — or nightmare —

whichever; it all depends on whether you're well-adjusted, I guess. They just carried on as if they was all set up in a private room at the King Eddy on a honeymoon with all expenses. One glassy-eyed babe may of thought that's where she was, from the contented way she was deliberately throw'n a wrestl'n match, with what looked to me to be a Grade-A criminal type. Why do women clutch on to some of the things they do? What I mean is they reely *want* some of the things mothers couldn't stan' darken'n their doors. This Joe could of been hired by the Police College on Sherborne to show rookie cops what they're supposed to be look'n for when they're out with their blue suits an' guns. That party had got started quite a bit earlier I figured, if it hadn't of started Friday night, because you could see at a glance nobody was feel'n any pain. Some weren't feel'n anyth'n, an' then again some were.

Well, this dragon gives the old man a shove into an armchair and tells him not to move or he'll catch it. An' he carried on to himself, but he still doesn't seem to be able to come out with whatever's on his mind. I could see he was try'n to say something but all he could do was sit there mutter'n an' his eyes—they was kinda washed-out eyes like old folks have, with a white ring around the outside—looked like he was real mad at the whole deal. Like a kid with the sulks, only worse because of course he didn't look anyth'n like a kid.

"Stoopid old fool," she says sideways to me. "He's more trouble'n he's worth." She jerked her head towards the happy little gang. "He's always tak'n off whenever we throw a party."

Well I figured I better say sump'n.

"What's his trouble? Don't he like parties?"

"Are you kidd'n, mister?" She stares at me as though she thinks I'm not so sharp. But suddenly she gets a bit more hospitable, realiz'n maybe that I'm not her husband. Or rememberin' maybe an' sympathiz'n that I left my beer with a cop whose name I didn't know.

"Here, you better have a beer, Mac!" she says. "I'd a had a job without you." An' she hands me a bottle a beer an' rinses out a glass, which some house-proud guy had been us'n as an ashtray.

Then she has another idea, sneaks a look round the room an' lifts a bag out from behind a curtain by the sink.

"Since everybody else round here is swill'n theirselves stoopid I might as well have a hard one too," she says to me, aside. "How would a shot a lick'er go?" An' she digs out a mickey a rye.

"Not right now. I haven't et yet." I didn't fancy listen'n to a long list of her worries and what a tough go she had, an' I could see it com'n. It's a rough old world all right, but we all know all about it. She stares, kinda surprised.

"What's that got to do with it? C'mon, you better have one. Build you up." She's talk'n to me as if the old man wasn't there at all. But I could see the old boy heard everyth'n; his eyes kinda snapped when he saw the mickey. I wondered if he wanted one.

"Maybe a short one would set the old boy up?" I suggested, quiet so he wouldn't hear. "He don't look too good."

She laughed at that. Pretty near startled me up onto a chair. I've got pretty fair nerves but a reel, pierc'n, Canada-House-cackle, like a one-a.m., city-raised hoot owl, makes you feel like you stalled on a railroad cross'n with the Montreal Flyer apound'n down the tracks at ninety on a foggy, foggy night. Women should watch how they laugh.

"That's a good one, that is!" she says, recover'n from her joke, kinda slow, I thought. "That's a real good one! You don't know the half of it, Bud!" She starts a big sigh an' then sees someone over my shoulder. "Here's the maiden's prayer, com'n now. My husban'. You ask him if the old man 'ud like a shot a rye."

I looked around and there's a fairly poisonous guy pick'n his way over a coupla bodies, who looks someth'n like the old man, but this guy just looks like an inferior model roughly along the same lines. The old boy had got fifty years of farm'n, pretty hard old rocky ground too, written all over his face, face sump'n like a beaten-up plough, an' this guy looked like ten years in a factory an' beer an' women an' a steady diet a hot dogs, if you get what I mean. Face about as strong as a tomato. One a those you get on a Loblaw's bargain counter — know what I mean, "Reduced to Clear."

"Here, Fred," says his ball'n-chain. "This guy just helped me bring the old man in. He took out again an' was do'on his best to make a fool a himself on Queen."

"Silly old bastard," says Fred, who I can see is half-full without any tape measure, "you shouldn't a bothered." But his look meant, "now what in sin are you pok'n your nose into other people's business for?"

This sets the babe off on what seems to be one of her favourite talk'n points. "Shouldn't a bothered! What about the neighbours? D'you want that Mrs. Kryzinsky tell'n everybody we don't treat him right? And Mrs. Smith gabb'n away for a week how crool we are? I got to look after your old man, mister, even 'f you don't."

"Let'em talk!" says Fred, who's evidently heard all this before. "Who cares? 'Sa free country, ain't it?"

"Well, I better be goin'," I put in, but no one heard.

"Yeah, sure, that's fine," she says, toss'n her cig'rette butt in the sink, "but you don't have to put up with the neighbours all day long, mister, an' I do. An' let me tell you it's no fun. What with the old man . . ." She stops an' waves her glass at me. "This guy thought the old man 'ud like a shot. Tell'm Fred."

"He's not in'erested in the old man," he says, look'n at me kinda hostile.

"Well I'll be mov'n along," I said, see'n he's one of these Sattiday-night Sugar-Ray-Robinson-types; you know, tough as hell when half full an' under the impression they're real killers when it's wash'n round their tonsils an' they can't hardly stan' up. An' of course I was think'n of that cop with my beer, an' I was feel'n just a touch guilty about putt'n temptation in his way. But she's not pay'n no attention to me at all. "Well, he helped to bring the old man in anyway. Go on, tell'm, Fred! I don't want um to get the wrong idea too."

He turns on me. "Since you're so mighty in'erested. . ."

"I'm not," I said. "I'm on my way". But this here Fred had a distinkly alcoholic attitude — he'd moved half acrost me with what he thought was his chest stuck out — so just to side-track any silly brawl, I said quick, "My own business is about all I can take care of."

But the guy wouldn't be happy. "Then what'n hell do you go shov'n in here for?" He's got that kinda stoopid, glassy look in his eyes — you know, mad, but not sure what he's mad about. At this point I can see the guy is gett'n very small-minded an' is quite eager to jump on my stomach, with both boots, if he can arrange it. For no good reason either, as far as I can see; an' then it dawns on me suddenly. The light snaps on. *He's jealous!* I've seen it before. Holy Cow! Women that'd startle you in broad daylight — that is if you hadn't seen 'em cross'n the road first — often have guys trail'n along who're most impressed. An' as soon as look at you they'll get the idea that you're all taken up too. This guy's not concerned about his old man wanderin' around in the snow, seemin'ly a bit weak in the head, but he is worried about this unmagnetic female of his who, as I said, would of been perfectly safe on a desert island—for any reasonable length of time that is—with almost all a my friends I can think of. Well, maybe not old Joe, but . . . Jeez the screwy ideas some people get! Sometimes it just about knocks you over when you realize what goes on inside some characters' skulls. Anyways I'm just gett'n set to hit him, with one of his own beer bottles, with the idea of disappear'n down the stairs at a fair clip before these other Queen City citizens show too much interest in what's goin' on, when his better half catches on.

"Now just you cut that out, Fred," she snaps, an' it seems she has considerable influence with the guy. "Don't you go act'n up when a man takes the trouble to help a lady. He just gets a bit jealous," she says aside an' quite pleased, "which is only natural."

The guy appears to mull this over; or anyways, he lets on he's think'n, though I know from the glassy look in his eyes he'd have a hard time giv'n you change for a buck; or tell'n you the time. "Okay, Bud, no offence," he says. "Here, shake!"

This is a big gesture so I go through the old hand-shake routine, know'n that he'll likely be want'n to jump on my stomach all over again in an hour or so. Kinda hopeless.

"No harm done," I says, my arm pump'n up an' down, like I was at a saw'n bee where everybody's build'n my house. I remember feel'n a bit depressed at myself for tak'n all this, an' wonder'n when he'd stop the goddam hand-shake. Hand-shak'n bugs me.

"Here, let's have a drink on it," he says, tak'n the mickey from his soul-mate with a real neat grab. A real pro on a grab, you could see. She tightened her grip just a whisker too late, and clawed herself.

Right here, with a rumble an' a snort, the old man comes to life and there's fire in his eye an' all hell. If ever I saw two angry eyeholes in my life, he had 'em. There's a couple of grunts an' then it come out, kinda quavery but quite clear. "The good man is perished out of the earth and there is none upright among men." Which was pretty accurate report'n on that there room, by the way. He coughs, gives a kind of a death-rattle an' scowls at us. Then he gives out again. "Generation of vipers!" He kinda hissed it, an' he could hiss without try'n to because he'd got real old-time choppers which were not so hot on some of the words he was try'n to get acrost to us. An' then, in case we didn't get his point, he repeats it all over again.

I can see this is the old boy's honest opinion too. A low bunch of snakes. That was how he saw this roomfull of Tronna citizens. I see right away what his trouble is, of course — he's *religious*. This business about the vipers all came back to me from my happy childhood.

In my church goin' days I used to get called a generation of vipers about once a month. One of the things that kinda discouraged me from church goin'; more self-respect than to take too much a that stuff ly'n down. Anyway we all look at each other and Mrs. Fred gets quite mad.

"You see what we got to put up with?" she squawks, ruffled, like a hen I once saw my kid brother dunk in a waterbutt to check whether hens reely couldn't swim as Pa'd told'm. "Don't that make a party go, eh?" Then she turns on him. "Micah Seven!" she jeers. "Go on, tell us! Case I ain't never heard it before."

"I've had to listen to that stuff all my life," says Fred, who's forgotten the competition he thought he was gett'n from me for the time bean. "If I went an' blew a whole cent on a stick a licorish when I was a kid I'd get Judges Ten and Samuel Two and a long spiel about the sins a the flesh. When I had my first taste a beer — he gives me one hell of a beat'n with a horse-whip, with a Bible quote thrown in every time he lammed me. I tell you by the time I was

fifteen I'd had enough a the Bible an' him too. So I took off for Babylon — that's what he called Tronna."

"That's been his trouble all the time," says Mrs. Fred hopelessly. She looked at me very gloomy. "He's a teetotaller."

"Handicap," I agreed. "Though I've come across some *very* reasonable guys who were teetotallers. A great pal a mine was a teetotaller an' as nice a feller as you'd ever want to meet. Not narrow. Of course he'd *had to* give it up because he'd wrecked his liver and ulcerated his stummick in about fifteen places, but he never looked down on us for drink'n. Not that we were drink'n types. We'd get stiff about once a twice a week, I s'pose."

Suddenly the old man gives out again. "Woe is me! For I am as when they have gathered in the summer fruits . . ." an' a lot more I can't remember, but I got that about the summer fruits because I took him wrong at first. Anyway he meant he'd had it, of course; which was true, because as I said he was near the end a the trail.

But his lov'n son wasn't the sympathetic type.

"Aw, sheddup," Fred says.

"For krissake, not the *Bible*," says she, kinda desperate. You could see she was near the edge. "And on a Sat'day night when we're try'n t'enjoy ourselves," She turns to me. "*Now* you see what I mean? *Now* you see why I get mad at 'um? He jus' *rooms* the whole night every time we en'ertain a few friends. With the Bible, for godsake!"

"Yeah, Mac," says Fred, scowl'n at me, "how joo like the Bible on a Sat'day night? Reglar?"

"The Bible?" I said, but it was jus' to keep the ball roll'n — you gotta when you get a question ast you direc' like that. "Thought it was Shakespeare." Which I knew it wasn't, a course.

"Same idea," says she. "Only the Bible's worse."

Now she's all wrong there — she likely never heard any Shakespeare anyways, but I remember a young guy who was half-lit one Sat'day night, in the Canada House, he was at the University a Tronna, and he was roll'n out some stuff from Shakespeare all about them Greeks an' Trojans — you know they had a movie about it a coupla years back — an' I tell you that Shakespeare was pretty fair stuff; not to say *raw*. You couldn't get it on a stage now, without the

cops bust'n in an' wheel'n you all off to the cells before you could say "Tronna" an' that's for sure. It was most interest'n. All about lechery, which is always interest'n. Sparrows, flies an' humans he figured much the same way — an' this Greek guy said the whole world was pretty well took up with lechery an' everybody was after the same thing which, when you come to think of it, is not so far from the crimson bullseye right today. Jus' think of good ole Tronna, good ole "Holy Tronna," not to mention Munreal, the Paris of the North, an', if you wanna go a bit further afield, Hollywood an' Noo York an' this here little town in Noo England the book was all banned about. They're all big or little sin-bins as far's I can see, with everyone gett'n away with whatever they can, an' no one ever knows what goes on behind the scenes 'cept by read'n between the lines, which I try to do, even I don't have no education. What I mean, a guy's only gotta use his head.

Look at this Perfidio what's-is-name an' this here Try Jello South American character, who flunks out a West Point because he's giv'n almost every babe he gets his eye on a fourteen-thousand-dollar foreign passion wagon, to get her in what you might call a creative frame a mind. Jus' look at all these characters! You musta read it all in *Time*? Hell of a note, eh! We all know a man an' a mink got a lot in common. Not that I'm the pious type or anyth'n like that — likely do the same myself if I was loaded with loot an' could get away with it; legal a course; but these guys reelly bug me, they reelly irk me, they got no sense a moderation — they get skirt-happy an' overdo it, while the babes get their man, like our crimson Mounties, but they sure got their little claws out for the dimonds'n dollars'n mink. Cute little kittens. But I figure it this way. They know they're goin' to have guys anyway. All in the days' work. So they might as well have everyth'n at the same time, combine business with pleasure, you know an all-round good thing with everybody happy. Kill'n two birds with one night, so to speak. If you're honest you'll admit a rich guy don't have to have much on the ball to make time in Hollywood or Noo York or good ole Munreal, the Paris of the North, or right here in "Holy Tronna" for that matter, in spite of our wonderful blue-law Sundays. Which, by the way, I find

very peaceful an' relax'n. That is, if I've remembered to lay in my drinks on a Sat'day night, like I was cautiously doin' this here Sat'day night.

But to get back to what I was tell'n you, Fred's wife took a *very* gloomy view of the ole man's line a quotes an', though she seemed to think that Shakespeare wouldn't matter too much, she felt the Bible reelly wrecked a social evenin'. An' the ole man just kept stand'n there despis'n the lot of us as far's I could see, but he was still very much one a the party — though he wouldn't a liked that way of putt'n it a course. What I mean he had the two of 'um on edge, kinda guilty; though he was nowheres near a conversion, specially with Mrs. Fred, the hostess, who saw a dry evenin' spoil'n her Perle Mesta party; an' I was a course just among those present, like the photos you see of guys with heads look'n over shoulders when a coupla pot-bellied politicians are shak'n hands over some fast deal they just pulled on the suffer'n, tax-pay'n public.

"Well anyway," I said once again, mov'n towards the stairs. "I gotta go."

"Well, if you gotta go, you gotta go," says Fred.

"Aw, c'mon, stay an' have a drink," invited Mrs. Fred, "Build you up. S'a least we can do for your help."

"Why'nt you leave the man alone?" says Fred, very nasty indeed. "Joo have to ack like you're walk'n down Jarvis Street?"

Well, boy, she slapped 'um good. A real homer. Crack like a .22, an' him bean reasonably stiff, he fell over backwards, knock'n over three or four bottles an' glasses a beer on to a snooz'n, sofa-goin' couple who had not been follow'n the conversation very closely up to then. Well, the frail on the sofa gives a kinda howl, falsetto, like a she-wolf watch'n her cubs bein' et by their dad towards the end of a hard winter, an' the guy comes up on his hind legs curs'n an' swear'n an' shedd'n beer an' froth an' glasses right, left and centre. It was quite a lively scene for awhile. Lotsa action. Fred's scrambl'n to get up an' at his loved one an' a guy near the door tries to get up to stop me, figur'n mayby I'm tak'n off with the drinks or some money, or both. Well . . . I just pushed 'um in the chest, he'd of told the cops it was a punch, but it was just a push, an' that dumped 'um back outa

harm's way on his girl friend, a tubby, circular kind of broad, the kinda female that hasn't a straight line anywhere on her, except it's her nose maybe, but I think she had a slightly bent one; he was off balance an' he sat back, fairly heavy guy too, fair an' square on her stummick an' I heard a remarkable deep grunt from her an' air escap'n, but she couldn't a been completely kayoed because she came out with some *reelly* raw stuff I hadn't heard from a lady for several weeks. What amused me when I thought about it afterwards was that this here circular broad was blam'n her dream-boat—who musta been born outa wedlock, if what she said was true—not only for his mother's little slips (his brothers and sisters were all little slips too, accord'n to her), but for bean a clumsy oaf all by himself with no assist whatever from this fairly loose-liv'n mother she was hint'n about.

I reelly wished I could a stopped to see how it all sorted itself out, but a bonded truck-driver's got thousands a bucks a stuff in his name every day an', much like a minister, he can't afford to break the eleventh commandment—you know, the important one about not gett'n found out. Anyway as I'm slipp'n quietly into top down the stairs I hear the old buck give out again with his Woe-is-me routine, louder and more worried about the way things is goin' than when he started. The last words I heard was his bit about "There is none upright among men," but I bet by then the whole room was—except maybe Mrs. Fred, who might well of been flattened by Mr. Fred. That is if those other Sir Galahads around there didn't grab 'um real fast, which they may a done, even most guys don't like to interrupt a man and his wife in their little chats and differences of opinion. Marriage means a lotta give'n-take, as they always say, an' I've found that to be pretty true, Fred and Mrs. Fred bean no exception.

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"Here's your beer, Mac," the cop says to me, an' I was pleased to see he looked a pretty honest guy—never judge a man by his line a business, is what I've found; an' I've known honest pawnbrokers. An' some guys claim there are honest car dealers an' lawyers an' politicians. Sure, it's possible.

"Thanks," I said. "I'd offer you one only I know you cops never touch it."

He grinned in an agreeable kind a way, for a cop anyway.

"What gives with the old boy? He okay?"

"Yeh, I guess so. He's old, natch."

"Had a little too much?"

"Jeez no! A little too much religion maybe. He's got religion bad." "No harm in that." That young cop was a very tolerant type. "No, I guess not. Anyways not if you live by yourself out in the country somewheres. But his family *ain't*. That seems to be the trouble. He kinda wrecks their Sat'day night formal. Not a mixer. If you ask me he'd be far better off in a home. Quiet spot, far from his loved ones, the farther the better. What I mean, with a lot of ole guys, an' ole ladies, who know what he's talk'n about."

"Here he comes." The young cop was look'n over my shoulder. I turn around an' sure enough there he was, this hard old character, stump'n up the sidewalk towards me. He'd got more speed than his first time out, likely because he was hopp'n mad at all the slap'n-tickle, 'n guzzl'n, an' general May-time frolics, an' he'd forgotten his hat so the snow was on his long grey hair an' stick'n to his big, bushy eyebrows an' sure enough he was on again about the state of affairs in the big city. Leastways I heard 'um say sump'n about Babylon, so I figured his mind was still work'n on "Holy Tronna".

Well, when he'd jus' about got level with the cop an' me, he seemed to reconnise me. Anyways he stopped an' stared at me, look'n through the snowflakes on his eyebrows, like an old bull in a blizzard. Then off he goes again, wagg'n his big finger at me an' giv'n out like a snow-blower.

"And there were thunders and lightnens and there was a great earthquake such as was not seen since men were on the earth . . ." Then sump'n about "the great city been divided into three parts," which I didn't get — I mean why three parts? — an' cities fall'n all over the place — say, Noo York'd *reelly* fall wouldn't it? — an' islands disappear'n, I guess he meant all over the world, an' finely Babylon, was goin' to catch hell — in all directions, and from great heights, as far's I could make out.

Now you know there's not too much a guy can say to this kinda lead-off, 'cept perhaps "Nuts" or sump'n like that, which don't add too much gen'rally. An' I'd noth'n against the old buck as I said before, 'cept that I figured he ought to be way off to-hell-an'-gone in a home with other folks who don't have too many clues. So I said noth'n, an' the cop couldn't come up either with anyth'n bright, an' so we all stood in the snow an' stared at each other. Pretty gloomy. Finely the old man rumbled, sump'n like a bear that's looked at you long enough an' decided not t' eat you, an' he turns 'n shuffles off; an' I notice this here Bible still stick'n outa his pocket, an' there was some more snow on the gold leaf-ends.

As he disappeared, head'n down Queen Street at a fast shuffle, the cop looks at me.

"I got noth'n against religion but that end-a-the-world, earthquake-an'-fire business don't go anymore—gets on your nerves, don't it?"

"Yeah, it gets on your nerves."

"I mean they believed pretty near anything, eh?"

"Yeah, sure did."

Four Years Inside A Yukon Dog Collar

by

E. L. H. TAYLOR

U pon my release from the Royal Navy in October, 1946, I went "up" to Trinity Hall, Cambridge to read History. Had anyone told me then that six years later I should be ordained into the priesthood of the Anglican Church of Canada by the Bishop of Yukon I should have laughed in his face. Me a parson? As the son of a medical missionary born and raised in the Belgian Congo I supposed I had become sufficiently vaccinated against religion to keep me outside a "dog collar" for the rest of my life. Strong doses of the rationalism of Gibbon, Wells and Russell while slung in a hammock of H.M.S. Diadem's "lower" deck during tedious trips to Murmansk, had completed my education in cynicism. Voltaire himself could not have exceeded my contempt for all things Christian. As for going to Canada, the thought had never once entered my mind. My great ambition was to enter British politics and help Mr. Attlee bring in the Brave New World.

Well, the future did not quite turn out as I had planned, as it seldom does for anyone. For one thing I met in my College chaplain and my Tutor two men of a calibre I no longer thought existed. Neither man so much as discussed religion with me, yet their quiet assurance in the validity of the Gospel and their gentle Christian humour and absolute integrity shook me out of the doubt with which I had gone up to Varsity. For another, my reading of Ancient and Medieval History showed me the stupidity of what C. S. Lewis has well called "chronological snobbery," that is, the uncritical acceptance of the intellectual climate common to our age and the assumption that whatever has gone out of date is on that account discredited. Thanks to Charles N. Cochrane's great book *Christianity and Classical Culture* and Emil Brunner's *Christianity and Civilization* I came to realize the shallowness of modern rationalism and to see that our

age like all others has its own characteristic illusions. Convinced beyond all doubt that the Gospel of God's love for men revealed in Christ could alone provide an adequate foundation for a true humanism and personalism I finally took the plunge and was confirmed by the late Bishop of Ely in Jesus College Chapel in March 1948.

Having become an Anglican, I made it my business during my third year to read, under Professor Norman Sykes, a special subject entitled "The Conflict between Anglicanism and Puritanism Within the Elizabethan Church". While persuading me that Anglicanism was the most purely and truly "catholic" expression of Christianity, this course also convinced me of the contradictions involved in the present English Church Establishment. I simply could not see myself ordained into a Church which allowed its Bishops to be appointed by a secular British government. In my opinion it is NOT the business of the Church of God to provide the ideological cement for any political or economic power structure. At the end of my last year I therefore began considering emigrating to one of the Anglican provinces overseas where responsible church government and the historic "catholic" episcopate had been recovered. The problem was: which province? For months I studied maps and literature describing opportunities in the various dominions. Eventually the choice was narrowed down to New Zealand or Canada. An ancestor, Lt. John Hebden, had served in the *Voltigeurs de Quebec* in the War of 1812, and I now decided to follow him to Canada.

In August, 1949, I bade farewell to England, which had taken me as a Congo barbarian in 1936 and done her best to turn me into a civilized man. I crossed the Atlantic to Montreal in the enjoyable company of some Canadian students returning from advanced studies at British Universities. In my pocket was a letter of introduction to the manager of the Hudson's Bay store in Vancouver, where I hoped to find a temporary job.

My first impressions of Canada were coloured by tremendous relief at having thrown off the Old World with all its class consciousness, social snobbery and stagnant traditions. Somehow I felt as if I had at one and the same time returned to the England of the first Elizabeth and yet also moved into a society at least a century ahead

of the England of George VI. Perhaps the one word "dynamic" would best sum up my first impressions of the New World. Here was a continent literally brimming over with optimism and hope. This feeling of buoyancy stayed with me as I travelled across Canada in one of the streamlined berths of the Canadian Pacific Railway. I found Canadian travellers very friendly, especially the coloured trainmen whose courtesy put their English counterparts to shame. I spent many happy hours in conversation with businessmen, and with Canadians on their way back from vacation in Europe. Never shall I forget that first marvellous journey up over and down the Canadian Rockies. Vancouver more than fulfilled my expectations. It is certainly the most beautifully situated of all the cities in the Commonwealth. Cape Town is lovely, but this Athens of North America is superb.

Wishing to conserve my precious dollars, I at once visited my future employers and was shocked to learn that the manager of the Hudson's Bay Store had dropped dead of a heart attack the week before. When asked by the personnel manager why I had read History rather than Commerce I replied innocently that I had no desire to teach the Hudson's Bay Company how to make money, but felt that my three years at Cambridge might have taught me how to think. That seemed to satisfy him for he promptly hired me as an "inside" delivery boy! Never shall I forget that first month, pushing endless cages of merchandise up and down elevators and along corridors. The only thing that kept me sane was my helper—a British ex-army surgeon who would tell me, whenever I said I was quitting, that such behaviour would not be British. During my days off work I visited the campus of the University of British Columbia, enjoying its magnilcent location as well as its library facilities. At this stage of my intellectual life I had developed an interest in semantics and devoured Korzybski's *Science and Sanity* with enthusiasm. I was amazed to locate a copy in U.B.C. Library as I had not been able to find one in Cambridge University Library. My own books arrived by cargo steamer during November and I began to feel more settled in my adopted land. Needless to say my landlady in West Vancouver was astounded when I uncrated my 800 volumes and stacked them

around my bedroom. Like most Canadian housewives she preferred the open air to the open book and never read a book from one end of the year to the other. I got the impression she thought me slightly crazy.

An appeal for men by the late Archbishop Adams led me to volunteer as a lay reader for missionary work in the Yukon along the Alaska Highway. I arrived in Whitehorse all set to teach the Indians the best of Kierkegaard and Korzybski. Upon hearing of my intention, the Rector of the Old Log Church nearly collapsed. Next day he informed me that the Archbishop had agreed to let me use the diocesan jalopy — a decrepit 1934 Ford coupe. "Did you learn how to drive before you left England?" he asked me. "No? Oh well, it's your funeral not mine," and with that he gave me the keys. Next day I sallied forth for St. Thomas Anglican Mission, Mile 970, Alaska Highway, loaded up with supplies to keep me going for a month. Waving good-bye to the rector I roared up the Two Mile Hill just outside Whitehorse. Half-way up my progress came to a sudden and noisy halt. At first I thought the engine must have fallen out. Looking out of the driver's window I saw my rear right wheel careening down the hill. I jumped out in hot pursuit, reaching the bottom of the hill only in time to see my precious wheel roll into a pond. My jalopy had to be towed back to town where it was soon fixed by an amused mechanic and I was once more on my missionary way. The road twisted and turned through jack-pine country which gradually gave way to spruce and aspen.

My destination was the settlement of Champagne. Here everything was in dead silence except for the tinkling of some horses' bells. Driving round the village I looked in vain for my errant flock. As a similar experience had once befallen my father whilst carrying the Gospel into cannibal territory in Central Africa I decided to follow his example and wait. I got out to look for my church. To my horror I found it lying in ruins beside a thatched log cabin. Unlocking the door to this shack I discovered greasy plates still holding the mouldy remains of a meal, left no doubt by last year's summer student. After unpacking my precious books I strolled out to see if any one had returned to the village. I found a half-breed who

informed me that he was Van Biber, the local general store trader, hunter, outfitter and local boss all rolled into one. I told him my business and he at once invited me in for a drink. Later I found this the normal pattern for all introductions in the North. I asked him about my parish. "Why the name Champagne?" "Well," he replied, "This here place used to be on the Old Dalton Trail from Haines, Alaska. One day some miners stopped here for a break and consumed a case of champagne." Apparently the original Jack Dalton, a prospector with a flair for business, had later established a trading post on this spot conveniently situated along the route to Dawson City. He rented out horses to prospectors and charged a toll for the use of his trail. I also learned that the Indians of Champagne still had plenty of horses, which they now used chiefly for hunting parties. Their womenfolk tan moosehide and make it up into practical clothing, as well as providing furred and beaded garments for the tourist trade. The village lived off the local game — deer, rats, moose and bear. During the Summer the band moves south for the salmon fishing to Klukshu River on the Haines Highway. Later on that summer I visited Klukshu and held a service in one of the salmon-drying booths.

In Champagne itself we held our services in the old schoolroom attached to my log cabin where I rigged up an altar. The only hymns my flock could sing were "God save the King" and "Jesus Loves Me". They listened to my learned discourses in deadly silence. However I found them very devout and dignified during worship. Later I found many houses the size of a child's playhouse with curtains hanging at the windows and containing dishes and cooking utensils. "What are these for?" I asked. "They are the houses we build for the abode of a departed spirit until it is admitted to the Happy Hunting Grounds," one resident explained.

Reading the King James Version of the Bible to a band of stone-age men constituted quite a problem, so I took the liberty of translating it into terms of their own experience. Thus the Parable of the Good Samaritan became in my version the Story of the Good American. "Once upon a time," I read aloud with open Bible in hand, "an Indian Chief set out to walk along the Alaska Highway

to his village when he was set upon by a bear who left him half dead by the roadside. Along came a Hudson's Bay trader who passed by on the other side; then came a Mountie who looked and left in a hurry. At last there came along a Good American who stopped his Buick, gave first aid and then took the Chief to the nearest motel, paying for his board until he recovered." Likewise Esau's venison became moosemeat and the changing of the water into wine became the changing of water into potlatch. The Indians listened to my version of Holy Writ like children entranced.

The Yukon Indian has two main ambitions in life other than that of mere subsistence. The first is to buy, borrow or steal a Model-T Ford. Having obtained it he develops remarkable mechanical abilities in keeping it on the road. His second ambition is to get his own back on the white man. For this he can hardly be blamed when one considers the dreadful psychological as well as material harm that has been done to his people. Since the federal government established an Indian Agent for these Yukon bands their position has improved. Boarding schools have been established for all Indian children willing to attend, where they are taught to read and write, though not much else. In addition each band has a white nurse to look after their minor ailments and medical treatment is provided in the Yukon and elsewhere free of charge. Until an effort is made to integrate these people into the white man's economic system, however, such welfare services as they now receive may do more harm than good, by reducing the Indian to a ward of the government. Having undermined his old culture-pattern, the least the white man can do is to give the Indian an equal opportunity to work alongside his white brothers. I regret to say I found a definite colour bar amongst the Yukon whites. Thus one Indian girl who had gone out to Vancouver for training as a nurse was unable to find work in the one decent hospital in the Yukon. No Indian was allowed to buy liquor. Worst of all, the police authorities turned a blind eye to the gross sexual exploitation of Indian girls by trash white men. I came across numerous cases of Indian girls who had lived faithfully with white men and had been deserted. If the R.C.M.P. applied the existing laws regarding desertion and non-support, instead of ignoring them

as they now do, I feel sure the Indian girls would be better treated by white men. During my four years in the Yukon I must have baptized over forty half-breed babies whose white fathers had deserted their Indian mothers. Let no one in Canada deceive himself. The South Africans are not the only people in the British Commonwealth who go in for apartheid policies. We have racial discrimination right here in Canada. Within the new Bill of Rights let provision be made for the just and equal treatment of our Indian and Eskimo population.

The high light of my first summer as a missionary was the rodeo which Van Biber put on for the benefit of the white tenderfeet of Whitehorse who drove out in large numbers for the occasion. The sight of these ungainly Yukon horses trying to race and jump had me in fits as I thought of the elegant mares of British agricultural shows. I hasten to add that no British horse could hope to compete with these Yukon steeds when it comes to scaling mountain slopes. I have seen Yukon horses walking down sixty degree slopes as easily as if they were travelling on level ground. One American hunter became so scared by his horse doing this that he refused to budge another foot until a helicopter came to take him out. When Van Biber, who was M.C., walked off with every event and then awarded himself the trophy, a keg of 150 over proof rum, I could have died with mirth, as I nearly did die of the rum.

In addition to ministering to the spiritual needs of my Indian flock I also held services at various Army Maintenance Camps along the Alaska Highway up to the Alaska-Yukon border. By 1950 the up-keep of the Alaska Highway had been transferred into the hands of civilian construction crews who were allowed to live with their families. Each camp was self-contained, having its own store, school and recreation hall which served as our church. Attached to these camps were telegraph posts and oil-pumping stations operated by Federal Government workers, as well as independently run motels. Thus I could expect a reasonable turnout for services, all Protestants being welcome as no other Protestant church at this time made provision for looking after these Yukon settlers. My jalopy broke down in June, so I could only visit these various camps by hitchhiking or going by bus. By the end of that first summer I must have

hitch-hiked over ten thousand miles up and down the Alaska Highway. The only way I could obtain rides was by donning cassock and bell. So many American tourists had been robbed that they were very reluctant to offer lifts except to missionaries. As soon as a car approached I would rush out into the middle of the highway frantically ringing my bell. Most drivers stopped and gave me a ride. In 1950 many Americans were going to Alaska looking for work so the traffic was quite heavy, possibly twenty cars passing each hour. Unfortunately quite a few Americans found themselves stranded before they reached the Alaskan border for lack of funds with which to purchase gas and oil. As a result the Canadian authorities had to tighten up the regulations by insisting that all American workers en route to Alaska post bonds to pay for the towing charges should their vehicles become stranded. In addition to civilian vehicles thus left beside the road there were the original construction "caterpillars" and bulldozers. I was told that the urgency to complete the Highway had been so great during 1941-1942 that machines which broke down had been abandoned rather than any time wasted in their repair. As a result the cost for building the original road has been estimated as high as a dollar an inch. One enterprising business man after the war bought all this stranded equipment for a song, repaired it and made his fortune by selling it.

I returned to Vancouver at the end of that summer and entered the Anglican Theological College of British Columbia. After Cambridge student life I found the campus of the University of British Columbia a tremendous but most enjoyable change. In 1951 summer jobs had been plentiful so that most of the students returned to university with plenty of funds. One amazed me by earning over \$3,000 working on a salmon seiner fishing off the B.C. coasts. He could afford to run an English Austin A-40; a privilege denied to Cambridge students who are only allowed to operate a bicycle.

At the end of my first year I again volunteered for service in the Yukon and was posted to Teslin, Mile 804, Alaska Highway, named after beautiful Teslin Lake which means "long waters". This name certainly fits, for the lake is eighty-five miles in length. Teslin Lake formed part of the "Stikine Trail" to the Klondike. Gold

seekers landed at Wrangell, Alaska, and small river steamers brought them up the Stikine to Telegraph Creek. Then, one hundred and fifty miles overland, they reached the headwaters of Teslin Lake, where they built rough boats to carry them to Dawson City by way of the Teslin and Yukon Rivers. Dangerous and tedious, this route nevertheless avoided the infamous Chilkoot Pass and the awful rapids of Miles Canyon. Until the Highway was built Teslin was only accessible by river boat. However this did not prevent the local Thlingit Indians from enjoying motorcar rides. An enterprising chief bought himself a Model-T Ford in 1931 and had it delivered by boat. After cutting a mile long road in the bush he used to charge his people so much a ride. In winter the car was taken out on to the lake where bets would be made as to the number of yards the car would skid when the brakes were applied.

Upon my arrival in early May, 1951, I found a beautiful American blonde ensconced in my log-cabin. I asked her if she was to be my squaw. "No," she haughtily replied, "I've been living here all winter with your Archbishop's permission doing anthropology field research amongst your Indians." That same evening, I regret to say, she moved out. However, she did leave me provided with some wood and water. Up in the Yukon it is necessary to cut your own wood and pack your own water. I spent a pleasant summer repairing the mission house built twenty years before by Bishop Geddes. Two events stand out in my memory of that first summer in Teslin. The first was taking the census. To earn some extra money I offered to take the 1951 Canadian census along 200 miles of the Alaska Highway. I spent the week of June 25th to July 1st counting 170 souls between Lower Post and Teslin. I had to laugh when I asked one Indian living in a dirty old tent if he had a "fridge," a radio, a bath, a toilet, etc. "What do you take me for, a fool?" he replied.

The other outstanding incident was the first Indian burial I had to perform. The ex-Indian witch-doctor, Jake Jackson by name, died and I was called upon to make the arrangements for burial and take his funeral. As he had lived with six children in a one-roomed house, we decided to let his body rest in our little mission church by the side of the lake, while a coffin was brought in from Whitehorse

a hundred miles away. Meanwhile Raven Totem had to dig his grave. For this service the Raven Totem would be allowed to keep all the deceased's moveable effects. The first evening I went over to the church to see that everything was in order. Much to my amazement I discovered a haversack of food at Jake's feet and a bottle of rum at his head. I rushed out of the church and asked the Chief of the Band the meaning of this sacrilege. "Good Indian custom," he informed me. I replied that it might well be, but suppose the bishop arrived in the middle of proceedings, what then? Might it not be a good idea to conceal the haversack and the bottle, so that if the bishop did not see them with his eyes he would not grieve about them in his heart? Would the said haversack and bottle be placed out of sight on the day of the funeral? The Chief said they would. After the coffin arrived we placed Jake, now stinking like Lazarus, in his box. I turned the other way while the bottle and the haversack were reverently placed in their proper positions fore and aft. Then we proceeded with burial. As we lowered him into his grave I could hear the bottle rattling and thought to myself what a horrible waste of good material. To my knowledge the bottle is still beside Jake as his body moulders in the grave. When infants are buried the custom is to deposit a bottle of milk.

Just as these Thlingit Indians have fused their own burial customs with Christian customs so they have syncretized Indian mythology and Christian theology. I discovered that they identified their own demiurge Crow with the Johannine Logos as well as equating a great flood in their own traditions with that recorded in Genesis. In fact they were convinced that Noah had landed upon the Three Ace mountains just across Lake Teslin. Far from discouraging such syncretism, I encouraged it as I believe Christ Himself would do. Until the fulness of the mystery of Christ has been filled out by all peoples in terms of their own traditions I do not believe we shall be in a position to comprehend the glory and greatness of Christ. Let us indeed interpret the Person of Christ in terms of such Greek and Latin concepts as *ousia*, *hypostasis* and *substantia*, but let us not deny a like right to the Indians as they seek to understand the divine mysteries of Creation and Redemption.

I returned to Vancouver in September to complete my training for the priesthood. Soon afterwards I became engaged to a girl I had met at a coffee party after the annual service of our college in one of the city churches. Apparently my future wife had stood outside Buckingham Palace on VJ-night while I had attempted to scale the railings with two other sailors in celebration. Naturally we found other things in common. She wanted to go to China as a missionary with the China Inland Mission but was willing to compromise by joining me in my labours amongst the Yukon Indians. We were married a few days after my ordination as deacon. In reply to the toast to the bride I related the wonderful story about Bishop Bompas, the first Anglican missionary ever to venture into the Yukon. It seems the good Bishop once arrived amongst some Indians and found to his dismay that no one in the band had been baptized, confirmed or married. So he proceeded without further ado to baptize, confirm and unite each couple in Holy Matrimony. After the mammoth service which lasted five hours, the good Bishop asked the Chief which part of the service his people had enjoyed the most. "Well, Bishop," the Chief replied, "we all liked being baptized, better still we enjoyed being confirmed, but best of all we just loved being remarried according to the ways of Mother Church." "Why did you all prefer the marriage service?" the Bishop asked suspiciously. "Because we all got new wives," answered the Chief with a wicked twinkle in his eye.

After a glorious honeymoon on Vancouver Island I returned to Yukon Territory with my lovely bride, arriving at Teslin just in time for the big thaw. When my wife asked me for the house-keeping allowance I explained I was broke but that it did not matter as the Store Trader would give us credit. And so we lived for the rest of our time in the North. Our contributions to the furnishings of the mission house were one rolling-pin and a jerry-pot. The Bishop of Yukon, the Right Reverend Tom Greenwood who had succeeded Archbishop Adams, had to buy us a new mattress as the old one contained large rain-soaked holes. In September my wife was appointed a Government school teacher. To my disgruntlement she received \$2,700 a year while I got \$2,200. Unfortunately she had

to resign at the end of December when we discovered she was pregnant. We were horrified; where would we put the baby? The bedroom was only big enough for a bed and a chair. We solved the problem by putting Marjorie to sleep in the living-room, which now served the purposes of dining-room, lounge, library-study and nursery as well as toilet.

For her confinement my wife went into Whitehorse at the beginning of January and left me to fend for myself for six weeks until the birth of our baby on February 12th, 1953. Except for those voyages to Murmansk, these six weeks at the beginning of 1953 were the most miserable in my life. For one thing my flock had dispersed into the bush to look after their trap lines. For another I nearly froze to death. Nobody had told me to expect temperatures of between sixty and eighty below zero. It is impossible to describe the intensity of the cold, except by illustration. I once took a kettle of boiling hot water and threw it outside; it had frozen by the time it reached the ground. Gasoline turned to slush in cans and whisky froze in bottles. Each morning we would wake to find frost from our breathing upon the pillows. The drinking water I had to dig for through four feet of ice over the lake with the wind howling in my ears. By the time I carried two buckets up to the cabin they had almost frozen solid. We tried melting snow to drink but it tasted vile. How the Indians endured such weather out in the open bush amazed us. They would live in tents and go around in moccasins. Our sense of isolation increased tenfold during the long drawn out winter and we were only kept sane by the weekly arrival by bus of mail and magazines. Most of the time we relied upon artificial light, as the sun shone only four or five hours a day. However, radio reception improved during the winter and we were able to pick up KNBC from San Francisco, whose all-night classical music programmes reminded us of happier days. We were disgusted that we could never pick up the CBC in the Yukon as they only broadcast with a power of 10,000 watts compared to the American station's 50,000 watts. The Indians and Eskimos, we found, tuned in to Radio Moscow's English broadcasts as they could not get any Canadian station.

By the end of March my congregation would begin drifting back from the trap lines, some by chartered planes, some with dog-drawn toboggans filled to capacity with moose meat and caribou as well as beaver and silver and red fox skins. During the years 1951-1954 the bottom had fallen out of the fur market and my Indians complained bitterly that British fur merchants were buying from Russia rather than from Canada. Rather than depend upon the impersonal mechanisms of the fur market many Indians have taken up jobs geared to the local economy, such as construction work on the big federal projects going up all over the Yukon, as well as work with the mining and development corporations which have been swarming all over the Yukon seeking out its great mineral resources. The younger generation of Indians and half-breeds are tending to depart more and more from Indian customs, culture and language. Old grandmothers shake their heads ruefully when they admit that many of their grandchildren can barely speak or understand their mother tongue. I was reminded of similar observations of African grandmothers living in the Belgian Congo, made to my own father and mother just before the last war. Where is this awful process of the westernization of the world going to finish? Can we expect a world of mass men all thinking the same torpid thoughts and doing the same dingy things? I hardly think that was the Creator's intention when He made us of different colours, races and languages. Let us in Canada at any rate stop treating our Indians and Eskimos like an inferior race and begin respecting their own cultural heritage. After all they have as much right to their traditions as do the French and the British in Canada. With all due respect to our participation in the Colombo Plan let us do something about the under-developed people in our own country. Charity begins at home. But our Indians and Eskimos do not want our charity. They want justice and the right to be treated as full and equal citizens of our democracy.

THE NEW BOOKS

The North

THE DESPERATE PEOPLE. By Farley Mowat. With woodcuts by Rosemary Kilbourn. Boston & Toronto: Little, Brown & Co. 1959. Pp. xii + 305. \$5.00.

In 1952 Mr. Mowat published *The People of the Deer*, written in anger at the plight — as he saw it in 1947-8 — of the Ihalmiut, the People of the Little Hills, a fragment of the inland Eskimo (Innuits). Now, Mr. Mowat traces the fortunes of the Ihalmiut through the ten years between his first meeting with them and the time in August 1958 when he next saw them at Eskimo Point reduced to "a handful of confused, despairing individuals deported from their land, ignorant and apathetic about their future." Mr. Mowat's object is to tell how in the course of time Eskimo families, tribes, communities were decimated by white man's diseases; how they were edged out of their land and their primordial relation with the caribou destroyed by firearms and the cupidity of the traders; and how the police, government officials, and clergy, no less than the traders, failed to secure the lives and livelihood of a people not numerous but simple, skilled, hardy, self-reliant, and honourable.

At the beginning of the 20th century the Innuits were perhaps the largest cohesive group of Eskimo in existence, and numbered about 2,000. Unlike the coastal Eskimo, who draw their life from the sea, the lives of the Innuits depended upon a fine adjustment to the caribou which, providing clothing and shelter as well as food, made it possible for them to winter on the treeless Barren Ground. Once that adjustment was broken their fate was sealed; once the caribou were diminished and became fickle, the process of attrition moved rapidly. By 1920 the Innuits had shrunk to about 400; and of these the Ihalmiut, living north of Nueltin Lake and round about Ennadai, were the largest and most important group. In 1929 the whole Nowleye River band of Eskimo died of hunger; by 1932 there were only 200 Ihalmiut altogether; in 1940 the last trader withdrew from the area; in 1942

forty-four people — a third of the total surviving population — died of starvation at Ennadai Lake. In 1950-1 twenty-two people died of starvation at Padlei.

By 1946 all that was left of the Ihalmiut was a group of about 60 people, stubbornly clinging to their ancestral hunting grounds among the lakes north-east of Ennadai. The final fate of that group can be baldly told from Mr. Mowat's record of the names of all the people alive in 1946, all that were born since that date, and the fate of each up to September 1958. In all 111 people are entered in the list; twenty-eight of these were born in 1946 or later. Only fifty-three of the 111 were alive in 1958; of those who had died only eight had died of natural causes or at birth; twenty had died of exposure and starvation, seventeen of epidemic disease. The story of the Ihalmiut in those ten years is a terrible one. The caribou failed and would never recover. The whole way of life of the inland Eskimo was shattered and no substitute could be found: even their self-reliance and spirit began to fail. A few men on the spot, witnessing their distress — three young half-breed trappers, a group of Army meteorologists at the Ennadai radio station, a post manager at Padlei — did what they could in providing food, shelter, and clothing when, winter by winter, the situation became crucial; but they were improvising without experience or resources, and their efforts were never enough. Sometimes in reply to requests for help some food would be sent but no ammunition; and more often than not the lack of ammunition (no longer to be bought now the traders had left) was the most serious element in the Eskimo situation. Attempts to solve the problem by moving the Eskimo were ill-advised; the removal to a fishing venture on Nueltin Lake — in the timber, among their ancestral enemies the Indians — was a failure within a matter of days; another planned migration took them into country where they knew there never had been and never would be caribou. Except for one good season when the caribou returned, the story of the Ihalmiut is a relentless cycle of disease, death, despair, perplexity. The story of Kikik's murder of Ootek and her journey to Padlei with her

five children shows to what crazy extremity their condition sometimes brought them.

Very occasionally — in the superb and horrible account of the ordeal of Kikik, and from time to time in the broken story of the conflict between Pommela and Owliktuk — Mr. Mowat, subdued momentarily by the circumstances of his tale and by the Eskimo themselves, writes with the reticence and strength of truth. Then the Ihalmiut — in their small numbers, in the inconsequence of their setting and fate — become one of the many symbols that haunt us these days (very properly) with an acute sense of guilt: the symbol of what is gentle, disinterested, skilful, vulnerable, destroyed by predatory greed or allowed by carcinomatous indifference to die. But out of the fourteen chapters in this book only three chapters, and parts of two others, reach that order of achievement. For the rest Mr. Mowat feels impelled to harp upon vaguely substantiated charges of ignorance, neglect, and incompetence in high places. Perhaps he is right: in fact, the ammunition did not arrive, the caribou failed, and the people suffered and died. But stridency and the coarse emotive techniques of persuasion do not establish the reliability of a witness; and his attack loses much of its point when we are told at the end of the book of the excellent arrangements made for the Ihalmiut at Rankin Inlet in 1958.

That the fate of the Canadian Eskimo needs intelligent and compassionate handling is beyond question; and Mr. Mowat in his sympathetic understanding of this small group shows in what a delicate balance any successful solution must stand. But he goes a very long way towards destroying a small but eloquent claim by his fretful and deliberate importuning of your sympathy, and by rough-hewing history and anthropology — and then the interpretation of contemporary fact and policy — to his own polemical purpose; in the end we begin to doubt and question everything he says about anything unless the evidence clearly comes (as in the story of Kikik) from another source. The long unfocused purple patch which opens the book impresses Mr. Mowat so much that he repeats it (only slightly truncated) in an Epilogue. The dullest and slackest parts of this uneven book are those where the author seems most self-conscious and is most deliberately trying to affect his reader. It is a pity that Mr.

Mowat's genuine feeling for the People of the Little Hills should diffract him so often into the dreary gimmickry of blunderbus persuasion. For the few well-written chapters show that the story of the Ihalmiut is noble and terrible enough to demand in a writer worthy of the theme the virtues of modesty, restraint, and dignity.

GEORGE WHALLEY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST: ITS POTENTIALITIES. Symposium presented to the Royal Society of Canada in 1958. Edited by Frank H. Underhill. Published for the Society by University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. vi + 104 + map in pocket. \$4.00.

The Royal Society of Canada deserves commendation for its timely arrangement last summer of a scholarly symposium on the Canadian Northwest, embracing the following subjects and contributors: "Introduction" (Abbé Antoine d'Eschambault); "An Engineering Assessment" (Robert F. Legget); "Assessment by a Geographer" (William C. Wonders); "Minerals and Fuels" (A. J. Lang and R. J. W. Douglas); "Biological Potentialities" (D. S. Rawson); "The Resources Future" (D. B. Turner); "A Prelude to Self-Government; the Northwest Territories 1905-1939" (Morris Zaslow); and a Preface by Frank H. Underhill.

A symposium is bound to be uneven and somewhat repetitious, especially when each contribution is prepared independently and without prior consultation among the authors. However, the repetition that becomes a tedium — the delimitation of the Northwest by each contributor to the discussions, the recurrent cataloguing of renewable and non-renewable natural resources particularly in northern portions of the provinces beyond latitude 55° — follows naturally from this lack of prior consultation, as do in part the omissions that leave the volume short of a well-rounded study of recent developments in the Canadian Northwest. Had further time in the Society's crowded programme been allotted to the theme of the symposium, additional papers

might well have laid a more adequate national and international setting by analyzing the reasons for the accelerated momentum of postwar development of Canada's Northland, or given some attention to the original inhabitants of the Northland for whose welfare the Government and people of Canada are at last showing exceptional concern, or widened the delimitations of the Northwest to permit more discussion of the strategically important Canadian Arctic Archipelago.

But, if the amount of integrated planning behind the symposium was hardly worthy of the theme, the individual papers are both scholarly and informative, often sobering in their economics and yet at times inspiring in their vision of the possible future. A few examples will serve to illustrate these qualities and also perhaps whet the appetite of the reader.

The engineer's assessment of the potentialities of the Northwest excels when discussing the economic aspects of transportation, of building and of resource development. Transportation itself is the key and especially so where "heavy engineering construction is involved, requiring a variety of materials, equipment and man-power". The design and construction of the Dew Line showed what could be done by the engineer and builder in the North and yet the requirements of resource development are in these respects not dissimilar to those of defence. The difference arises (we are reminded) when economics have to be considered in any venture where defence is not an imperative! "It will," concludes the engineer, "require strong economic incentives to produce any major increase in population in the Northwest and this can arise only from mineral development. . . . And mineral development is usually a strictly economic proposition." Not forgetful of the sensitivity to external factors, both Canadian and international, he continues: "If the Northwest can produce minerals that can compete, in the markets of the world, with minerals produced elsewhere after allowing for all transportation costs, the Northwest may advance rapidly. . . ." (p. 21)

The most able and authoritative study of minerals and fuels by the joint authors from the Geological Survey of Canada likewise emphasizes, among others, the intense competitive aspect of the industry. They

consider that "excepting occasional spectacular finds, increase in the production of minerals will depend mainly on increase in national or international demands. The greatest uncertainty seems therefore to be not in the ultimate potential but in the rate of growth of the demands. Under present conditions the most favourable discoveries would be those of unusually high metal contents or specifications and discoveries of metals and minerals not being produced now in sufficient amounts for present markets. The extent to which fuel potentialities are developed will depend largely on the requirements of the Northwest, and will be augmented as demands in other parts of Canada or elsewhere warrant."

Given the new confidence of both Government and industry in the vast resource potential of the North, the expensively acquired experience of technical personnel resulting from the defence programme, and a new and realistic appreciation of the strategic significance of Northern Canada, not to mention the vision, enthusiasm and efficiency of present officials of the Department of Northern Affairs and Natural Resources constituted in December 1953 to demonstrate the nation's increasing interest in the North, Canada's newly expanding economic frontier — portrayed so well in this little volume — has given the nation a second dimension that may yet make our Northland a bridge to greater international understanding and good will!

C. C. LINGARD

DOMINION BUREAU OF STATISTICS

ESKIMO. By Edmund Carpenter. Illustrated by F. H. Varley. University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. 60. \$4.95.

This is a book of pictures with long captions, and some detached notes, surrounded by plenty of white space to set off the illustrations and blocks of type. The designer has obviously had fun with it. The pages are of the unusual dimensions of 11" by 12" and while most are anything but crowded, some are completely blank. The printing is finely done on excellent coated stock.

Its appeal to the general reader lies chiefly in Varley's beautiful sketches — some in colour — made in 1938 when he was a passenger aboard the Hudson's Bay Company supply ship *Nascopie*. Dr. Carpenter's text is limited to his observations of the Aivilik, a group on Southampton Island, and one cannot help thinking how amazed the simple Eskimos would be if they could (a) read it, and (b) understand it.

A hunter stalking a seal, for instance, "participates in seal-ness." The explanation of the Eskimo's famed mechanical ability "lies in the overall picture of Aivilik time-space orientation . . . Aivilik do not conceptually separate space and time, but see a situation or a machine as a dynamic process." And again: "Among the Eskimo, where reality is thought to exist outside of, and irrespective of, man, the speaker imposes his will diffidently upon unbounded reality."

Besides Varley's drawings and water-colours, there are several photographs — some of them composites — of ivory carvings collected by Robert Flaherty. But to give him equal "billing" with Carpenter and Varley, just because he collected them, seems to savour of name-dropping. Attempts have been made to supply some of the figures with natural backgrounds, which is unfortunate.

Although the book is concerned largely with Eskimo art, there are no pictures of stone sculptures. Perhaps this was deliberately done, since the latter are often seen and often illustrated, while few carvers of today work in ivory.

White men who have lived for many years in the Arctic and who know the Eskimo well will probably be disappointed in this book (except for Varley's work, which should delight them). And they will hardly agree with the statement in the author's first sentence that "the Arctic has no favorable qualities."

CLIFFORD P. WILSON

CALGARY

Canadiana

A PAINTER'S COUNTRY. By A. Y. Jackson Toronto: Clarke, Irwin and Company Limited. 1958. Pp. 170. \$5.00.

The undulations of this narrative correspond, I feel, to the brush strokes caressing the snow banks and drifts of a Quebec landscape. Reading his autobiography one is struck by the fact that Jackson's years of apprenticeship in lithography, and the many hours spent in reading, gave him the fundamentals of his work: a strong sense of design with clarity and simplicity of colour, and self-reliance to discover himself and make his unique contribution to art.

Mr. Jackson's descriptive charm seems best in "Quebec." The winter landscape, golden from the lowering sun, picking up the patterns of drifting snow fence and distant mountains — all held together and rendered bright by the long cobalt blue shadows of evening. After a long tramp back to the village hotel he finds Monsieur Lafleur turning the pages of "Le Soleil" as the only interruption of the silent and somnolent evening; but when Albert Robinson, his painter friend, arrives, lively times follow. Or again in "Camping and Canoeing," with reminiscences of Dr. James MacCallum, he presents with a very sure hand the delicate relationship of artist and patron. The islands around Split Rock furnished the landscape which inspired the Group during its best creative days of the twenties. Indeed with Lismer's "September Gale," Varley's "Georgian Bay Squall," and Jackson's "Tadenac" the painters show a unity of purpose rarely seen in art.

Jackson has much to say in this book about the evolution of the idea that Canadian painting should reflect *this country* and should not ape European fashion. This country to Jackson is not so much its people as its landscape. His trip abroad and other influences had made him see through the eyes of the Impressionists the importance of landscape painting. An incident in Greenland while on a stop in the Arctic journey, so well described, illustrates the point: ". . . and while Harris and I hurried along the shore to paint some stranded icebergs the whole town became a scene of gaiety." His choice of subject is typical here — the stranded iceberg against the warmth and gaiety of the people. This unity of purpose

is what made Jackson a great painter and makes this book such good reading.

ANDRE BIELER

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

LA PRESENCE ANGLAISE ET LES CANADIENS: ETUDES SUR L'HISTOIRE ET LA PENSEE DES DEUX CANADAS. By Michel Brunet. Montreal: Beachem. 1958. Pp. 292.

M. Brunet is a tremendous, downright, nonsense fellow who loves to brush aside old notions, old sentimentalities and all the new writers, except his own group. He writes well and puts forward some interesting points of view. I wish he could abide being merely a scholar. His analysis of the sociology of a minority shows what he could do. His published work, however, portrays him mainly as an exhorter, a polemicist, a man who is conscious that his world is out of joint and thinks he knows why, but who has little plan for setting it right.

The present book consists of reprinted articles or lectures of a semi-popular nature, mostly reprints. "La Présence Anglaise à l'époque de la Nouvelle-France" rightly makes of the conquest the leading event in Canadian history. As to "La Conquête anglaise et la déchéance de la bourgeoisie canadienne (1760-1793)", which had already appeared as a serious historical study, here again, a general point may be allowed: the strings of the fur-trade did fall into English hands. But much lies beyond that. How much had the fur trade itself amounted to? "One ship a year" an English pamphleteer of the time had exclaimed, in arguing against the importance of retaining Canada as against Guadeloupe. Mr. Rich, the official historian of the Hudson's Bay Company, makes no further claim to the importance of that company at the time than its recognition as a well-managed, but comparatively small commercial firm in London. And yet its business was probably just as great as that of New France. If the Canadian bourgeoisie fell down in 1760-1793, it did not have far to fall, nor had it ever had many members. The industrial and commercial structure of the little colony remained weak

to the end. M. Brunet would do well to extend his reading much further afield if he is to discover some of the major reasons for the failure of his people to take their place for so long in commercial areas. Has he worked through the English Canadian writings on the fur trade, such as those of the late Harold Innis? Is he familiar with the theses of Weber, Troeltsch, Tawney and the rest? Does he suspect the connection between commercial success and religion? If he wishes to understand the English world and his own, let him begin with Calvinism.

In another essay, "Trois Dominantes de la Pensée canadienne-française: l'agriculture, l'anti-étatisme et le messianisme", M. Brunet is at his myth-destroying best. The present writer has recently had a good deal to say about the never-never land created in French Canada since the conquest, the myth of the good old days: M. Brunet speaks from within. Here his realism is healthy, but it will not be popular among his own people. Yet in other essays he seems to line himself up in the same way, and blame everything on the conquest. Self-knowledge is painful. M. Brunet is contributing to the self-knowledge of French Canada, but he, too, finds what he sees too painful to contemplate in its entirety.

When all the myths lie about in fragments, M. Brunet insists that there remains in this country the great, the over-riding, fact of two "collectivities". This is his main theme. French in Quebec, English in the rest of the country (for French outside Quebec are just "immigrants" doomed to become *anglais*), "l'état provinciale" (a phrase constantly on his lips), "l'état fédérale," the one French, the other English, two nations warring in a single state—this phrase of Durham's, with variations, he also often avails himself of. He presents a peculiar mixture of pride and humility. He insists, almost stridently, on the autonomy of l'état provinciale, out-Duplessising Duplessis, but he also asserts the necessity of a minority knowing its place, knowing that it cannot coerce the majority but must accept its dictates. He carries his tribalism so far as to assert that members of the minority group should have the least possible to do with members of the majority. He thinks that a French-speaking Canadian in high office such as the Prime Ministership offers merely a snare and delusion to his

people, who ought to recognize that the English Canadians, regardless of who is Prime Minister, govern the country. He is most suspicious of bilingualism among English-Canadians, as this leads to penetrating the fortress of language and dispenses with the need in business and the civil service of bilingual French-Canadians. In short, Canada is two nations with a little convenient governmental machinery at Ottawa serving both of them.

He is equally hard on the response in Quebec to the industrialism of the modern world. The newer labour movements, with their faddy intellectuals from Laval at their head are, in his view, just rather ridiculous — to the scrap-heap with them, too.

In so far as I know French Canada, I cannot feel that his extreme positions will meet with a great deal of sympathy beyond the group in the University of Montreal with which he is associated. In the controversial session of the Canadian Historical Association which was held in that institution some years ago, that group found little support from the French-speaking Canadians present.

M. Brunet, in short, is such a thorough-going realist that he is not a realist at all.

A. R. M. LOWER

COLLIN'S BAY

HIGHWAY OF DESTINY. By J. P. Bertrand. New York: Vantage Press. Toronto: Wm. Foulsham of Canada, Ltd. 1959. Pp. 301. \$5.00.

In 1957 the City of Port Arthur celebrated its centennial: one hundred years previous to that date, something like settlement began on the site, though the municipality did not come into existence for a number of years. The centennial was marked by an imposing and beautiful pageant, staged nightly by some five hundred actors in costume. The words were supplied by the author of the present book, Mr. J. P. Bertrand. The spectacle provided a dignified and interesting nucleus for an occasion which in other places is too often made into an occasion merely for the growing of beards and the holding of a procession of advertising floats.

J. P. Bertrand is a French-speaking Canadian, originally from Deux Montagnes, who has made his home at the lakehead for many years. He is a self-educated man who has accumulated a large library (which he has read, incidentally) and an enormous fund of historical information about the early days at the lakehead, especially those of the French régime. He may be compared with Mr. F. G. Roe whose book on the buffalo has become a classic, and all without benefit of the Ph.D.

Mr. Bertrand's book, written in English and good English, presents the local history of Port Arthur, Fort William and neighborhood from aboriginal days to the present. In accordance with the author's interests, it is most extensive on the period of the fur trade, tracing the story of the explorers, the French-English rivalries and the Hudson's Bay and North West Company rivalries in interesting fashion and some detail, in the course of which some French explorers little known to English Canadians, such as De Noyon, are given their deserts. It is in locating the sites of the French posts around the western end of Lake Superior that the book makes its most original contribution.

The second half has to do with the succession of staple products upon which modern Canada has been built, minerals, lumber, pulp and paper, wheat. Mr. Bertrand gives a vivid picture of the place in this long chain of the "gateway" which the lakehead so conspicuously forms.

It is interesting to have this account of Canadian development from the French-speaking side of the house: not that racial considerations enter its pages, but for the things that are taken for granted by the one group, neglected by the other. Here is a picture with more humanity in it, less gold-bearing quartz rock than if it had come from the English side. This shows up in particular chapters such as those dealing with the Riel episodes.

Altogether, a pleasant and useful book, well-printed and attractive in appearance. And though regrettably brought out by an American publisher, without the host of typographical errors that so frequently occur in books published in Canada.

A. R. M. LOWER

COLLIN'S BAY

Asia and Africa

SOCIAL FORCES IN SOUTHEAST ASIA.
By Cora Du Bois. Cambridge: Harvard
University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald
Saunders. 1959. Pp. 78. \$3.25.

This small book of Smith College Lectures by Cora Du Bois, the Zemurray-Stone Radcliffe Professor of Anthropology at Harvard University, received a number of favourable reviews when it was first published in 1949, and since then it has been included in some of the major bibliographical studies of Southeast Asia. It is composed of three chapters, setting forth the concepts of social anthropology, the history of Southeast Asia down to 1940, and a series of prophecies for the future of the region.

In the course of her comments on the history of Southeast Asia Professor Du Bois launches some barbed comments at the way Westerners apply European experiences to the very different cultures and histories of Indonesia, Malaya and the Philippines. She warns us that "... totalitarianism and racial hatreds have become synonymous to Europeans. If the label of totalitarianism is attached to Southeast Asian nations, the racist accusations will follow easily. . . ." She concludes that they stem "from projection mechanisms of our own." (p. 61-2). Whether true or not, such warnings which emphasize the dangers of fastening European assumptions onto Asian practices are worth having.

The book also contains some Delphic predictions as to the future of Southeast Asia, and Professor Du Bois urges the reader "to judge the worth of predictions that are possible if a multi-faceted knowledge of a region is used to forecast." (p. 4). The ambiguity of these predictions makes this challenge difficult to take up, but nonetheless her conjectures as to the future are useful in focusing attention on some of the factors which are shaping Southeast Asia. But having said that *Social Forces in Southeast Asia* provides some thought-provoking predictions as well as a warning against the careless projection of Western assumptions, one has exhausted the originality of the book.

The most glaring fault of the book is its lack of coherence. The first chapter is devoted to conventional definitions of the

more commonplace anthropological concepts which Professor Du Bois claims she will use in her analysis. When she begins her analysis in Chapter Two, she promptly discards her "conceptual tools" to give us a discursive history of the region, which continues on into Chapter Three. In the remainder of Chapter Three, she draws on her experience in the Office of Strategic Services and as chief of the Southern Area Branch, Office of Intelligence Research for the Department of State, to peer into the future. Her predictions are not logically developed from the concepts of anthropology with which she has introduced her book. They are not, as the dustcover claims, a "vivid example of the predictive ability of a sociological survey". They are, in fact, the result of a long-standing and intelligent interest in Southeast Asia.

From the holder of the Zemurray-Stone Radcliffe Professorship and sometime Fellow in the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, this lack of coherence is alarming. It suggests that she is so enthralled by the conceptualisations of anthropology that she must do obeisance to them whether or not they are used in her exposition. Perhaps even social anthropologists must have their tribal gods.

While it is embarrassingly easy to criticize a twelve-year-old book which deals with the present and the near future, Professor Du Bois' training, which she so dutifully acknowledges, might have led her to consider the character of political leadership in more detail. The composition and allegiances of these groups are of the highest importance for the immediate future of the area. Admittedly the range of choice before these politicians is narrowly circumscribed by the economic and social circumstances of their countries, but within these limitations, they are the dynamic and creative force in the region. The way they use their initiative is a matter of the deepest concern to the Western World.

In spite of faults of organisation and emphasis, Cora Du Bois' book is worth reading for it treats an area in the world which may become the Balkans of Asia, open to the aggressive ambitions of China and the hesitant defensive moves of India. It examines the rich and varied cultures from which may emerge a synthesis of Asian and Western experiences which could

provide the political model for the under-developed areas of the world.

BARRIE MORRISON

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

PORTUGUESE AFRICA. By James Duffy. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. Pp. vi + 389. \$8.75.

The rapid progress of African colonies toward self-government and independence raises the question of the future of the Portuguese possessions of Angola and Moçambique, which have long had the reputation of being the most backward and conservatively governed of all dependent territories on the continent.

Grounds for this reputation can be found in this objective and scholarly book, the only one of its kind in English. Mr. Duffy's thesis is that the Portuguese are attempting to perpetuate the past in the present and to project it into the future, but he doubts the possibility of maintaining a system based on a belief in the racial inferiority of the African in view of the strength of the forces of anti-colonialism and African nationalism sweeping the continent today. He finds it significant that "... the Portuguese and the Afrikaner are the only white inhabitants of black Africa who steadily refuse to consider the possibility of some day yielding to the demands of the African population."

In tracing the acquisition and development of the Portuguese territories from the time of Prince Henry, the Navigator, to the New State of the Salazar régime, Mr. Duffy is critical of many aspects of Portuguese policy and practice, and documents his criticism effectively, but at the same time he is scrupulously fair to those Portuguese administrators and missionaries who used such power as they had, within the limitations of the system under which they had to work, to improve the lot of the African. He is not impressed with the attempt of the present government to revive an imperial consciousness and build up a mystique of colonial administration. Too often there is a great discrepancy between principle

and practice. Though conditions in the colonies are slowly improving, the policy of cultural assimilation, on which the Portuguese pride themselves, is not, he feels, the answer to the demand for self-determination, and racial tension is growing.

A. C. COOKE

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Empire and Commonwealth

THE IMPERIAL IDEA AND ITS ENEMIES: A STUDY IN BRITISH POWER. By A. P. Thornton. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1959. Pp. xiv + 370. \$5.75.

THE BIRTH OF A DILEMMA: THE CONQUEST AND SETTLEMENT OF RHODESIA. By Philip Mason. London, New York and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1958. Pp. xi + 366. \$6.00.

The first of these books provides students of imperial history with a long-needed corrective to their preoccupation with economic factors. A. P. Thornton, who recently left King's College, Aberdeen, to fill the chair of history at the University College of the West Indies, expounds the thesis that the essence of politics is power and that, to the imperialists, the visible expression of Britain's status as a world power was not to be found in the balance sheets of the City nor in the grimy factories of the Midlands but in the extent and magnitude of its empire. He does not deny that some found the shouldering of the white man's burden financially profitable, nor that the radical and socialist critics of imperialism made a respectable case when they pointed out this fact to an audience which became increasingly receptive as the present century progressed. What he asserts is that the ordinary servant of empire and the ordinary British taxpayer made their contributions toward the maintenance and expansion of the bounds of empire because they equated the object of their faith with service, not gain. Britain's power should be enhanced because British power would be

exercised on the side of right and justice. The establishment of British authority in a backward area would expose the inhabitants of that region to the benefits of the most highly developed form of western civilization.

The author explains how the imperial idea reached the high point of its popularity after one of its more colourful devotees, General Gordon, achieved his martyrdom at Khartoum in early 1885 and how the ranks of its supporters thinned during the twentieth century, while those of its critics swelled. The discrepancy between the theory and practice of imperialism which was apparent in such adventures as the Boer War and in the projected divisions of imperial spoils discussed during the first world war—points so assiduously publicized by the critics of imperialism—disillusioned many of the faithful. Opposition to the imperial idea was also inherent in the growing national self-consciousness of the citizens of the dominions and in the racial nationalism which after 1918 inspired so many Indians and other non-European subjects of the Crown. A manifestation of postwar disillusionment in Britain itself was the hazy cosmopolitanism of many of those who then focused their hopes on the League of Nations. Such people saw national power, the *raison d'être* of imperialism, as a force for evil rather than for good. After examining the effects of each of these antagonists on the imperial idea Thornton recounts the results of their combined assault on the small garrison of convinced imperialists during the last three decades.

The book abounds in stimulating insights and in statements of important points too frequently neglected. The author shows that ultimately the pursuit of the imperial idea meant the exercise of military force: not merely the maintenance of a large navy, which British public opinion accepted, but of its more sinister sister service, the army. The nation of shopkeepers apparently received poor value for the money they spent on the army. Thornton asserts (p. 122) that in 1888 the British and Indian army expenditures were double those of the German army, but the Germans had nineteen army corps ready for the field and the British two. Even before the Boer War British generals were advocating conscription, thus cooling the ardour of many who regarded the adoption of such a policy as too high a

price for imperial greatness. The British were not trained to be a *Herrenvolk*. Not only did they suspect generals and disapprove of compulsory military service but they also possessed uneasy consciences and were proud of their institutions for self-government. Indian nationalists and other critics of imperialism thus could make much of such blots on the escutcheon of the British *Raj* as the Amritsar massacre. Britons at home could not deny indefinitely to their wards overseas the boon of governing (or misgoverning) themselves through parliamentary institutions.

Thornton's version of the development of the Commonwealth idea during the inter-war period is less heroic but possibly closer to the truth than are the commonly accepted versions of the liberal school of imperial historians or the nationalist school of English-Canadian historians.

Aphorisms sprinkled throughout this sprightly book often appear straining to leap from the printed page to an examination paper with the appended invitation for the candidate to "Discuss". Some, such as, "Patriotism may not necessarily be the last refuge of scoundrels, but very often it is the first platform of fools" (p. 75) need not be confined to papers on British Empire history. Thornton's observation that "... no imperialist ever seriously examined colonial ideas lest he should find they led him back along the path of different identity to that separation which he was determined to go on thinking was unthinkable" (p. 52) could also be applied to many imperial historians, but not to himself. Although most of his footnote references are to British sources the book is noteworthy in its rare appreciation of the viewpoints of the dwellers in the overseas portions of the empire. Unfortunately the book contains no bibliography.

Overseas readers will soon discover that the author does not intend to include them in the frequently used first personal plural pronoun. A Briton was writing to his fellow islanders. Do not let this fact deter you from reading one of the more successful attempts to explore this important theme in the history of ideas.

The second book under review is, in effect, a case study of the repercussions of one incident in the great age of imperial expansion. In 1890 the "Pioneers" of the British South Africa Company entered

Southern Rhodesia, technically on the sufferance of Lobengula, King of the Matebele. By 1898, following the Matebele War and the suppression of two subsequent native uprisings, the whites had established their position by force of arms and in this region the process was under way leading to one of the gravest unresolved problems of our day: the settlement of representatives of a more advanced culture in the midst of a larger population of a different race possessing a more primitive one. In such regions the methods of winding up colonial rule which have been followed in North America and Australia (where the settlers soon far outnumbered the indigenous peoples) or in Asia and West Africa (where no significant permanent white settlement occurred) do not apply. The authorities directing colonial affairs face a dilemma. To protect the interests of the natives they feel that they must restrict the right of self-government now normally accorded their compatriots overseas. The author, however, is more concerned with the dilemmas confronting the leaders of the white settlers. Should their community attempt to maintain its privileged position by force? Should their goal be the establishment of a caste system, *apartheid*, or a genuine partnership ready to grant equal rights to all civilized men? At the moment it seems politically advantageous on the short run to pander to the prejudices of those of the settler community whose sole badge of superiority is their fair skin rather than to take a stand which might retain among the growing native elite a measure of their fast-waning confidence in the good faith of the whites.

Although this book has a unity of its own it is designed as the introductory volume to a series of studies on the problem of racial tensions. Its author, Philip Mason, formerly of the Indian Civil Service (when he published under the pseudonym, Philip Woodruff) is now Director of the Institute of Race Relations, an offshoot of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. Those familiar with Mason's earlier works, such as *The Men Who Ruled India*, will not be disappointed in this book. He utilizes the recent studies of archeologists and anthropologists in his account of the development and probable degeneration of Bantu culture prior to the coming of the white settlers. He delves into the records

of the Colonial Office to reconstruct the unedifying story of the settlement and the conquest. For his account of the relations between conqueror and vanquished from 1898 to the end of the first world war (the story should be brought up to date in the promised second volume) he draws on his own earlier experience as a district officer as well as on newspaper files and the data derived from interviews. He presents his report in terms of recognizable individuals: Lobengula, who was powerless to escape the fate he foresaw for himself and his people; Dr. L. S. Jameson, who treated that native potentate's gout before he directed the military operations which were to deprive him of his land; and humbler folk such as Dumba, alias Sixpence, who was not given the benefit of reasonable doubt by a white jury when he fell afoul of the law. Mason retains his eye for the telling quotation. Consider the letter a settler who disapproved of educating natives wrote to the editor of the *Rhodesia Herald* in 1912 (p. 252): "If we educate him to plough, sow, and reap in the white man's way, we will very soon make him quite independent of the incentive to work, i.e. hunger. Our country will become a second India where there is no room for the white farmer or white man except as a civil servant."

The book does not make pleasant reading. The present *modus vivendi* is a product of fear, confusion regarding what constitutes a policy of enlightened self-interest, and often a genuine but sometimes ill-advised desire to do the right thing for the native. Is it too late to achieve a rational and mutually satisfactory solution?

K. A. MACKIRDY

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COMMONWEALTHMAN. By Caroline Robbins. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. Pp. 462. \$13.00.

In this almost encyclopedic study Professor Robbins attempts to trace the persistence of liberal thought between the Glorious and American Revolutions among

three generations of Real Whigs. She delineates the relationships between English, Irish, and Scottish contemporaries, their influence on disciples, and the modifications these students made in their political, economic and religious ideas. But disappointingly, despite extensive research, *The Eighteenth - Century Commonwealthman* seldom rises beyond the level of a reference book. We should look over the shoulder of James Harrington as he writes *Oceana*, and as he ponders the relationship between economic and political power. We should sit in the classroom of Francis Hutcheson, discuss his theories, and think about important religious and colonial problems. We should converse with Joseph Priestley about the virtues of free government, religious dissent, and private education. These men should live; we should feel their presence and the pertinence of their struggle for the preservation and extension of British liberties.

And yet we do none of these things. The biographical sketches, which make up a large part of this book, are often and unfortunately composed of vaguely related facts. The summaries of political ideas and ideals and programs of reform are often superficial and shallow in insight. Why tell the reader that the sister of the Irish poet, William Drennen, "married Samuel McTier" in Dublin? Why tell him that the Scottish professor, John Millar, "occasionally defended felons in the courts," and that he was "survived by three sons and six daughters"? Why include the fact that the benefactor of Howard, Thomas Hollis, "liked to drink teas and indulged himself with a cup of tea from time to time . . . with the famous Mrs. Macaulay . . . and with others"? These odds and ends of information do not bring us closer to Drennen, Millar, and Hollis. They do not give us a clearer understanding of their aspirations and their demands for eighteenth century England and its empire.

While admitting that the Real Whigs were politically impotent and indifferently organized, Professor Robbins states that they preserved "a revolutionary tradition" and that they linked "the histories of English struggles against tyranny . . . with . . . American efforts for independence." But except for fleeting references, she does not answer important, if perhaps obvious, questions. Which of the Common-

wealthmen did Americans like John Adams, John Dickinson, and James Wilson read; which ideas did they borrow; and which did they test and implement? The story of Anglo-American contacts may be familiar, but at the same time it is clearly essential to the development of Professor Robbins' theme.

The principles which the Real Whigs espoused were important in the eighteenth century, and some of them have significance today. The Commonwealthmen questioned the advisability of standing armies. They insisted upon the right of revolt against royal tyrants. They argued about the content and methods of education. They warned that indifference to freedom could result in freedom's demise. If Professor Robbins had concentrated on political speculation rather than biographical paraphernalia, she might have rescued her book from the reference library and placed it on more suggested reading lists. And if that is not the purpose of writing history, what is?

DAVID L. STERLING

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

The Melting Pot

BOSTON'S IMMIGRANTS. A STUDY IN ACCULTURATION. By Oscar Handlin. Cambridge: The Belknap Press of the Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. Pp. 382. \$8.75.

This volume is a revised and enlarged edition of the original work published in 1941 as Volume L of the Harvard Historical Series. The first edition dealt with the period from 1790 to 1865. This revision carries the story to 1880.

Professor Handlin has made a major contribution to the study of American immigration, one comparable to that of Marcus Lee Hanson in *The Atlantic Migration*. The research is extensive, the documentation thorough. The statistical tables in the appendices are very helpful. The bibliographical essay should be invaluable to students. Unlike some distinguished scholars Professor Handlin has a lively

style, and his book is pleasant reading. The illustrations are well selected.

The principal immigrant group was the Irish and a good part of the study is concerned with them, though some attention is given to various other newcomers such as the British, French and Germans, and to the small numbers of Jews and Negroes. A central theme is the adjustment of the unhappy, bewildered Irish, most of whom were peasants, to their grim new urban environment. Boston, a staid, well ordered old mercantile and maritime center, strongly Protestant in background, was ill prepared to receive so many poverty stricken Catholics. But they represented a supply of cheap labor and they were received. As a result, Boston became a different place—larger, more heterogeneous, with social problems previously unknown, ugly slums, and serious religious, economic and social cleavages. The other immigrant groups, being smaller, less miserable and in some cases less different, found adaptation easier. The Irish, however, remained a people by themselves, an ethnic enclave. Slowly their economic position improved; many acquired citizenship, and they became a political force. Yet they remained apart, though slowly and somewhat grudgingly their "apartness" came to be recognized. In certain ways the position of the Boston Irish is suggestive of that of the French Canadians.

Boston's Immigrants makes important contributions to Americian political and social history. New light is thrown upon the Know-nothing movement in Massachusetts and upon the curious though logical alliance between that anti-foreigner native American faction and the reformers and abolitionists. The role of the Catholic Church is set forth realistically but with understanding. There is only one minor point in the study with which the reviewer takes issue. The importance of the Fenian movement is not emphasized sufficiently, and the reasons suggested for its collapse (particularly the failure of the raid at St. Albans, Vermont) are scarcely adequate.

This is a pioneer work. One can only hope that Professor Handlin will find opportunity to carry his account well beyond 1880. The importance of a book of this kind to students of United States history is obvious. To Canadians, scholars or general readers, it should prove equally interesting. In many ways Canada has been more of a

melting pot than the United States, though its melting process has not gone quite so far as yet. Not quite all of the nineteenth century Irish immigrants who came out to British North America moved on to the United States. The great number of Maritimers who, along with the rest of New England, regard Boston as "the hub" should find this phase of Boston history very interesting. And perhaps it is not too much to hope that some Canadian student may attempt for Montreal, Toronto, or some other principal city, a work similar to *Boston's Immigrants*.

HAROLD A. DAVIS

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Roosevelt and De Gaulle

CHARLES DE GAULLE, THE CRUCIAL YEARS 1943-1944. By Arthur Layton Funk. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press. Toronto: Burns & MacEachern. 1959. Pp. xv + 336. \$6.25.

This book is not, as the title leads one to expect, a biography of Charles de Gaulle between 1943 and 1944. It is not even a history of the Gaullist movement during those years. It is, and the author might have provided some connection between his introduction and his title, a history of the implacable opposition of the President of the United States to any official recognition or political support for Charles de Gaulle as the leader of the French nation. Indeed one thinks that a more honest dust jacket would have carried a miniature Stars and Stripes surmounted by the smiling face of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

If the title is misapplied, however, the author's talents are not, for he has, in this interesting wartime case history, brought out clearly the need for intelligent and informed higher direction in war. The argument that history teaches lessons has its dangers, but few will read this book without coming to the conclusion that some knowledge of the necessity for a flexible approach to strategic problems and

the higher direction of war might have benefited President Roosevelt. Indeed the whole picture that is conjured up of Roosevelt is distasteful. The President drove a veritable juggernaut of power jauntily along a highway thronged with allies that he terrorized and patronized, by turns, secure in the conviction that only he knew the rules of the road. He did not, of course, terrorize Mr. Churchill, but the very fact that Churchill wisely refused to risk splitting Anglo-American harmony for the pleasure of gaining all his points tended to make Roosevelt more confident of both his judgement and mental powers than was probably justified in fact. Further, it was surely irresponsible of the President to take issue with points solely on the basis of their British origins rather than because of their demerits. This leads one to suppose that much of Roosevelt's attitude towards European powers was dictated by fear and insecurity.

If this White House outlook made life challenging for Churchill, it made it unbearable for General de Gaulle. Britain and France were jointly condemned in the Roosevelt mind for their empires. Britain, however, possessed immediate power, whereas the President had virtually written off the French nation; therefore de Gaulle was faced by the fact that not only he but also the nation he claimed to represent was regarded lightly by Roosevelt. How the great democrat could really ignore even a prostrate France is difficult for the historian to understand, and Funk provides no real clues except to mention the fiasco of 1940. The really great contribution of this book is to make it clear that not only the antagonistic personalities of the President and the General made co-operation difficult, but that also there was a basic lack of interest on the President's part in the future greatness of the French nation. There was a disinclination to take France seriously and this sort of thinking, one suspects, was not confined to the President of the United States. That General de Gaulle is presently forced to make his own atomic weapon is indication enough that this attitude of superiority to the French is still in vogue.

Funk never makes General de Gaulle emerge as a person from his pages. The refractory temper is, of course, remarked but we do not see the special qualities that

make Churchill's label "Constable of France" fit him so well. The author has by a description of difficulties overcome made the General seem to be a prodigious hero. Yet he seems to be surprised that de Gaulle actually arrived at his destination. There are many elements in General de Gaulle's character, some pleasing and some not, but some of them bear the stamp of greatness. We want someone to tell us about those qualities and really introduce us to the subject of this book.

For make no mistake; de Gaulle represented the honour of his country and was the driving force that made the prostrate France of 1940 the French ally of 1944-45. This was not a small accomplishment and we owe a debt to this careful chronicler for helping us to be aware of it. The book should sell well in a French translation.

DONALD M. SCHURMAN

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

Culture and Industry

THE CULTURAL FOUNDATIONS OF INDUSTRIAL CIVILIZATION. By John U. Nef. Cambridge: The University Press. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada Limited. 1958. Pp. 164. \$4.00.

As the title implies this book develops the theme that there were cultural as well as scientific bases for our great industrial age. Professor Nef feels that his readers will be surprised to discover that spiritual and artistic ideas have contributed greatly to this development. This line of thought is not, he suggests, easily accepted simply because such values are not capable of the kind of physical measurement that a scientist considers necessary to the drawing of accurate conclusions: in this century the physical measuring sticks are used almost universally by modern man to establish truth and what is not susceptible to such measurement is often discarded as of no value. Nef is concerned to show that qualitative value judgements are not necessarily inferior to the customary quantitative ones. He draws his evidence not as one might expect from the nineteenth century, but

rather from late sixteenth and early seventeenth century Europe. While the book shows little sympathy for the scientist who worships his own sacred cow, it displays just as little for, say, an historian who pretends to difference but actually lies prostrate before the same altar.

The outlook that lies at the base of our industrial civilization was not born in a laboratory. The author claims, for instance, that the very tendency to quantitative measurement that lay behind the new kind of scientific thinking in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was a product of the cultural and spiritual needs of the time. When the cathedral-centered religious life of the middle ages began to be replaced by the large private house, or palace-centered life of the late Renaissance then the requirements for large quantities of artistic pieces to adorn the latter became pronounced. Traders then became much concerned with volume of trade and required and developed means of measuring it. That is to say, the idea of scientific, or at least quantitative measurement grew, in part, out of a non-scientific situation, of which the change in religious habits in the sixteenth century was not the least important factor.

Professor Nef also attempts to show that cultural and religious movements occurring during the period 1570 to 1660 had a profound influence on eighteenth and nineteenth century industrial change by helping to shape the congenial environment that was essential to the industrial revolution. Regarding both Protestantism and Roman Catholicism as spiritually crippled by the hates they generated in the century of Reformation, Nef turns with relief to the Roman Catholic religious movements of the seventeenth century, associated with the names of St. François de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul. From their ideas of persuasion and love as opposed to earlier ideas of force and hate, and from their attempts to take the ideals of the cloister out into the bustling secular world he draws conclusions that are both vast and arresting. For out of the vindication of the capacity of the ordinary secular man to live a God-centered life Nef sees the development of the gentler civilizing virtues such as "decency, propriety, honesty, tenderness, moderation in self-control, in conduct and in thought." When these pervading, if not

conquering ideals met the Renaissance-inspired appreciation of the arts in the "Salon" then the emergent combined influence of the two ideals on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was profound. Such things as the concept of "limited war", the removal of the more brutal chapters of the penal code, and the enhanced value given to human life itself; all these, he feels, owed much to the two great saints of the early seventeenth century. Nef is, however, quite aware of the irony involved in claiming that nineteenth and twentieth century special virtues germinated during one of the most violent half-centuries of religious strife that Europe has ever known. Indeed he suggests in conclusion that if we are not generating similar ideals to-day then disaster is at hand.

One is at once struck by the contrast between the precision with which the author reveals his germinating seeds and the vastness of the floral display in the resulting garden. Nef himself is certainly well beyond the range of scientific calculation! He does, as well, claim somewhat too much for his "magic" period of 1570-1660 in the light of his grand conclusions, yet one is charmed to find a book in English defending the idea that mankind is somewhat perfectible, and that bows not to the "political genius" of the English-speaking world, but rather to religion, art and manners in Richelieu's France. One does feel certain qualms about accepting the idea of man's progress in virtue when one contrasts Nef's appreciation of the gradual abolition of capital punishment with what we know of Belsen; about which the author is silent.

If the scholarship is broad, however, this is as Nef intended, for he affirms that over-reliance on a critical skeptical outlook is finally sterile and causes scholars to "retreat into their increasingly narrow special subjects, and there to indulge in the luxury of continual disagreement with their colleagues". This may annoy some readers; but the bent of the author's mind, and he is a convert from "statisticitis", is clear.

Also clear is that Nef's is an essentially religious attitude. For him the cultural foundations of industrial civilization depended on the attempts of some people to live Christian lives in the temporal world, and to ally the quest for beauty with the quest for virtue. These people tried to

perfect the whole man and not simply to improve knowledge of the physical and biological worlds. When strong Christian catholic thought of this sort is reinforced with immense learning and careful exposition it might be inadvisable to examine the result with an expensive microscope lest the glass should crack.

DONALD M. SCHURMAN

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

Aspects of Philosophy

A STUDY IN ETHICAL THEORY. By D. M. MacKinnon. London: Adam and Charles Black. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd. 1957. Pp. vi + 280. \$4.00.

ETHICS AND THE MORAL LIFE. By Bernard Mayo. London and Toronto: Macmillan & Co. Ltd. 1958. Pp. viii + 238. \$4.00.

Both the books under review are general books on ethics or moral philosophy and both are undoubtedly worth reading. They differ in ways which are interesting and perhaps characteristic of the present century. Professor MacKinnon's book is that of a man who received his philosophical training in what may be called the 'pre-linguistic' days when a philosopher was expected to keep his eye primarily on the experience which he was interpreting or analysing; it is the work of one who has thought long and hard about moral problems. Mr. Mayo's book is that of a man who received his training at the main centre of linguistic philosophy where linguistic usages are taken to be the key to useful philosophical analysis; it is the work of a man who has thoroughly mastered his technique and who can apply it skilfully to enlighten his reader on many dark points. Mr. Mayo writes in a clear graceful English which rarely, if ever, leaves his reader in doubt about his meaning. Professor MacKinnon's prose is complex, repetitive, tortuous, and demands much greater patience from the reader. Both the general reader and the advanced student will profit from

reading Mr. Mayo's book. Only one who has already some knowledge of moral philosophy is likely to profit from Professor MacKinnon's book, but — and here a reviewer can express only a personal opinion — in the end there is perhaps more to be learned from Professor MacKinnon.

Mr. Mayo, a member of the new generation of philosophers, begins with a worried and unconvincing chapter about what the philosopher may be expected to achieve in the field of ethics. Professor MacKinnon also refers to this problem but rapidly overcomes it by pointing to what has been done by well known figures and thus wins for himself firm ground from which to work out his stimulating conception of ethics as a conversation carried on at two levels. He then turns to a consideration of some of the better known examples of philosophical ethics; after a penetrating but sympathetic criticism of Utilitarianism, he turns to Kant and the notion of moral freedom in two chapters which are perhaps the best in the book. A slightly less satisfactory chapter on Butler, who might almost be described as the idol of English moral philosophers, is then followed by two chapters on Ethics and Politics, and Ethics, Metaphysics, and Religion. Although Professor MacKinnon is thoroughly familiar with the modern linguistic philosophy, he does not write in its characteristic idiom nor is he prepared to accept the limitations imposed upon philosophy by many of its practitioners. The dominant theme of the book may be said to be the working out of the antithesis between an *Erfolgsethik* and a *Gesinnungsethik*; one of the chief merits of MacKinnon's book is that he constantly strives to do justice to the inner or spiritual aspect of moral living. It may be questioned whether a purely linguistic type of philosophy can hope to do this. Language is a form of outward expression, and, while a careful study of the ways in which language is used is undoubtedly one excellent pointer to inner experience, one method by which it may be interpreted, it may still be true that to work outwards from lived experience to the language in which it is expressed is philosophically the better way.

While Mr. Mayo does not write, except incidentally, about the work of other philosophers, he has clearly learnt a great deal both from Aristotle and from Kant.

The field of morality is by him limited to those areas of experience in which a man can live by rules or principles. Unlike so many of the linguistically-minded philosophers, Mr. Mayo defends, not a utilitarian type of ethics, but what was traditionally called a deontological type of ethics. MacKinnon makes frequent references to the work of H. A. Prichard; Mayo does not mention him by name but his shadow, as it were, lies over many of Mayo's chapters. Of special interest are his discussions of subjectivism, of authority and conscience, of reason in ethics. In part III, entitled "Towards a New Humanism", Mayo makes it quite plain that he is fully sensitive to what may be called the deeper levels of moral existence. Many readers will regret that Mayo has chosen to limit his conception of moral philosophy by his initial linguistic pre-suppositions. Of the many works on ethics that have come from Britain over the past fifteen years, Mayo's book deserves to take a very high place. The present reviewer would rank it at the top of the list.

A. R. C. DUNCAN

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

RELIGION, POLITICS AND THE HIGHER LEARNING. By Morton White. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. Pp. 140. \$4.50.

Iris Murdoch, in her book on Sartre, gave the following neat picture of the relation between contemporary analytic philosophers and language: "We are like people who for a long time looked out a window without noticing the glass — and then one day began to notice this too." Professor White approves of the analytical preoccupation with language and the logical skills it has produced. But he feels that now analytic philosophers ought to apply this worthy approach to the discussion of religion, politics and ethics. The divorce between contemporary (analytic) philosophy and humanistic problems is a dangerous one. Analytic philosophers, with their passion for clarity and antipathy to bogus, are well fitted to expose the charlatans who

are presently discussing such questions. In the preface and in chapter one the distinguished Harvard philosopher announces that he hopes this book will contribute to the reconciliation.

In fact, however, the book does not measure up to the promises of the introduction. It is a collection of papers, reviews, and broadcast talks written over the last eight years on a variety of topics. In some of these he talks about analytic philosophy and in others he talks about religion, politics, etc., but there is no attempt to bring the two together.

The subject of two of the essays is the place of religion in a liberal university. Professor White holds, on the one hand, that teaching religion in general is a vacuous enterprise, but, on the other, that indoctrination of sectarian religion is in conflict with the procedures of a liberal university. Hence, he proposes the admittedly utopian conception of a university divinity school in which any number of rival religions are taught. The school would be analogous to a theological trade fair with representatives of Judaism, Catholicism and Protestantism plus booths for agnostics and atheists. This intriguing idea is argued ably along lines reminiscent of Mill's arguments on truth in the essay *On Liberty*. The student, he concludes, would be able to choose his religion intelligently and the divinity school could "emulate the freedom and the habits of controversy" associated with a liberal university. And so much the worse for the narrow-minded congregations that would look askance at its graduates!

In two other essays he discusses political obscurantism in the writings of Niebuhr and Lippmann on the subjects of original sin and natural law, and takes up a main argument of Isaiah Berlin's *Hedgehog and the Fox*. Against Berlin, White contends that such a statement as "I blame you for what you have done although I believe all actions are completely determined" is not logically inconsistent. The statement, he contends, is not inconsistent in the way in which "Five is an odd number and five is not an odd number" is. A person who believes in determinism and yet makes moral appraisals is not living up to his principles, which is a moral matter. I do not think White is right about this. "Completely determined" and "open to moral

praise and blame" applied to "actions" would appear to be logically incompatible. If Professor White is right, then it would not be inconsistent to chide a blind man for not watching where he is going.

The highlight of the book occurs in a brilliant criticism directed against Lippmann's comments on those who cannot recognize the self-evidence of natural law. White points out that defenders of natural law argue that sceptics *ought* to recognize that natural law pronouncements are self-evident and that they are wilful if they do not. Brilliantly quoting Locke against Locke, he argues that the revered "truths (which are held) to be self-evident" are not self-evident. He might have contended also that defenders of natural law frequently confuse the psychological effects of natural law pronouncements and self-evident statements with the logical character of each.

J. I. McADAM

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

THE EDICTS OF ASOKA. Edited and translated by N. A. Nikam and Robert McKeon. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. Pp. 69. \$1.75.

The edicts of the Maurya emperor Asoka (ca. 274-232 B.C.) are remarkable documents narrating the story of a transformation in the thoughts and actions of a great emperor who renounced war as an instrument of state policy and turned to the preaching of human benevolence as a solution to the problems of the world. Ever since their decipherment these edicts have been drawn upon for telling the history of a unique personality and unfolding through that story the rise of the history of India to a higher level of historical consciousness. These edicts inscribed on rock, pillar and cave-walls have all the human interest and charm that one would expect to find in free and candid expression of thoughtful views on ethical, religious, political and social relations from a rich and sensitive mind. Now these edicts appear in a new and interesting form as they are edited and translated by N. A. Nikam and Robert

McKeon under the title *The Edicts of Asoka*.

This slender volume of less than seventy pages is an interesting example of the fascinating task of interpretation of age-old documents rearranged to tell a familiar story in a new fashion. The work is one of the series called *Philosophy and the World Community* and the aim of the present work is to bring out the universality in the several and diverse thoughts of Asoka. In this task the key-word is *dharma*, the meaning of which is skilfully brought out in the social, administrative and personal aspects of the life of human beings. Asoka understood by *dharma* no sectarian creed but a set of human values of universal application to be realized through moral conduct aimed at creating harmony in individual, social, national and international life and endeavour. The contents of the edicts are arranged under six headings to tell a sequential story; beginning with an explanation of the method and occasion of the edicts in the words of Asoka himself and then gradually going on to reveal the contents in terms of the meaning and application of the concept of *dharma* in its diverse aspects. The impression left on the mind of the reader is one of extraordinary richness and depth of thought, bringing in its wake a new awareness of the greatness of the monarch himself. It is possible that Indologists would argue about the method and interpretation of several phrases and clauses and historians would speak against cutting up of unified texts to bring out a certain continuity and development of themes in the great king's thoughts. But the result gained certainly warrants such an arrangement. Only on a few points do the editors need to carry out some revision. On p. 2 the name of Firuz Shah Tughluq is spelt as Diruz Shah and on p. 19 appears a statement that Asoka's grandson Sumana was sent to Ceylon whereas Sumana was Asoka's step-brother and is not known to be associated with Ceylon. The introductory note is ably written and the work will be found profitable reading by all those interested in understanding a great and unique personality in a new light.

B. G. GOKHALE

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Literature: History and Criticism

MARCEL PROUST: A BIOGRAPHY. By Richard H. Barker. New York: Criterion Books. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1958. Pp. 373. \$7.75.

MARCEL PROUST AND DELIVERANCE FROM TIME. By Germaine Brée. New York: Grove Press. 1955. Pp. 248. \$1.65.

PROUST. By Samuel Beckett. New York: Grove Press. 1958. Pp. 72. \$1.25.

No twentieth century writer in France enjoys a more firmly established reputation than Marcel Proust who now ranks with the great novelists of all time. Since his death in 1922, a steady flow of books and articles has unceasingly added to the accumulating Proustiana lore. In the last twenty years — this gives us some measure of his growing stature as a novelist — some thirty books have been published in French and English on Proust. Naturally, all this criticism has not been laudatory but the several diverging, though not necessarily conflicting, interpretations of this monumental work prove in the last analysis that the challenge implicitly laid down by the varying exigencies of succeeding generations has been successfully met. From the very beginning Proust aroused interest, and very often enthusiasm, among English readers and critics. Although he did have to weather from English pens such charges as his lack of a social conscience, his obsession with abnormal love and his snobbery, Proust's prestige is as great as ever in the English-speaking world and some of the best criticism on Proust has come from Great Britain and the United States.

In Dr. Barker's own words, *Marcel Proust: A Biography* grew into a book out of his reading of Proust: "Trying to work the chronology of Proust's novels, I began looking over the files of *Le Figaro* to check on dates and to learn something about French society in the 1890's and particularly the society that Proust himself frequented. In the course of time I realized that I was preparing myself to write a book on Proust." The result is a very readable book that the general reader can enjoy and that should also prove helpful to the specialist.

Time and again in his novels, critical essays and letters, Proust argued that writers have two lives quite different from one another: one life, related to the real world, they share with other people; the other life, from which their works derive, belongs to the world of the imagination. "A book," said Proust, "is the product of a different self from the self we manifest in our habits, in our social life, in our vices." Dr. Barker's book deals with Proust's outer self and draws heavily upon data provided by hundreds of letters, by memoirs and newspapers, and by Proust's notebooks and memoranda.

From childhood, through adolescence and his endless bouts with asthma, hay fever and his many allergies, and back and forth from innumerable parties in the fashionable salons of the brilliant society of the 90's to the dingy room where Proust, obsessed by his race against time, drops his pen only to die, Dr. Barker follows the novelist one careful step at a time and draws up a well-documented full-scale portrait. Thoughtful and generous to his friends, Proust could present a very sympathetic personality but in his many clashes with friends and editors alike, this acknowledged snob could be devious and deal out vicious revenge.

Unavoidably, from Proust's own point of view, this book is vulnerable to some of the charges he made against Sainte-Beuve. But, by presenting the facts without lapsing into subterranean explanations and theories and by his obvious concern with objectivity, Dr. Barker has skirted the pitfalls into which many a biographer has been lured.

Marcel Proust and Deliverance From Time by Germaine Brée is a translation from her book *Du Temps perdu au Temps retrouvé* published in Paris in 1950. Since this book was written an impressive number of letters and two works of Proust have been published: a novel, *Jean Santeuil* and a collection of critical essays, *Marcel Proust on Art and Literature 1896-1919*, originally published in French under the title *Contre Sainte-Beuve*. These posthumous publications have undoubtedly deepened our knowledge of Proust but they do not contradict what the novelist later wrote in his great novel and thus Germaine Brée's book has not aged with years.

Unlike Dr. Barker's book, Mlle Brée's study, to be appreciated, calls for previous

knowledge of Proust, but readers of this complex novel could hardly hope for a better handbook. Unlike so many other critics, Mlle Brée does not attempt a partial vision of the novel but concentrates on the total meaning. Particularly successful is the author's effort to relate to its total structure the great themes that criss-cross this complex work. The relation of art to reality, of memory to art and the internal themes of human solitude and society, of time and death, of love and jealousy achieve here their true perspective and value by their continued reference to the whole structure of the novel.

Altogether different from the two previous books, Beckett's *Proust*, a brilliant piece of caustic criticism, manages, within the short span of this study, to give deep if often crusty insight into the genius of both Proust's and Beckett's literary creation. When written, in 1951, this guide to Proust brought scant attention to Beckett, then an unknown writer of twenty-five. Even present day critics will often underscore Proust's influence on Beckett without any direct reference being made to this remarkable little book. The author of *Waiting for Godot* and of *Malone Dies* now enjoys a solid reputation as one of the most original writers of his day and, retrospectively, this short essay on Proust takes on added significance since in many ways it reveals as much about Beckett as it does about Proust.

Beckett brings to his task a biting purposefulness that never strays far away from the path of meaningless Time and Death. He starts out by examining "that double-headed monster of damnation and salvation—Time", of which Proust's creatures are "prisoners and victims" and from which there is no escape. Beckett penetrates into the Proustian world with masterful ease, unerringly picks out the high points from which he directs a steady barrage of aphorisms and highly discerning comments.

Along with Proust, Beckett, with obvious pleasure, damns realistic art, "the penny-a-line vulgarity of a literature of notations" and writes that "the quality of language is more important than any system of ethics or esthetics . . . form is the concretion of content, the revelation of a world". "Music", adds Beckett in his concluding lines, "is the catalytic element in Proust . . . the invisible reality that damns the life

of the body on earth as a pensum and reveals the meaning of the word: *defunctus*."

Readers of Beckett will find here another aspect of his fascination with time, solitude, suffering and death. Amateurs of Proust will enjoy some of the best pages ever written on the novelist.

ALBERT LEGRAND

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

JOHNSON AND BOSWELL; THE STORY OF THEIR LIVES. By Hesketh Pearson. London: Heinemann. Toronto: British Book Service (Canada) Ltd. 1958. Pp. viii + 390. \$4.50.

Johnson and Boswell are associated so inevitably in the popular mind that a double biography like this one, capitalizing the interest awakened in Boswell by the publication at Yale of some of his private papers as well as that stirred up by the celebration of Johnson's 250th birthday last September, is certain to be popular. Mr. Pearson's book is commendably free from the cheap biographical stunts which the occasion might have inspired and from which both subjects have suffered separately in the past. There are no lapses into biographical fiction, no overplaying of dramatic incidents, and no—or almost no—attempts to provoke laughter in the wrong places. In fact, the book is a workmanlike summary of the best available biographical scholarship, based, as the bibliography shows, on such reliable works as Clifford's *Young Sam Johnson*, Chapman's edition of Johnson's letters, *Thraliana*, and the Boswell *Private Papers*. It is enriched by quotations from the original documents, especially of the actual words of both subjects. Though there are no footnotes, it would be easy to track most of these down to their sources, so clearly and faithfully are they quoted.

One could wish that the book were as rich in understanding as it is reliable in fact. Mr. Pearson has not got far beyond the Victorian view of Boswell as a buffoon and of Johnson as a crusty old gaffer noted for outbursts of irrationality. What he has to say about the writings of both men is perfunctory and, especially in the case of Johnson, largely unsympathetic: each publication is mentioned in its place, but no

attempt is made to get under its skin. In the bibliography, significantly, no reference is made to any of the able critics who have recently let in a flood of light on Johnson's mind. If Mr. Pearson had read only W. J. Bate's *Achievement of Samuel Johnson* (1955) he could have immensely deepened his understanding of Johnson. But Mr. Pearson is an opinionated biographer rather than an understanding one, as his comments on Johnson's politics and religion show: he ventilates his views on these subjects when he ought to be explaining Johnson's.

Another and quite inexcusable fault in Mr. Pearson is his slipshod English. The manuscript appears to have been written in haste and inadequately revised before publication. There is no *curiosa felicitas* to make one forget the dangling modifiers.

CLARENCE TRACY

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

HISTORY AND THE HOMERIC ILIAD.

By Denys Page. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press. 1959. Pp. vi + 350. \$8.00.

This, the thirty-first in the series of Sather Classical Lectures, is a work of major importance. The task of collecting the evidence for the relation between the *Iliad* of Homer and the history of the period which the poem purports to describe is a formidable one. It requires great erudition — the literature on Homer is never-ending — a knowledge of literary criticism, archaeology, philology, and a working knowledge of Linear B to which few scholars could pretend. Had Professor Page merely given us a survey of the material to hand, we should have had considerable reason for gratitude.

But the author has done much more. Not only has he examined the evidence impartially, though naturally he cannot claim to have read everything written on Homer, but he has also advanced conclusions of his own which, while in many cases not new, are novel in the sense that they take into account many discrepancies and contradictions which previous authors ignore or tend to discount. So, for instance, Page is able to demonstrate, often wittily,

that certain scholars had previously come to the correct conclusions, but for the wrong reasons. The Achaeans, he argues, were, as previously believed, in contact with the Hittites for a century and a half before the sack of Troy VIIa, but these Achaeans were not from Greece proper, but from the island of Rhodes. It was only at the end of this period that Achaeans from the Greek mainland attacked Troy.

The author is skeptical of facile identifications of Achaean heroes with men of apparently similar names who appear in the Hittite records. But he does make a convincing case for the view that the Homeric Catalogue of Ships is of Mycenaean origin, being an order of battle which was added to the *Iliad* late in the development of the poem. If this thesis is accepted, Page has not only made a solid contribution to our knowledge of Mycenaean geography, but has also explained several notorious cruces in the body of the poem itself.

He then discusses the evidence of documents from Pylos and Knossos, which hark back to a time possibly four centuries before the poem as we have it began to take shape, tries to elucidate Mycenaean relics in the poem, and in an appendix deals with examples of multiple authorship.

There is an adequate index and fourteen maps and plans. The whole work is profusely documented, so that all scholars, whether their interests be literary or historical, cannot fail to find much that is of interest to them in their special fields.

S. E. SMETHURST

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By Randall Stewart. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 1958. Pp. xiii + 155. \$3.50.

The title of this book is misleading. American Literature is equated with a mere handful of authors, and Christian Doctrine for the most part with Original Sin. Some such title as *Orthodoxy and the American Dream* would seem to be more appropriate, for Professor Stewart's aim is to relate the work of certain American writers (including

T. S. Eliot) to both orthodox Christianity and the development of democracy in the United States. Fearing that the country is in danger of losing its way in a slough of self-righteousness and materialism, he looks back over American literature to discover what sign posts have pointed in the wrong direction and what in the right, and it would scarcely be exaggerating to say that he finds them misleading almost from the beginning. Rationalism, romanticism, and transcendentalism, no matter what they may have pointed to, had this in common that they all pointed away from Original Sin, without which as a central concept, democracy, Professor Stewart feels, cannot thrive or even survive. Paine, Franklin, Jefferson, and Emerson, then, though they preached the perfectibility and divinity of man sang with the angels no more than Crane, Norris, and Dreiser, the naturalists of later years. That role Professor Stewart assigns to Edwards, Melville, Hawthorne, Eliot, and Faulkner (and even James!), for they all assume the natural depravity of man. They see that the rationale of American democracy, of the American dream, is that "All have sinned."

Professor Stewart admits that he takes a "partisan" stand; he wants his book to convince his readers that a successful democracy depends on Christian humility. Yet, as sympathetic as one may be to this attitude, assertion is no proof, nor is proselytizing explanation. The author's treatment of the concept of man in several major American writers is interestingly and neatly put, but when he considers their works as they relate to democracy it becomes a crusade rather than a study. Points that need elucidation frequently become a spring board for a plunge into didactic digressions. What, for instance, does Professor Stewart mean by democracy and what is its relationship to orthodoxy? Can it be summed up as simply as, "All have sinned! It is the most democratic of propositions!?" Why should the knowledge that we are all sinners be more conducive to "democracy" than a belief that we are all saints? Why, again, is it that some Christian countries have never accepted democracy at all? Or, again, why did democracy, if Original Sin is central to it, strike root and develop at a time when, according to the thesis of this book, the leaders of American thought were stressing not the depravity but the dignity

of man? If Professor Stewart had given more time to these and similar questions, his book would have been more convincing as an argument for his thesis and more persuasive as a plea for the reaffirmation of Christian values in an egalitarian state.

ALEC LUCAS

McGILL UNIVERSITY

THE TREMBLING LAND. By Robert Christie. Garden City, New York and Toronto: Doubleday. 1959. Pp. 228. \$4.50.

It would be temptingly easy to play the city slicker with this novel of the American West at the turn of the century, for it is, in its plot, naive—at times incredibly so. The story is of an old man who, exiled from friends and home, and on the run as the result of a shooting, finds hope and meaning in life in the dependence of an orphan child. In the telling Christie reminds us of *The Ox-Bow Incident*. This the dust jacket promised. The problem is to name a western it does not remind us of. If Part One, with its lynch-mob, posse, abandoned orphan, and, of course, rolling wheels, seems faintly familiar, Part Two, which recounts the years of the orphan's growth to manhood under the tuition of old Ike Canton, must rate the book as the most cliché-ridden serious novel of the West produced in a long time. From the first episodes—when, for example, the child is nursed by an Indian squaw whose band has taken in the travellers—until late in the book when the boy, grown man, suddenly discovers by the bright lights of Denver that old Ike and his cattle are not the whole of life, *The Trembling Land* reads like a Writer's Guide to Sure-fire Situations. Here are the Orphan's Christmas Party as Arranged by Tough Hombres; the Drought and Threatened Bank Foreclosure; the Overland Trek to Sell the Cattle; the City Girl who shatters the pastoral idyl by making the boy conscious of his rough boots. And so on.

This catalogue of clichés would be a shameless performance were it not for the fact that Christie writes about them as if no one had ever thought of them before. It is not that he refurbishes his

clichés: each familiar situation is presented precisely as the formula dictates. His secret is, rather, that although an experienced writer (perhaps *because* an experienced writer), he manages to effect a wide-eyed and contagious enthusiasm for his story. He delights in the sudden turns of his plot like a little child with a slinky toy. And he often makes his reader experience the same delight; for once over the initial shock of encountering every imaginable trite situation, the reader finds, rather to his surprise, that he has somehow been tricked into letting his literary sophistication go hang while he gives himself to each new twist as if the same plot had not been woven a dozen times before.

Christie has such an unerring instinct for getting the core out of a cliché that his situations assume some of the qualities of magnificently pure art. For this reason—because he himself is completely free of intellectual reservations and not the least self-conscious in the midst of his orphans and rustlers and what have you—fun at his expense would come a bit too cheap. From one point of view he is outrageously nifty in offering this book as a serious novel, what the dust jacket calls a “distinguished novel of the West”. But from another, if the reader can only get into the proper frame of mind, and if he likes the old tales, as Christie obviously does, then here is a skilfully written book that offers them in full measure.

R. G. BALDWIN

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

The Theatre

A TASTE OF HONEY. By Shelagh Delaney. New York: Grove Press Inc. 1959. Pp. 87. \$3.50 (cloth), \$1.45 (paper).

There is nothing sentimental about *A Taste of Honey*. This is the shocker so admirably acted and superbly directed when first performed at Stratford East in London that it was repeated in Paris, gained a cinema contract, was transferred to the West End, and will be seen in New York this current season. It would probably have been a sensation, as a first play by a new writer, had the author been more than

eighteen years old. Miss Delaney, a teenage typist in Salford (twin city of Manchester), having seen a performance of a Terence Rattigan play, declared that she could write a better one than his and proceeded forthwith to attempt it.

It is not a “well-made play” of nineteenth century formula and has earmarks of a writer who is not yet a seasoned professional; but its success on the stage demonstrates that drama is more than literature and that with assiduous, sensitive direction and good acting a play that may not read well is still a good theatre piece and when staged will “catch the conscience of the king.”

The story presents a few months in the life of an adolescent girl who had been dragged up in the slums by a “semi-whore,” semi-topper mother who abandons the girl for a newly acquired husband. The daughter has an affair with a negro naval rating who vanishes, leaving her to bear his child. A forlorn, homosexual and fortunately maternal, art student moves in to see the girl through her pregnancy. The mother returns, her marriage a fiasco, drives the boy out, and restores the *status quo*.

This is certainly grubby material but fortunately the author is neither angry nor sentimental. To her odd characters in their drab, sordid, “comfortless flat” with its “lovely view of the gas works” and the abattoir she has given language that is crisp and appropriate, expressing a non-committal acceptance of their lot with an unselfconscious, wry humour that is somewhat (but not bitterly) cynical. A good deal of the conversation seems undisciplined and desultory and each person apparently pursues his own uncharted course without contact with and little influence upon others. Entrances, at times, seem a bit too pat and arbitrary; and the interpolations made by a jazz trio (cornet, guitar, and double brass) seem expendable.

O’Casey once said that his method was to write a play “round life not from outside looking in but from inside looking out.” Miss Delaney, too, by the same method, makes the reality of life, such as it is for these low-grade people, very vivid—a remarkable achievement.

WILLIAM ANGUS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

THE NEW BOOKS

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"At all times
it has stood for peace,
and one hears
over and over again
that such and such tribes
were deadly enemies,
but the Company insisted
on their smoking
the peace pipe.

The Sioux and Ojibway,
Black-Foot and Assiniboine,
Dog-Rib and Copper-Knife,
Beaver and Chipewyan,
all offer

historic illustrations in point,
and many others
could be found
for the list."



FROM THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES
BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Dudson's Bag Company.

INCORPORATED 27th MAY 1870.

